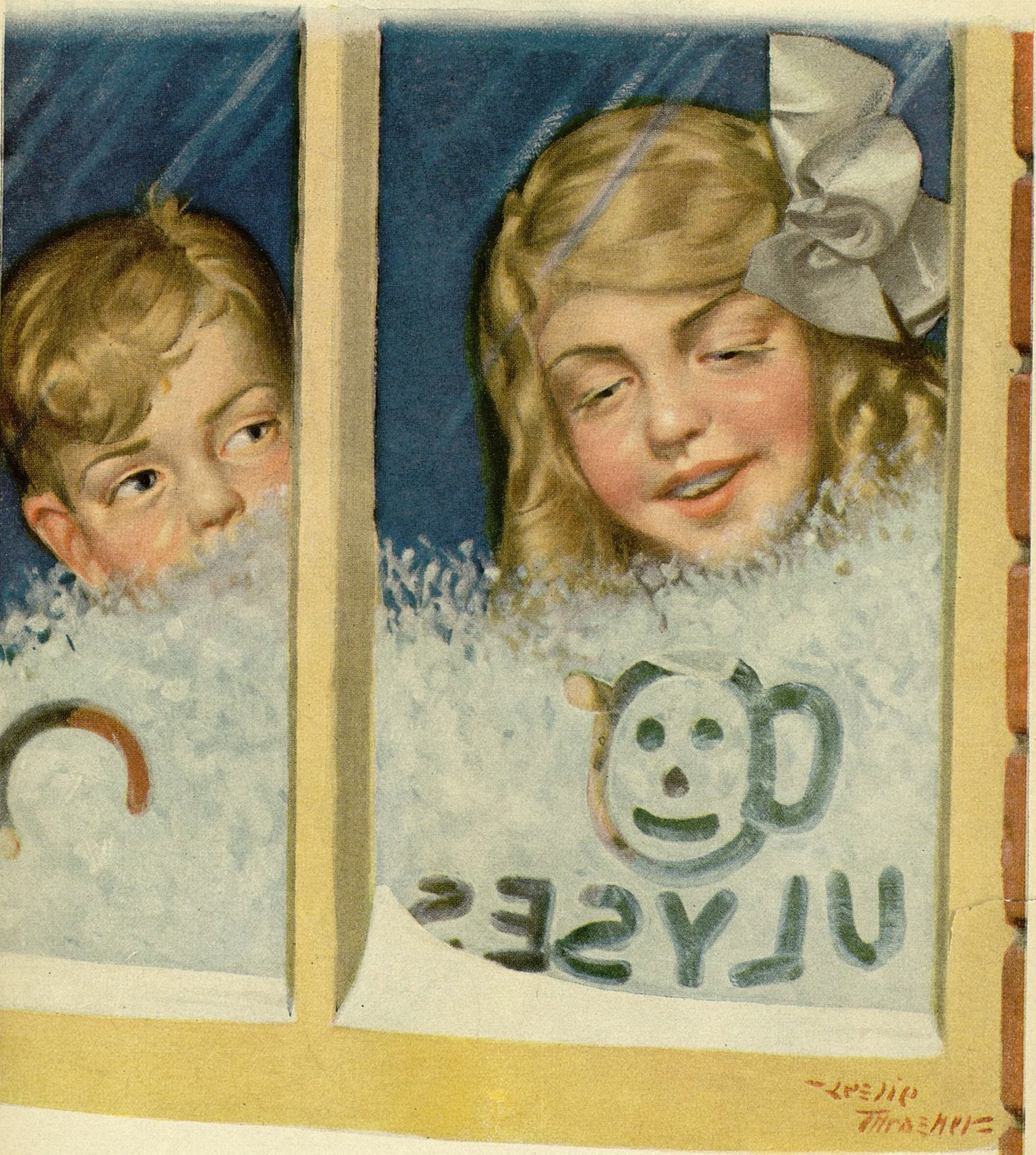
WEEK
ENDING
JAN. 16, 1932

5¢

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

LARGEST
SINGLE COPY
SALE
OF ANY
MAGAZINE


ULYSSES
Leslie Thrasher

KONRAD
BERCOVICI ~ JAY
FRANKLIN ~ EUGENE
JONES ~ ROBERT W.
CHAMBERS ~ CONRAD
RICHTER

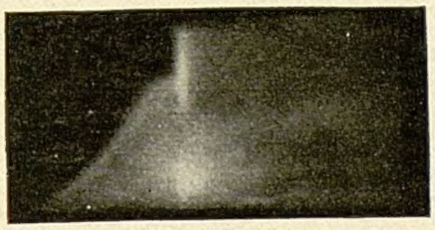
Ethyl makes Gasoline BEHAVE

WATCH the lion tamer enter the cage. Your own eyes prove his mastery over the king of beasts.

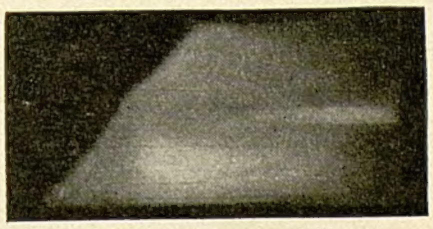
Seeing is believing. And now, for the first time, you can *see* the difference Ethyl makes in gasoline. You can see *how* it tames and controls the burning of gasoline inside the engine—see *why* it prevents harmful knock, overheating and power-waste.

Look at the pictures at the right. They are the first photographs ever made of combustion inside a running engine; taken in less than 1/100th of a second! You now *see* the difference you will *feel* when you drive your car with Ethyl Gasoline.

The Ethyl emblem on a pump is your assurance of *value* for your gasoline bills. Its quality is maintained on every count by laboratory inspection of samples collected daily in all parts of the country. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



Through a window in the cylinder head of a modern high-compression motor, engineers took photographs of the actual combustion of motor fuels. *Above:* The uneven, wasteful explosion of ordinary gasoline.



Now Ethyl Gasoline is in the same engine. Note the *even* burning, the greater spread of power. Ethyl *controls* combustion; delivers a smoothly increasing pressure to the piston that makes *any* car run better.

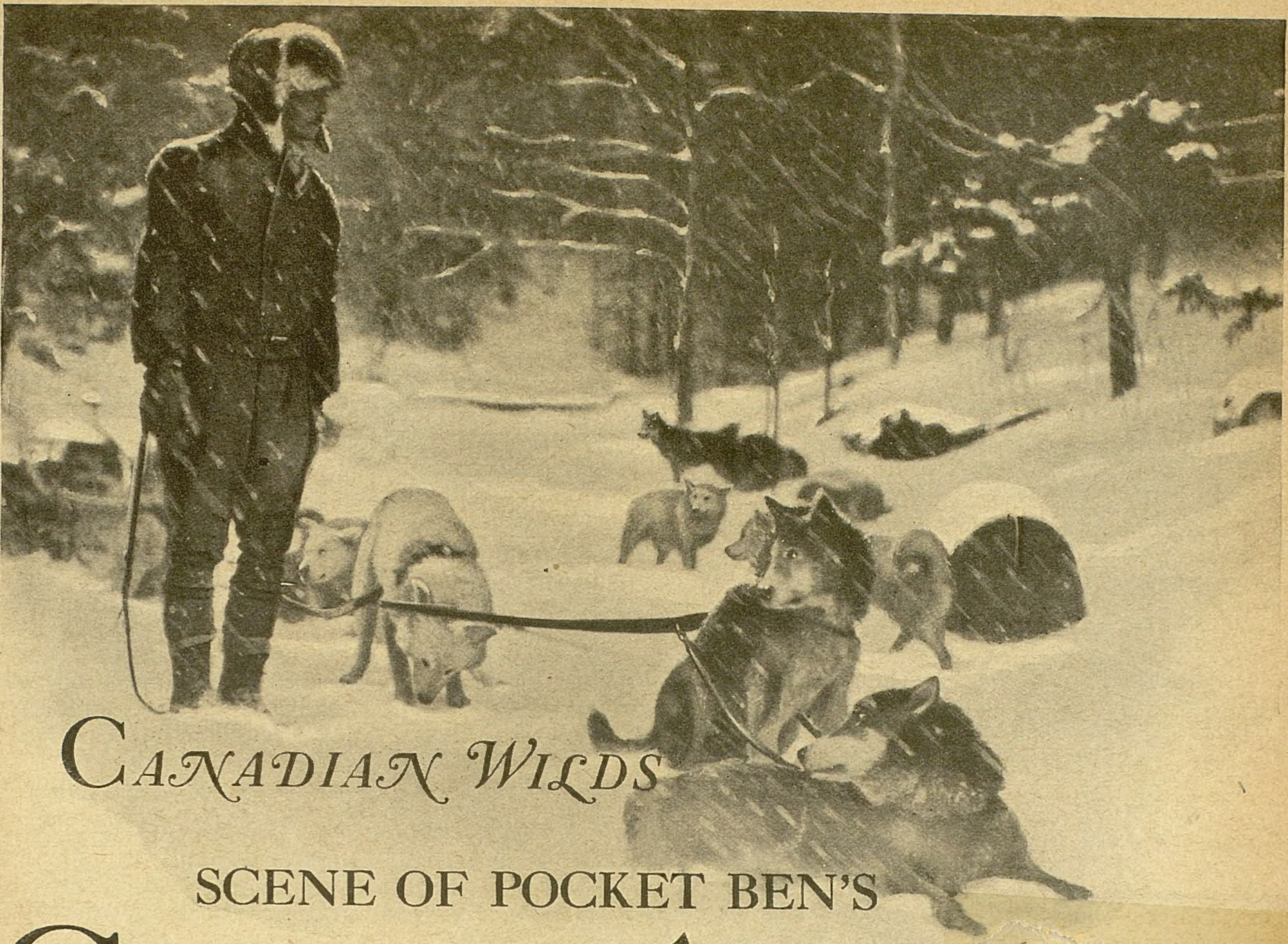
WITH
ETHYL
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Controls Combustion

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE

Ethyl fluid contains lead

Buy ETHYL GASOLINE

©E. G. C. 1932

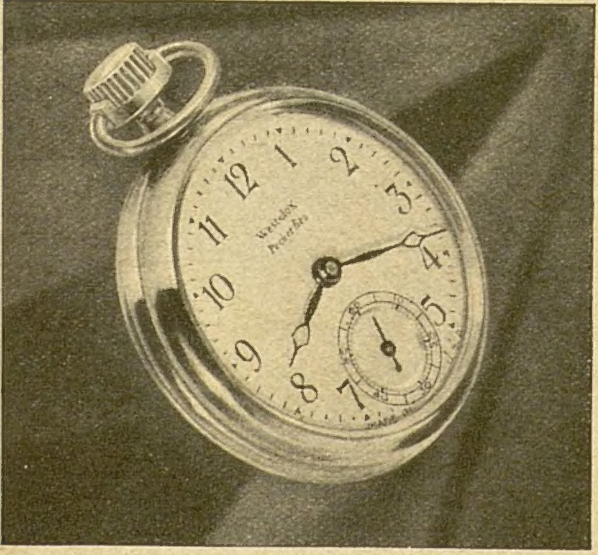


CANADIAN WILDS

SCENE OF POCKET BEN'S

Strangest Adventure

Keeps Time After Seven Years Lonely Vigil



Thinner, smaller and as faithful and dependable as the day is long Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands. Convenient pull out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family **$1.50**

POCKET BEN

Made by the Makers of Big Ben

Westclox Pocket Watches · Alarms · Auto Clocks

FAR up in the Hudson Bay Country of Northern Ontario, in a wild region rarely visited except by Indians, is the scene of Pocket Ben's strangest adventure.

Here, in a grove of spruce close beside a beautiful lake, is the grave of a young Ojibway guide who died seven years ago. According to tribal custom, his most prized possessions — his Pocket Ben and his axe — were placed beside his final resting place.

Pocket Ben has hung on the simple wooden cross throughout these seven years. Whenever Indian trappers or guides visit this remote spot the watch is wound and set . . . And despite every whim of the weather, despite winter's blankets of snow and sub-zero temperatures, Pocket Ben still faithfully ticks away, still keeps time.

Little wonder that Pocket Ben is respected by the Indians in this country. Little wonder, too, that millions of all ages and races are proud to own a handsome, sturdy Pocket Ben!

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle Illinois
In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd.
Peterborough, Ontario

Have you heard the POLITE *Alarm Clock—the new Big Ben Chime Alarm with quiet tick and two voices?*

JAN. 16, 1932

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

VOL. 9
No. 3

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Lee Ellmaker, Publisher; Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1932, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage); but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

In the United States and possessions, 5¢ a copy, $2.50 a year.

Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, $4.50 a year in U. S. funds (including tax).

Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $4.00 a year.

In Continental Europe and British Isles, $6.00 a year. In all other countries, $10.00 a year.

No subscription less than one year. Allow 4 weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.**

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

BOOTLEGGERS—PROHIBITIONISTS: AN UNHOLY COMBINATION

Prohibition will stay with us forever if the bootleggers and dry fanatics have their way.

It is unthinkable that there should be such a combination between these two apparently opposing forces, but many astute politicians now maintain that the "dry" campaign is securing most of its large contributions from bootlegging sources.

To be sure, our "dry" friends are not even aware of this unholy alliance, but in collecting the money to support their activities they are not at all careful to ascertain the source of all their large contributions. Of course, no racketeer in the liquor business would dare make a direct donation to the prohibition activities; but it would be comparatively easy for these astute crooks to make their donations through perfectly respectable channels.

They want the prohibition laws to remain intact. They are collecting hundreds of millions during the continuance of this "noble experiment," and a million spent now and then to hold the law at its present status would be more than well invested.

Here is a letter from a commercial and financial engineer whose business takes him all over the country. He says:

"I have never heard anyone discuss the problem of prohibition who actually knew anything about it who was not in favor of repeal. Many well meaning men and women actually think it is being reasonably well enforced. They are just dumb.

"My business takes me all over the country. I can always get some kind of liquor. No town is too small or too large. In Kansas, Oklahoma, any state, city, or village. I do business with the best people in the country, and they almost always have it.

"When I was a young man, a boy who had a bottle of whisky on him was ostracized—disgraced. No decent girl would associate with him. Not so now! He is the popular guy, if he does not overdo it; but the girls are decent girls and I wish to defend them.

"I only wish to find fault with the muddleheaded idea that prohibition is a success. It is the biggest fool thing any country ever tried.

"I voted and worked for it. I believed in it. I know now it is a mistake. Our Kansas delegation to the Legion convention did not have the nerve to vote their sentiments, or they would have voted for the repeal, too. We Kansans vote dry and drink as much as any state in proportion. I can and do get liquor in any city or town in Kansas if I want it. Also Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Texas, etc. It is poor stuff and expensive, but the racketeer has to be paid and the taxes have to be paid by the poor boobs who think prohibition a success."

This letter was written by a man who makes a profession of analyzing businesses. He tells business men how to solve their problems to avoid trouble. With such an analytical mind he would naturally be in a better position to judge the effects of the prohibition law while traveling throughout the country than would the ordinary individual.

He is by nature a student, and being a drinking man at the same time he is much more thoroughly prepared to pass an opinion on the character of the enforcement of the dry law.

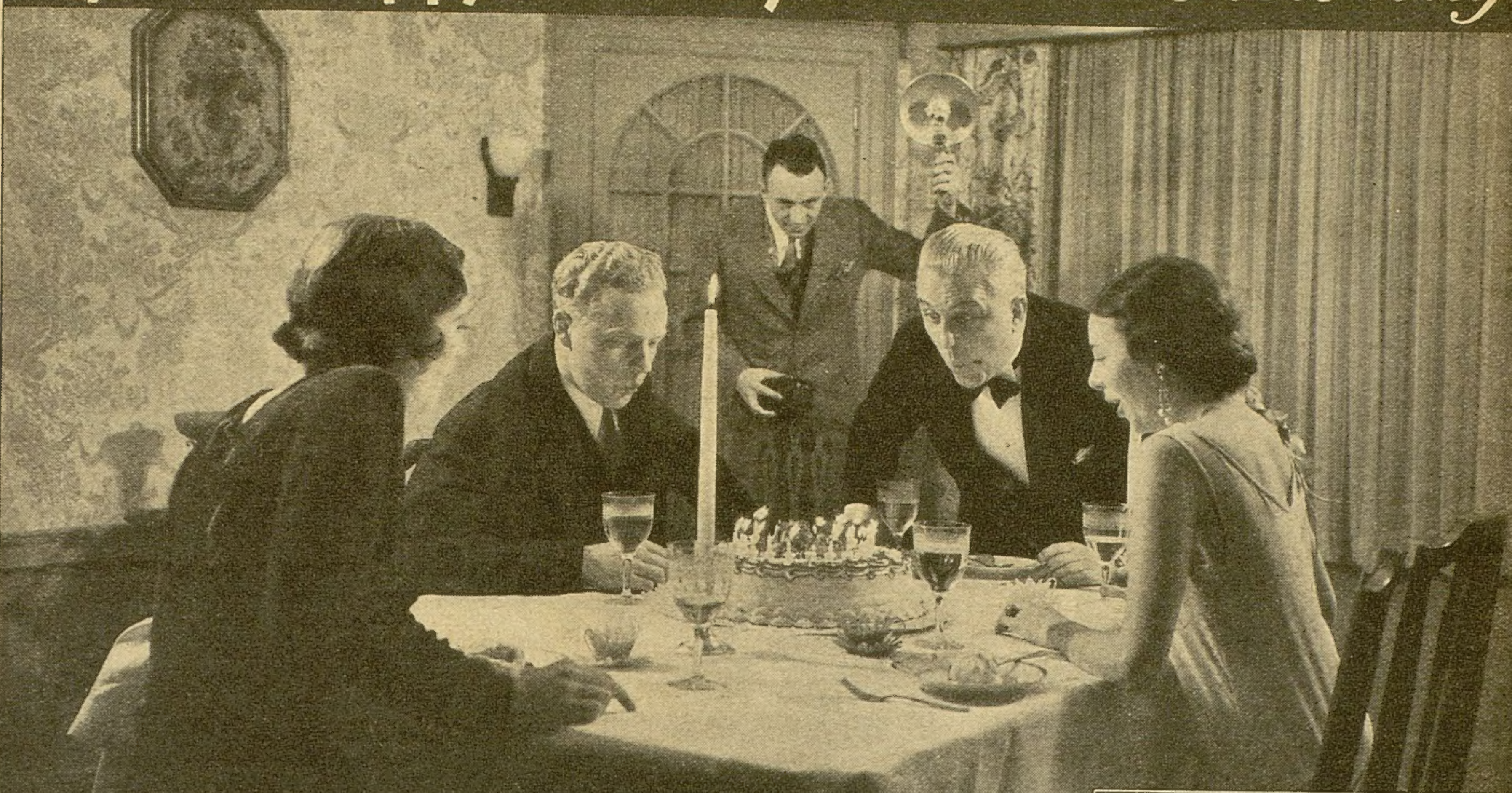
Let us hope that the Congress now in session will take some action to rid this country of the bootlegging fraternity. The money that they have been making is tragically needed at this time to help pay the huge expenses of our government. Furthermore, there is only one means of curing the drinking habit, and that is through the acquirement of the knowledge of its harmful influence. All other efforts are wasteful.

When liquor can be made at home by soaking out the substance, with the addition of water, from any sweet fruit or any food product through the influence of fermentation, why be so silly as to think that a prohibitory law can stop anybody from drinking?

IN THIS ISSUE

The Woman Who Couldn't Forget—*A story* KONRAD BERCOVICI 7
Do We Dare Cancel Our War Debts? . . . JAY FRANKLIN 14
And what would happen if we did?
Six Weeks—*Part II* . . . . LAWRENCE SAUNDERS 19
Even a Wreck Couldn't Settle It—*A story* . . . EUGENE JONES 28
Sauce for the Gander—*A short short story* EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON 35
What the African Jungle Does to a White Man BESSIE THOME as told to T. HOWARD KELLY 38
The soul-searing test of an intended bride
Short Shorts in Celluloid—*Movie reviews* FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 44
$5,000 in Prizes for Home Life Snapshots 47
The Blood of a Horseman—*A story* . . . . CONRAD RICHTER 48
To the Ladies! . . . . . . PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 54
Can the Small Farm Pay? . . . . MARY NOBLE 58
Some opinions on the back-to-the-land movement
Whistling Cat—*Part X* . . . . ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 62
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (42); For the Love o' Lil (43); Civilization's Progress (46); Bright Sayings of Children (53); Cross Word Puzzle (55); Vox Pop (56-57); Yardleygram Solution (70) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

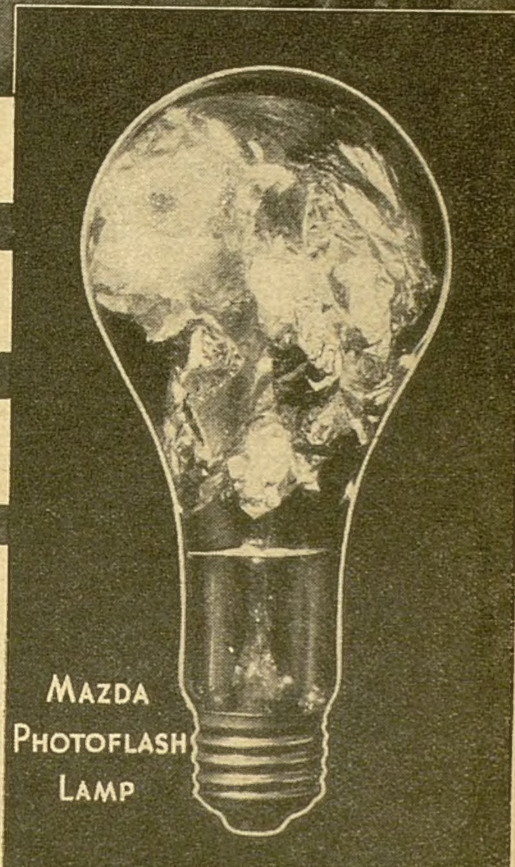
Capture **happy, birthday scenes** *this new way*



Indoor home-life snapshots made EASY

by Amazing new invention . . . . .

No smoke . . . no noise . . . no odor . . . no dust



Taken with MAZDA Photoflash lamps, this photograph both reveals the possibilities of "Photoflashed" pictures and shows how to take them. Rest the camera on a solid support and hold the reflector as illustrated.

Here are a few suggestions on other interesting subjects for Photoflash pictures:

Valentine parties
Night sleigh rides
Lincoln's Birthday parties
Night skating parties
Washington's Birthday parties
Home portraits
Anniversaries
Babies
Pets

WHAT if the party is indoors and at night? Now, thanks to General Electric's marvelous new development, the MAZDA Photoflash lamp, you can get clean-cut, vivid pictures of it, *even with a simple box camera!*

Now you can snap Dad blowing out the candles on his birthday cake, the children playing with their new toys and many other precious indoor home-life scenes as easily as if they were outdoors in the sunlight. You can take interesting, novel pictures outdoors at night, too.

And you will be delighted when you see how natural and full of action these "Photo-flashed" snapshots are. You never could get such prize-winning pictures so easily before! Simply set the camera for a time exposure, open the shutter, flash the lamp, and close the shutter. In 1-50th of a second, before subjects move a muscle, the picture is yours. A new picture calls for a new lamp.

Why not try some Photoflash snapshots at home tonight? Children love to be "Photo-flashed." Everyone enjoys it! And you will get pictures you'll always treasure. Your drug store or photo-supply store can furnish you with the necessary MAZDA Photoflash lamps.

When you buy Photoflash lamps be sure you get *genuine* MAZDA Photoflash lamps. Look for the G. E. in a circle and the mark MAZDA on the disc within the bulb. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Operates on any electric current—flashlight battery, or the house current. For best results, be sure to use in a reflector as shown in the main illustration.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY,
NELA PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Please send me, free, the illustrated booklet that tells all about the use of General Electric's MAZDA Photoflash lamp.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. State. . . . .

L. 1-16-32

Hear the "G-E CIRCLE" . . . the woman's club-of-the-air . . . over the National Broadcasting Company's coast-to-coast network of 54 stations, at twelve, noon, E. S. T., every week-day but Saturday. . . . Also every Sunday, at 5:30 P.M., E. S. T., with the world's finest voices singing the world's favorite songs . . .

MAZDA PHOTOFLASH LAMPS

a product of

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

OXYGEN
THE RACKETEER TAKES
45%

What Oxygen does to coffee flavor

Read these amazing facts, proved by scientists in the laboratories of a leading Eastern University:

(1) Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting

(2) Coffee in old-fashioned cans or cardboard cartons loses 45% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting

All due to the attack of Oxygen—always in the air.

IT'S THE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE THAT RUINS COFFEE FLAVOR!

Do you drink half-flavored coffee . . . because of OXYGEN, the *Racketeer?*

With the* VITA-FRESH *Process, Maxwell House brings you the first completely full-flavored coffee

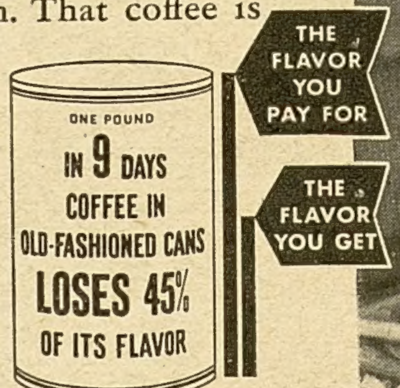
IF you want the full flavor you pay for, there is just one question to bear in mind, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-type cans or vacuum. The question: Is there air *inside* the package?

If there is — coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't, coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

Only one coffee is packed by the method that completely removes and excludes all trace of air (Oxygen) from the sealed can. That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

No wonder Maxwell House is rising to new popularity!


THE FLAVOR YOU PAY FOR
THE FLAVOR YOU GET
ONE POUND
IN 9 DAYS
COFFEE IN
OLD-FASHIONED CANS
LOSES 45%
OF ITS FLAVOR

This protection plus the famous Maxwell House blend is winning thousands of new friends each week. Sales prove it. Whether you have known this coffee in past years or not, you will find in Maxwell House today such flavor, such rich and satisfying smoothness as you have never enjoyed in any coffee before.

Ask your grocer for a pound today—in the sealed and locked can marked with the words "Vita-Fresh." Your first taste will tell you that here indeed is coffee perfection.

"What in the world has happened to your coffee—this is marvelous!"
"I've simply changed to Maxwell House — packed by that new Vita-Fresh Process."
VITA-FRESH
VACUUM PACKED
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
HIGH GRA

Don't forget to tune in on Lanny Ross and the famous Maxwell House Orchestra—broadcast over WJZ—N. B. C. chain every Thursday evening, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

Full FLAVOR Full VALUE

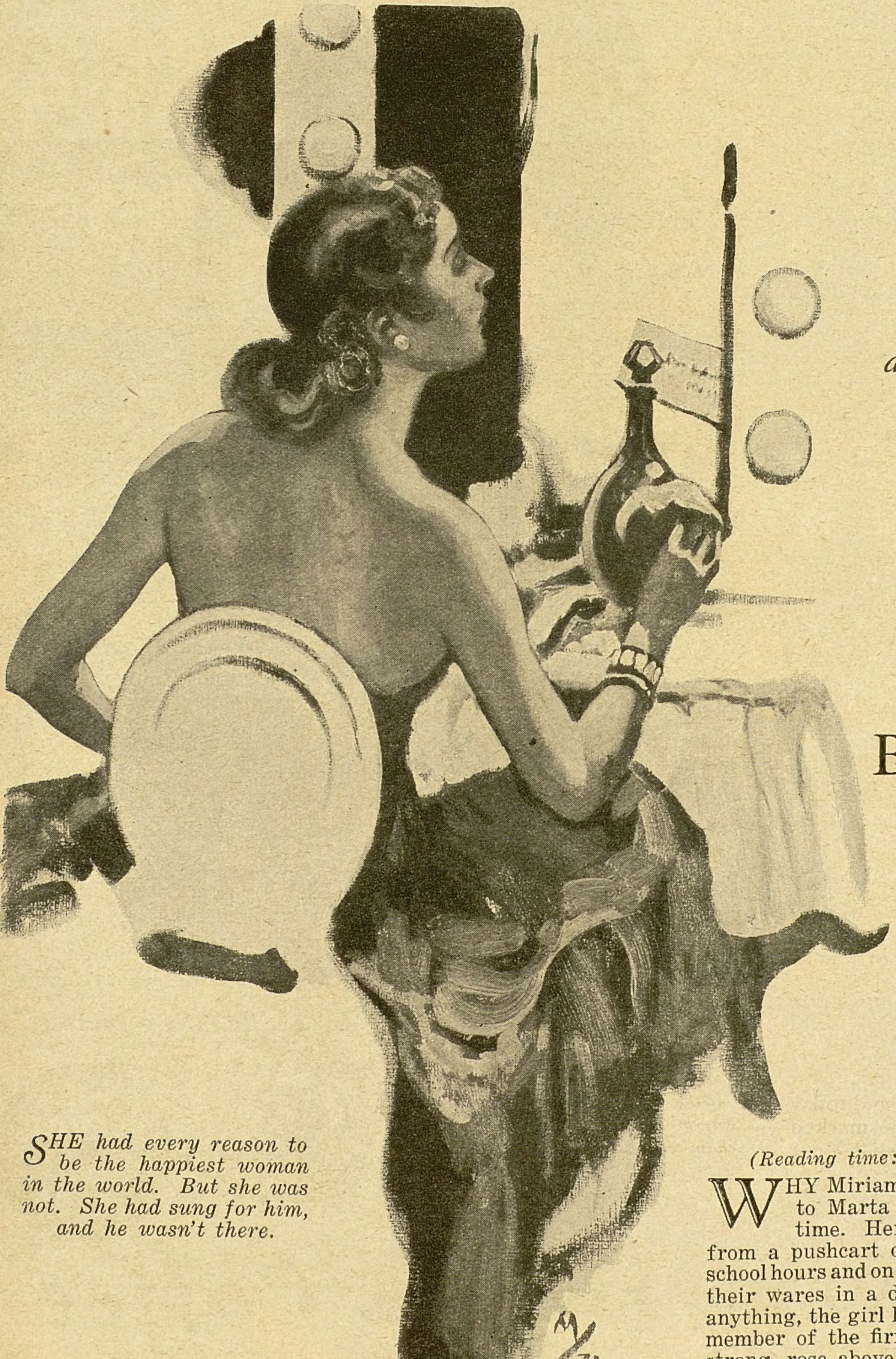
MAXWELL HOUSE *Coffee*

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

© 1932, G. F. Corp.

The WOMAN Who Couldn't FORGET



A Story of Sacrifice and a Singer's Success

By
KONRAD BERCOVICI

Pictures by
BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

SHE had every reason to be the happiest woman in the world. But she was not. She had sung for him, and he wasn't there.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 30 seconds.)

WHY Miriam Gold had changed her name to Marta Glebani will be told in due time. Her parents had sold vegetables from a pushcart on Hester Street, and after school hours and on Sundays Miriam had hawked their wares in a dozen languages. Indeed, if anything, the girl had been the most important member of the firm; for her voice, clear and strong, rose above the combined voices of the other peddlers and attracted customers to her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN WHO COULDN'T FORGET
Continued from page seven

parents' stand. Miriam's Yiddish of those days, flavored with East Side English, forced the broadest smiles on the sad faces of the Jewish women of the neighborhood.

" She is a theater, that girl."

The other peddlers, whose pushcarts ranged on both sides of the street, considered Moishe Gold a lucky man to have such a daughter.

" God sent them one; but a good one. Hear her voice? Like a bell."

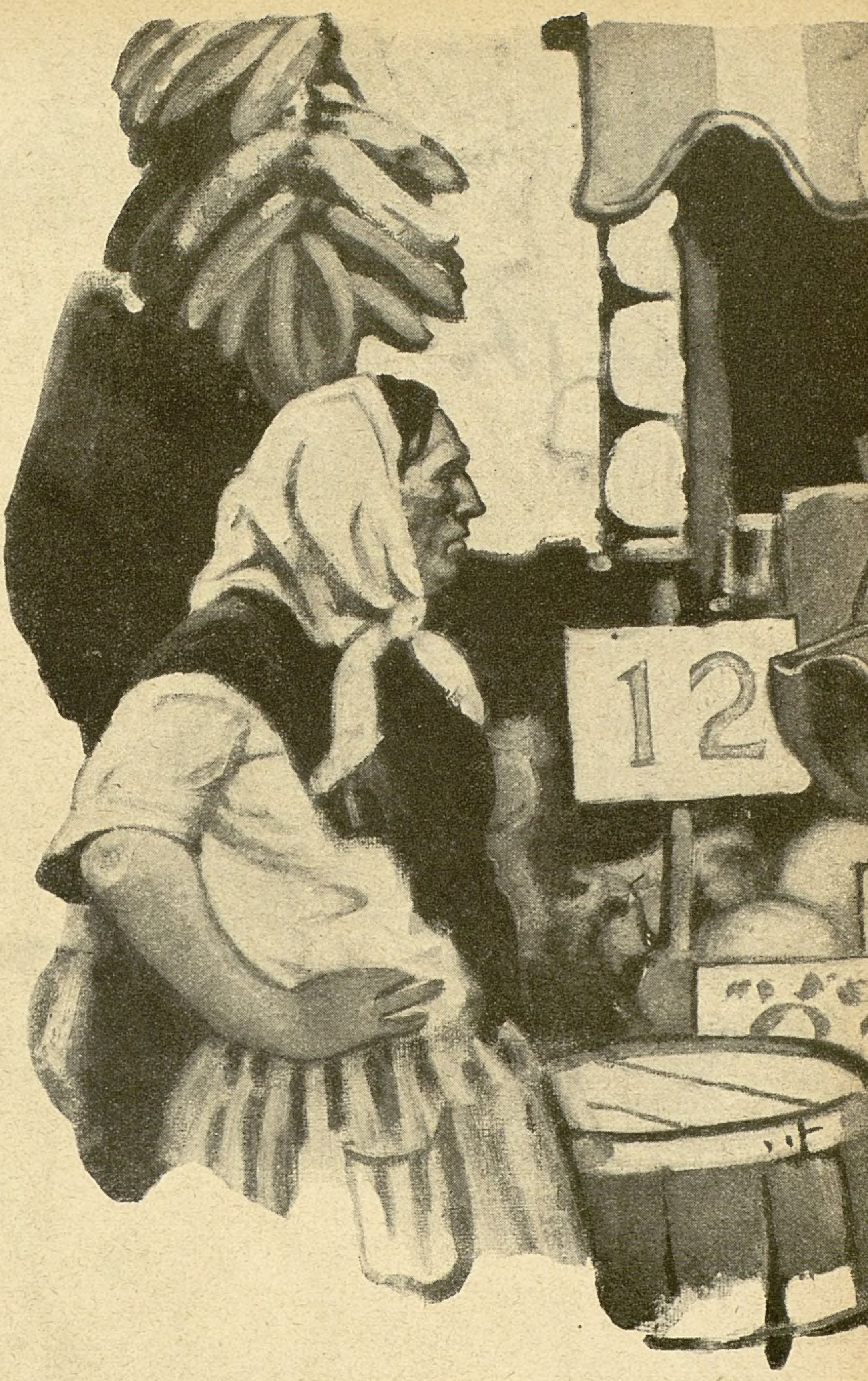
During lulls in trade, bearded old peddlers assembled around Gold's pushcart to ask the child to sing for them the Kol Nidra, that mournful, thousand-year-old chant sung every year in the synagogues on the eve of the Day of Atonement. And Miriam loved to sing. Even the truck drivers and the club-twirling Irish policeman on the corner paused to listen.

Despite Miriam's singing and hawking, the family was so poor that when Moishe Gold died there wasn't enough money in Mrs. Gold's stocking to bury him decently.

Miriam was then fourteen years old. She took her father's place at the pushcart. School became a thing of the past. Tall and plump, with long black hair, big brown eyes shaded by velvety lashes, and a full, firm mouth, she looked like a full-grown woman.

" Cucumbers. Tomatoes. Ten cents a pound. Three pounds for twenty-five. Fresh, fresh from the garden. Spinach. Potatoes. Eight pounds for a quarter. Three for a dime. Come. Come."

. . . . .



ON an afternoon of a summer Saturday, Max Herman, a young violinist who lived in a furnished room on the floor above Miriam's home, heard the girl sing for the first time. He held his breath and listened, and then, driven by an irresistible impulse, Max rushed down the flight of stairs and knocked at her door. Miriam, her head covered with a dust cap and holding a broom in her hand, asked the young man what he wished.

" I—I—I heard someone sing—excuse me—it must be the wrong door—"

" Yes, yes, it is the wrong door," Miriam answered, hardly able to contain her laughter as she looked at the confused young man. He looked at her as he listened to her melodious speaking voice.

" No, no. It's you. I am a musician—I know. I wanted to tell you—"

" Come in, come in, please," Miriam invited, holding the door ajar.

She leaned the broom against the door as she spoke and took the dust cap off her head.

" You sing beautifully," stuttered the young man, sitting uncomfortably on the edge of the chair. " You sing beautifully—I was just practicing on the violin when I heard you."

" So! You are Mrs. Katz's new boarder? I heard you play last Saturday. That's why I did not sing. Why don't I ever hear you play evenings? "

" I work at night. I play in a restaurant. You will excuse my coming in like that. But you sing so beautifully—I could not—I had to come."

" That's all right," said Miriam, waving aside his excuses. " I'll be back in a second."

She returned presently and announced in one breath that the tea would soon be ready and that her mother was coming in.

" Oh, I did not intend to give you so much trouble," protested the violinist.

Mrs. Gold entered the front room dressed in her Sabbath garb: an ample black satin dress. Her wig was covered with a white silk shawl, and she carried a heavy prayer book in her discolored, knotty hands.

" Mama, this is Mrs. Katz's new boarder," Miriam introduced the young man.

" She is a fine old woman; of *Ichus* good family, Mrs. Katz is," commented Miriam's mother as she sat down opposite Max Herman.

" And from where are you, young man? "

" From Odessa."

" Odessa? And how long is it since you are away from home? "

" Two years."

" Two years? A greenhorn yet! And what do you do for a living? "

" I am a musician. In the daytime I study and at night I play in a café on Broadway."

" So—so! Whose are you in Odessa? "

" Hirsch Leib's, the *Chazan,* the Cantor of the old synagogue."

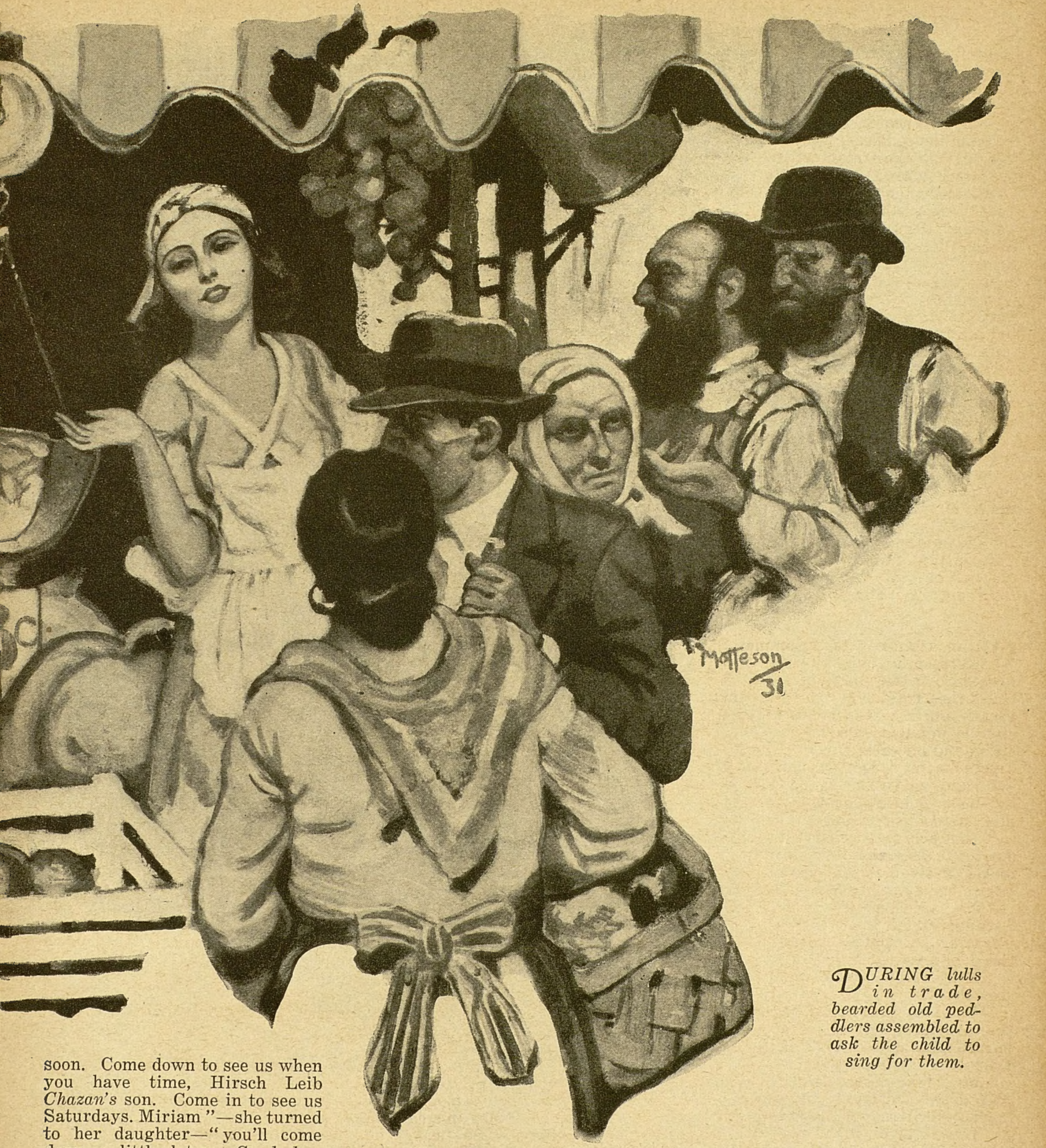
" Oh, oh! Hirsch Leib's! Hirsch Leib's the *Chazan's* son, you are? Hirsch Leib's son himself, you are? And what's your name? "

" Max—Max Herman. Mordecai they called me at home."

By that time Miriam had returned, carrying a tray laden with glasses, teapots, and home-baked cakes. While they drank tea the mother and visitor talked.

" Your daughter sings beautifully," said Max Herman.

" Miriam? Yes, she sings. Her father is dead, but she is young, so she sings. I tell her—well, youth! She is young, so she sings," ended the old woman with a deep sigh. " She sings, you play—youth! Now I have to get ready. It's near sundown. Customers will be coming



DURING lulls in trade, bearded old peddlers assembled to ask the child to sing for them.

soon. Come down to see us when you have time, Hirsch Leib *Chazan's* son. Come in to see us Saturdays. Miriam "—she turned to her daughter—" you'll come down a little later. Good day. And don't forget to come to see us, young man. This is a Jewish house, a home, so come in to see us."

Left alone with the girl, Max learned all about Miriam and offered to teach her the A B C of music. He would come down every Saturday afternoon and teach her. She accepted eagerly. They shook hands like old friends when they parted.

. . . . .

THAT night, in the café where the young violinist played, people ceased talking at the first stroke of his bow. Even the pianist turned his head and looked at Max, struck by the new warmth and fullness of the tone. When they had played the last piece, in the small hours of the morning, Herr Lamberg, the pianist, shook hands feelingly with the violinist as he predicted for him a great future. But why had he not played like that before?

"Because—because—" stuttered Max and blushed.

"*Ach, Ich weiss!* I know! I know! She has come—*mein Gott!* She has come! I too, once—but what! I had great ambitions. Well, here I am. Good morning. See you tonight again. Good morning." And Herr Lamberg hopped a street car to Brooklyn.

It was a beautiful early morning. The streets were deserted. Max's head was housing a tangle of dreams and hopes and sensations. He thought of Miriam, of her singing, of his own playing, of her future, of his own. When he arrived home he stopped for a few seconds at her door, but did not know whether it was the girl, her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN WHO COULDN'T FORGET
Continued from page nine

voice, or the girl with the voice that bewitched him so.

Miriam was awaiting him impatiently the following Saturday. She kept on humming and singing and thought of him—him, the slender, dark young man with curly hair and bashful mien—and she wondered what would come out of it. There was a knock at the door, and Max Herman, with his violin, notes, and music stand, ushered himself into the parlor.

"Hello."

"Hello. I thought you had forgotten."

"I thought *you* had forgotten."

With great earnestness Max proceeded to explain the musical staff to her and to teach her to sing the scale, which he illustrated on the violin. Miriam learned new things easily, and hour linked itself to hour imperceptibly as the two worked together. When the violinist was ready to leave, Mrs. Gold came in and invited him to stay for lunch with them.

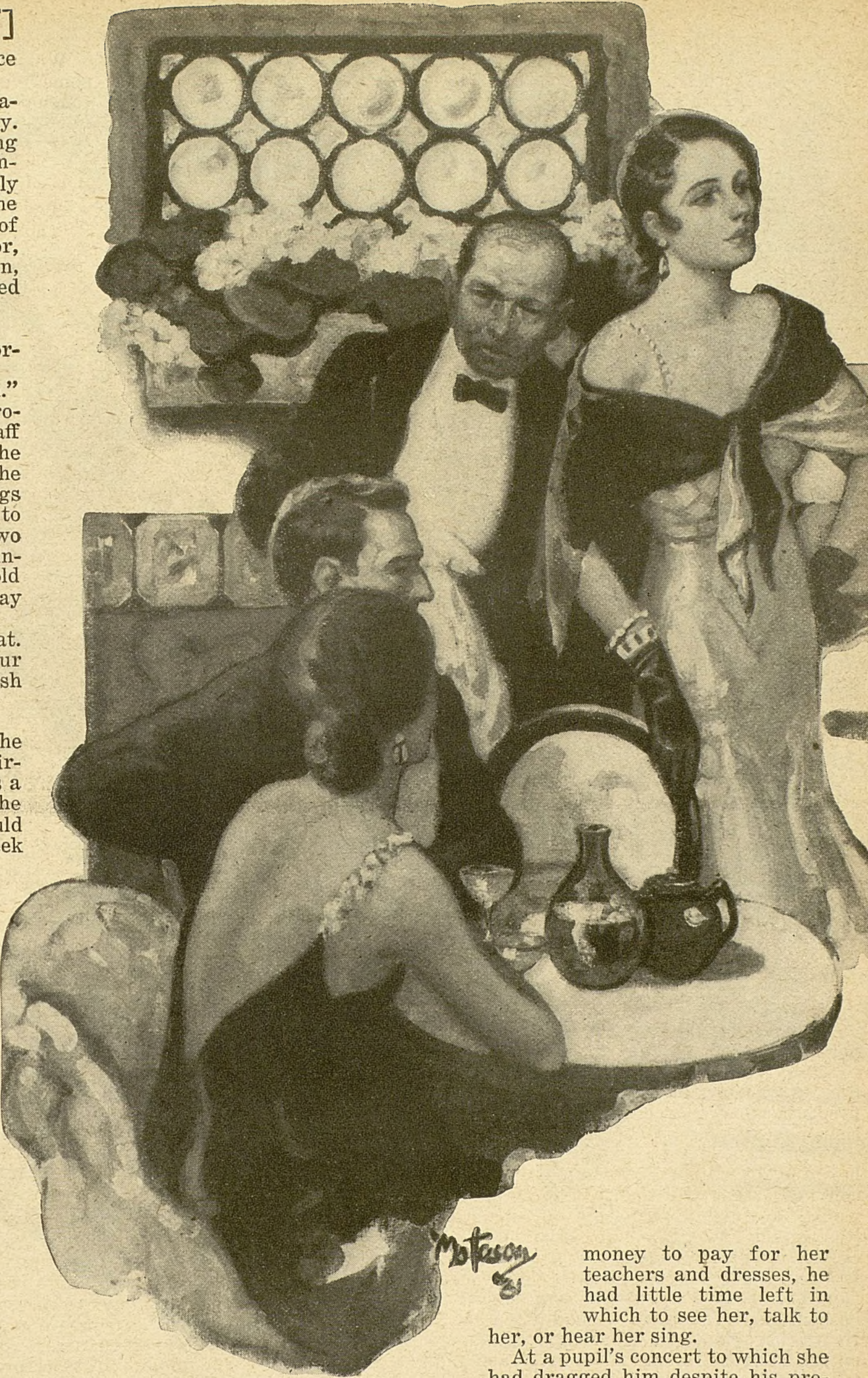
"*Kugel* and cabbage with meat. Maybe not as good as in your father's home, but good Jewish food just the same."

WHILE they ate, Max spoke of the great future in store for Miriam. Such a voice as she had was a rare gift. With proper teaching she should go very far. If she could devote another few hours a week to study—why, she could do wonders in a short time!

Miriam and her mother agreed to another afternoon in the middle of the week. And after two weeks Miriam alone consented to still another afternoon. Max Herman devoted every minute to teaching her musical notation and as much of singing as he knew. But Miriam also expected him to speak of love to her. He did not. He was young and bashful.

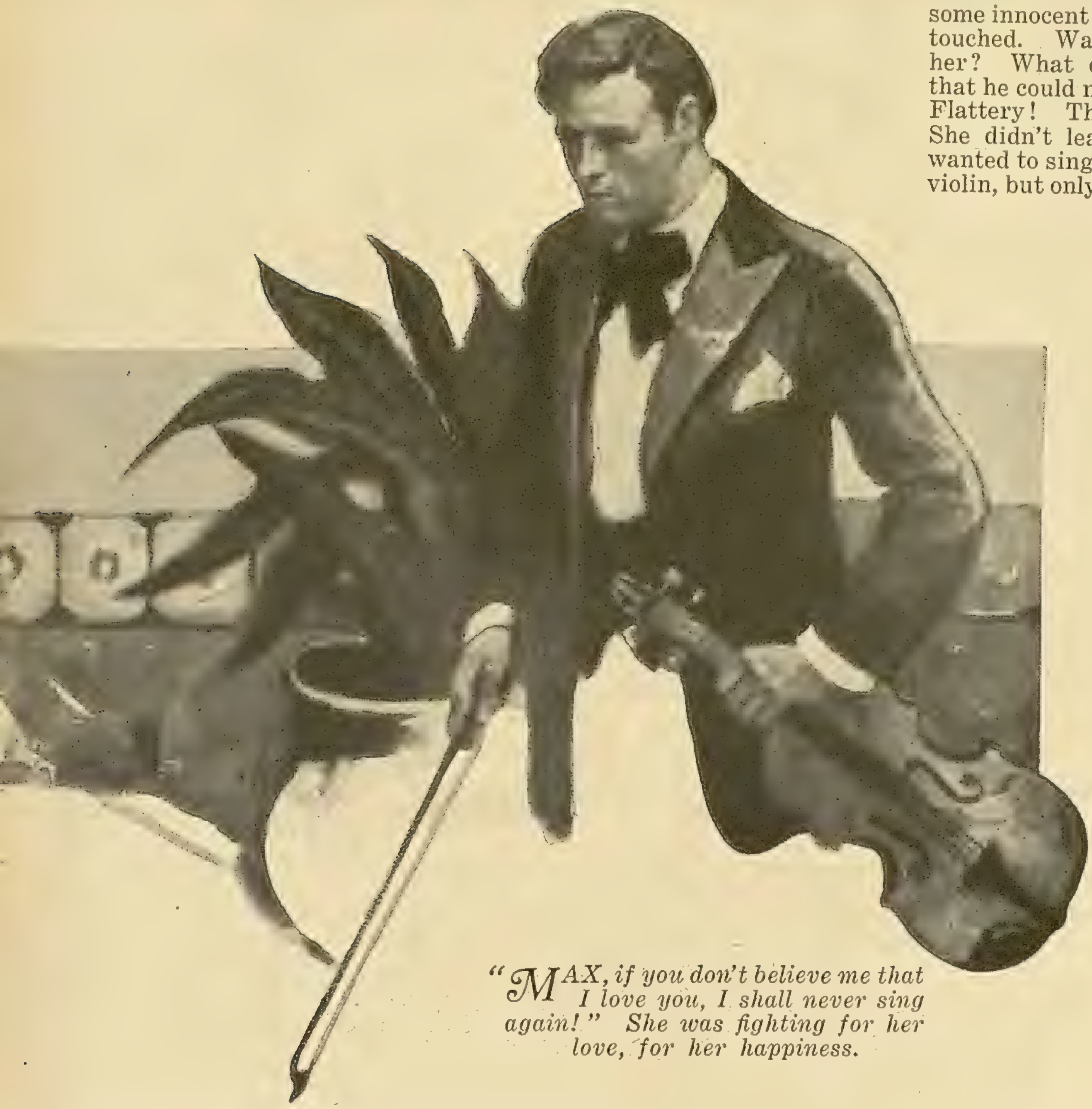
At the end of that winter everybody on Hester Street knew that Miriam Gold was studying to become a grand-opera singer. She neglected her mother's pushcart during the week days and came only for a few hours on Saturday nights to help with the sales. Max Herman abandoned his own studies in order to devote all his free time and more than he could spare of his earnings to the development of the girl's talents. She was studying now with one of the best singing teachers. The whole of the young violinist's being was centered in the girl. She was more than a woman a man loves. She was his creation. Her advancement was his advancement. And she grew daily more beautiful.

Her needs had increased. She had to dress decently. Max wanted her dressed at least as well as the other girls who studied with her teacher. He got more work: a few violin lessons in the morning and a lunch-hour engagement in another restaurant. He was so busy making money to pay for her teachers and dresses, he had little time left in which to see her, talk to her, or hear her sing.



At a pupil's concert to which she had dragged him despite his protests he discovered that she had a number of new friends, would-be professional singers, with whom she was on more intimate terms than she had ever been with him.

He stood aside and didn't mingle with her friends. He thought they were all too extravagant, too loud, too intimate with his Miriam. He had never dared to look at her the way most of these young men looked at her. He wondered how she could be so intimate with them! They were all well dressed and gay. He looked at his own clothes and felt out of place in that gathering. They were having a party after the concert, and Miriam begged him to come with them, but he refused. She insisted and begged, but he refused stubbornly.



“MAX, if you don't believe me that I love you, I shall never sing again!” She was fighting for her love, for her happiness.

“You go, if you want to. They are your friends and not mine.”

After that she had to go whether she wanted or not. She was young. She was proud. She was flushed by her first success. She needed flattery even more than love at that moment.

When she had gone he regretted not having gone with her, and, brooding over what had happened, he became convinced that she had not insisted enough—that he would have gone along if she had insisted enough. No. She was no longer the same Miriam. She belonged to a crowd in which he didn't belong. She had slipped away from him. If she still clung to him it was out of gratefulness—because of what he had done for her—and not because she loved him. He had lifted her above himself. He was only a poor, pale, bedraggled fiddler, while she was on the road to become a celebrity and mingled already with handsome and gilded youth. That was why she hadn't insisted.

WHEN he saw her again, the following day, she cried that he no longer loved her. He reproached her that she no longer loved him. Yet a week later, after another concert, he refused again to join the party of her friends —always expecting her to insist more than she did insist, and the more she insisted, the further he resisted. After several such quarrels on the same score she ceased inviting him altogether.

One night, as she was about to go out with some friends, she asked him more or less perfunctorily, “Won't you come along, Max?”

He would have said yes if she had insisted a little more, but he said no because of the perfunctoriness of her invitation.

Whenever she left him to go out for some innocent amusement his pride was touched. Wasn't he all-sufficient to her? What did the others give her that he could not give more? Flattery? Flattery! That was all she wanted. She didn't learn to sing because she wanted to sing, as he wanted to play his violin, but only because she was hungry for more flattery.

Unable to stay indoors, he rushed out into the street. A cold rain was beating on his hot face. His feet were heavy and his arms hung limp. An hour later he found himself sitting outside Miriam's door. He would talk to her frankly. He loved her. He owed her that—to talk to her frankly. Hour succeeded hour and she did not come. He waited, wet to the skin, in the cold hall, and pictured to himself a thousand possible and impossible things that might have happened to her.

WITH his fever rose also his anger; his anger against himself, against her, and the whole world, the world that had spoiled his Miriam. He would talk to her. She would understand. She loved him. He had to help her save herself.

A car stopped in front of the house. Max dragged himself aside so as not to be seen. At her door Miriam turned a flushed face toward a well dressed young man.

“Thanks for bringing me home, John. You are an angel.”

“The pleasure was all mine, Marta.”

“Good night.” Then the door closed on the girl.

Marta! Marta! His Miriam was called Marta by that man!

She had never told him that he was an angel. So that was it. That man!

The following morning Mrs. Katz, Max's landlady, called upon the Golds to tell them that her boarder was very ill. Miriam entered the room where the sick boy was in the throes of delirium. Two hours later the young violinist was in the public ward of a hospital.

“Pneumonia,” the doctor had said.

“My God! Pneumonia!” exclaimed Mrs. Katz. “Pneumonia! It means the lungs are not in order. Such a boy! Such a boy! Hirsch Leib's son with pneumonia in a hospital.” . . .

Max Herman was in the early twenties, so the fifty or more years of the normal span of life that he had yet to live battled, in spite of himself, against death, and pulled him out of his illness.

In four weeks, though still very weak, he was out of danger. When Miriam came to the hospital to see him, he met her eyes with a cold and angry stare which she tried to understand.

“Max—are you angry with me? Why do you look at me so strangely?”

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN WHO COULDN'T FORGET
Continued from page eleven

"No—I am not angry at you—Marta—"

"What Marta? Since when am I Marta to you?" she cried.

"Since John has become an angel. Don't make believe that you don't understand. You no longer love me, but you don't have the courage to tell me so."

She felt offended, hurt, and he was too weak and she was too proud to thrash the grains of truth out of the chaff of their mutual misunderstandings. Some other day, when he would be well again, she would have a long talk with him. He misunderstood her silence for an admission. He did not tell her that he would leave the hospital the very next day. When Miriam came to see him, the bed was empty.

"Where is he? Where is he?" she screamed. But she was reassured when they told her that the patient had gone to the country. And suddenly she realized the enormity of his deed. He had gone to strangers to recuperate. He had gone to strangers to spite her, to punish her, before listening to what she had to say.

That night she again told John that he was an angel—because he had allowed her to cry on his shoulder.

"I love him so, John. I can't understand what has turned the sweetest of men into a fiend!"

"He'll come back and eat out of your hand, Marta—what man wouldn't?" he added, kissing her extended hand at the door. "You have your work before you, Marta. Good night."

"Who said good night to you?" asked Miriam's mother. She had sat up waiting for her daughter.

"A man—a friend," Miriam explained, as she undressed in the dark. It was so useless to tell more. Her mother would never understand that kind of friendship with a man. No. She wouldn't. Neither could Max, for that matter.

"Did you hear anything? Do you know where he has gone?" Miriam's mother asked.

"No." Then she cried herself to sleep, wounded, humiliated, but with a strange sense of power and self-reliance that seemed to grow out of her pain.

MIRIAM worked hard all that winter. Max had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him. Her teacher managed to interest a wealthy family in her future. Early that next spring, after a concert which attracted more than ordinary attention, Miriam left for Paris in the company of the wife and daughter of the Mæcenas. Living with her wealthy and cultured friends, she rubbed off the coarse edges of her early life between the pushcarts on Hester Street. She acquired grace, ease, and charm. A year after her arrival in Paris, Miriam Gold had opened many a door for herself and her friends which would otherwise have remained closed to *les Américaines*.

When a door did not open by itself, Miriam forced it open. She was irresistible. She was too dynamic, too full of pent-up energy, too intent upon what she was doing, upon what was before her, to give even a minute's thought to her past. Life was today; today was a bridge for the morrow—that great morrow when she would occupy the center of the stage, with a hundred musicians fiddling away in the pit below her, the strong lights above her, and the attention of thousands on her. Mother, pushcarts, Hester Street, were growing more and more remote from day to day. Only Max Herman still lived. When she sang she thought of him—the pale, slight, black-eyed, sharp-featured youth she had last seen at the hospital. To think of him was to add more luster and sincerity to her voice.

* * *

Marta Glebani!

She came to New York heralded by loud fanfares. For months and months, during the summer, the newspapers were full of her great successes in Paris and Milan. There were pictures of her in every Sunday paper, copies of her portrait in every magazine, and her bust, done by a famous sculptor, occupied the center of a large window of a Fifth Avenue "art shop." In Milan, the papers said, people had fought with knives at the gates of the opera house to hear her voice. Perfumes were named after her. A special brand of cigarettes was named the Glebani Luxury. An Arabian prince, so the papers said, had forsaken his harem and followed her across the ocean. An Indian rajah had been killed in a duel with a Spanish grandee competing for her love.

Then came the great day. Her opening night in New York. She sang the new work of an Italian composer. She had created the rôle in Paris. From the first moment of her appearance on the stage the public was hypnotized. It was an instantaneous triumph—a dynamic triumph.

Her dressing room was banked high with flowers. She had every reason to be the happiest woman in the world. But she was not. He wasn't there. She had sung for him, and he wasn't there to hear her. Why hadn't he come to hear her sing? Why hadn't he come to see her? Her mother hadn't seen him again. She had asked John, her friend, to search the town for him. In vain. To urge John on more, she had told him that he was unwittingly the cause of her unhappiness. And John, good, kind John Reeves, loved her enough to want to see her happy, even if it broke his heart.

SHE began to measure every man by a different standard than the one she had used before her success. They flocked around her. But how many would have extended a helping hand as disinterestedly as Max Herman had done? How many of the men who spent fortunes on flowers and expensive dinners, how many of them would have spent the cost of one flower to buy a dress for her when she first began to study singing? Now that the battle, her battle, was over, now that the ladder was scaled, she knew that of all people there was not one as noble as he. Now she knew that she had not been as appreciative of him as she should have been. She remembered the night she had sung at that pupils' concert. She should have gone home with him when he had refused to go to the party. And she should have gone to the hospital more frequently than she had done. But where was he now?

What had looked like gold in the sunshine of her achievement turned into tinsel when the glare was turned away. These men who pursued her now with ready offers of marriage, with banquets and costly presents, where were they years ago when she was a little ignorant girl singing in the streets? She remembered now, when the stage was littered with flowers, the garbage cans between which she had sung the Kol Nidra.

Marta Glebani went to see her mother, who now lived comfortably, luxuriously even, in an apartment furnished especially for her.

"Mother, I must see Max. I must see him!"

"I have not seen him once in the four years since he has left the hospital," the mother answered.

"Is he—?"

"No, no. He sent for his trunk, but he never came to see Mrs. Katz—or—us, Miriam."

"But I must see him, mother. I want so to see him!"

"Miriam, I say, Miriam, why should you trouble him? Maybe he is married. Wife and child. You know, it's four years or more—"

Marta Glebani sobbed long and wailed loudly.

"It cannot be! It cannot be. Mother, mother! I must see him. I must! If I could only talk to him!"

Mother Gold understood. She would try to find him.

Day after day Marta Glebani urged her mother and John to find him. A month passed, and another month. Though she stepped from triumph to triumph, from glory to glory, there was little joy in her, for all that. Late one afternoon, when she had already given up all hope, she spied a spare little man with stooping shoulders and a violin under his arm going slowly in the opposite direction.

"Max, my Max!" She clasped him in her arms.

"Miriam!"

"Come into my car. Come!"—pushing him toward it.

"But, Miriam, I—I—must—"

"No. I won't let you go away from me this time."

The car swallowed them both even as a little urchin was calling out: "Woman in silks kidnaps young musician in broad daylight!"

"Didn't you know that I was here?"

"I knew. I went to hear you—once—"

She smothered him with kisses and gave him no time to say a word. "Oh, Max, Max, I wanted so to see you! Didn't you want to see me?"

"I did. . . . No. I did not want to see you. You are there—on the top of the ladder—"

"Max, Max," she cried, "I have never loved anyone but you!"

He drew away from her and looked at her strangely. He remembered, "You are an angel, John."

She took his hands in hers. "Max, I see gray hairs on your temples. . . . Why do you look so gloomy? Why do you look so stern? Why do you tremble? Max! I hoped to catch your eyes among the ten thousand eyes looking at me. You said you have been once—where were you seated? Speak, speak!"

He sat there beside her, his face drawn and pale, and his eyes feverish but dry, and said not a word. She flung her arms about him. "Max, you have not forgotten me! You have not! There is no other woman—Max?"

HE freed his hands from hers. "Forgotten? I don't forget. Could I forget that I have neglected my career for you? Could I forget that I dressed you in silks while I wore rags of which you were ashamed?"

"Max!" she cried, as she kissed his cold hands. "I have never ceased loving you—"

He looked fierce and revengeful.

"Look at me. I fiddle in Linow's restaurant. You are the great Marta Glebani." Did she expect him to feel grateful because she still wanted him? Because of his love for her he had neglected his career and she had been ashamed of him because he had not dressed well. It was not true. She didn't love him. She mistook her remorse for love. He didn't mention the name of the other man, of John, but he was there between them, and she knew.

"It is not true, Max!" she cried—"I swear it is not—". Yet even as she cried out aloud her protestations a little voice within her said, "What he says is somewhat true. Had he been well dressed, then you would have insisted a little more that he come with you."

He asked the chauffeur to stop the car and stepped out before she had said another word. Hours later Mrs. Gold found Miriam crying and tearing her hair. No one would have recognized the great Marta Glebani in that wailing Jewish woman.

"Mother, mother, I found him! He still loves me, but he has no faith in me!" the great star cried. Suddenly she ran down to her waiting car and gave her order to the chauffeur: "To Linow's."

Max was there. The guests craned their necks to look at the great singer who had come in so unexpectedly. The manager ran forward to meet her. She brushed him aside and went straight to the pale violinist sitting near the piano.

"Max, if you don't believe me that I love you, I shall never sing again in my life! I shall again sell apples on Hester Street from my mother's pushcart."

THE people looked at her, watched her humble herself. What did she care? She was fighting for her love, for her happiness.

Max Herman put his violin aside and looked into her eyes.

"Miriam—" He knew she had told him the truth. "Sing for us now!" he cried like one inspired, and, turning to face the guests of the restaurant, the violinist announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Marta Glebani will sing for you the Kol Nidra."

The singer wiped her eyes.

"I am not Marta Glebani now. I am Miriam Gold. Tomorrow I shall be Miriam Herman."

And she sang the Kol Nidra, that mournful, thousand-year-old prayer chant that is sung by millions of Jews on the eve of the Day of Atonement, as it had never been sung before. And that night, at the opera, Marta Glebani revealed to the world a voice that was so beautiful her greatest admirers and worst enemies had to admit that they had never heard her sing before.

At the end of the last act, John Reeves came into her dressing room. He rushed up to her breathlessly without noticing anybody.

"Marta! I found out where he is—at Linow's. Come, let's go there now. Rush!"

"You are an angel, John!" Marta cried, pointing to Max, who was sitting in a corner of the room, shy, happy, and half hidden by flowers and wreaths strewn everywhere.

And Max Herman suddenly thought that the words, "You are an angel, John," were the most beautiful he had ever heard; for they had erased even the tiniest speck of suspicion from the garment of love.

THE END

In Liberty Next Week—

A NEW WAY OUT OF PROHIBITION!

By ALFRED E. SMITH

A KEEN legal mind, an executive of established ability, a practical politician acknowledged by even his most bitter adversaries to be a master strategist, who better than Alfred E. Smith is qualified to analyze the weaknesses of the prohibition situation and to present a workable solution of this increasingly insistent problem? In this article he goes back to the Constitution, takes the problem away from the politicians and gives it to the people to settle in a common-sense yet brand-new approach. Whether you agree or disagree with his reasoning, "Al" Smith's opinion is vital.

Undoubtedly his statement of the case will go far toward galvanizing wavering opinion and directing it along definite lines. Neither wets nor drys are satisfied with the present condition of enforcement. Here may be a basis of mutual agreement! Every voter and every prospective voter should be in possession of this information.

Do We Dare Cance
WAR DEBTS

And What Would Happen if We Did?

By JAY FRANKLIN

Pictures by Robert A. Cameron

(Reading time: 14 minutes 30 seconds.)

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S decision to give our war debtors a year's holiday set a new fashion. Everywhere people began to feel the moratorium the merrier. Everywhere the line began forming on the left for a marking down of mortgages and for governmental meal tickets.

The moratorium set the tom-toms throbbing in the political wigwams from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate. The witch doctors made bad medicine for the Great White Father, and Senator Hiram Johnson, in his blunt, tactless manner, demanded that the President shoo the international bankers out of the White House and adopt the slogan, "Feed America First." Already the questions are being asked: "You help feed the Chinese; why don't you help feed us?" "You let Europe have a free ride on the Treasury; why can't the Treasury let us try for the brass ring?"

Politically, these questions are unanswerable. They appeal to the prejudice and suspicion of the American mind against everything outside the twelve-mile limit, and with men dropping dead of starvation in our bread lines and seven million unemployed, it's hard to figure any convincing answer that can be made to an empty stomach.

And yet the Hoover moratorium is the wisest and bravest, as well as the most dangerous, thing that the President has done since he surf-boarded into the White House on the breaking wave of American prosperity. It took nerve to pass up a quarter-of-a-billion-dollar revenue in the face of a billion-dollar deficit. It took guts to brave the tomahawks of the political scalping parties who see red whenever Europe is mentioned, to put a weapon in the hands of his enemies just when the political tide was beginning to turn in his favor.

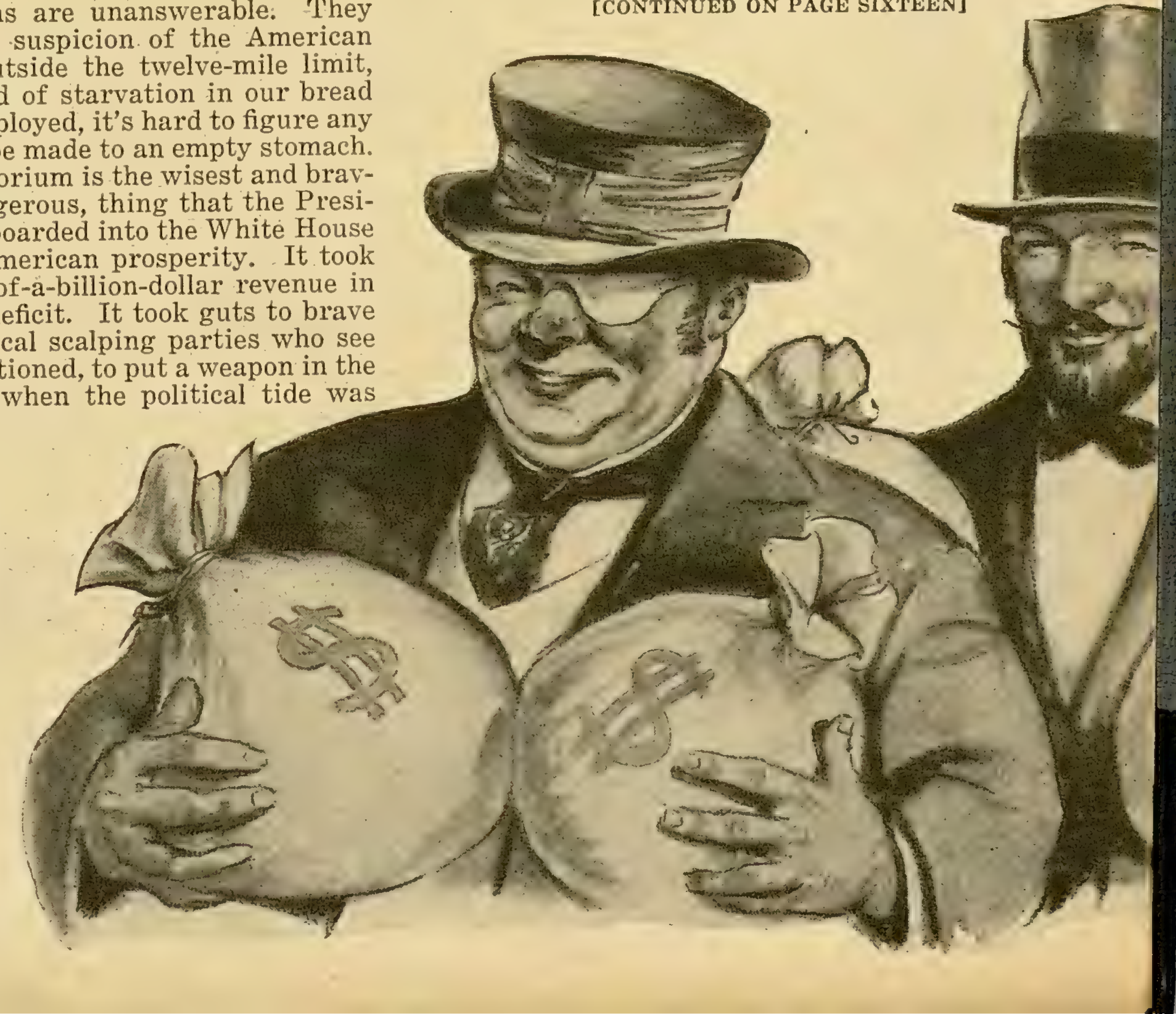
Whether the act was wise or foolish, it took courage, and has taken more courage to back it up now that the first hysterical gush of enthusiasm for the gesture has passed and it has become clear that it won't bring back our wandering prosperity tonight.

Yet it was a wise act. Oh, yes!—we know all the stuff about the international bankers whose investments were helped by it, and if we had our way we'd rub their noses in some of the dirty bond issues they've unloaded on the American public. The big bankers, as bankers, deserve just about as much sympathy as they are getting. They will be lucky if they get off with a senatorial "third degree" and a beating up with some legislative rubber hose.

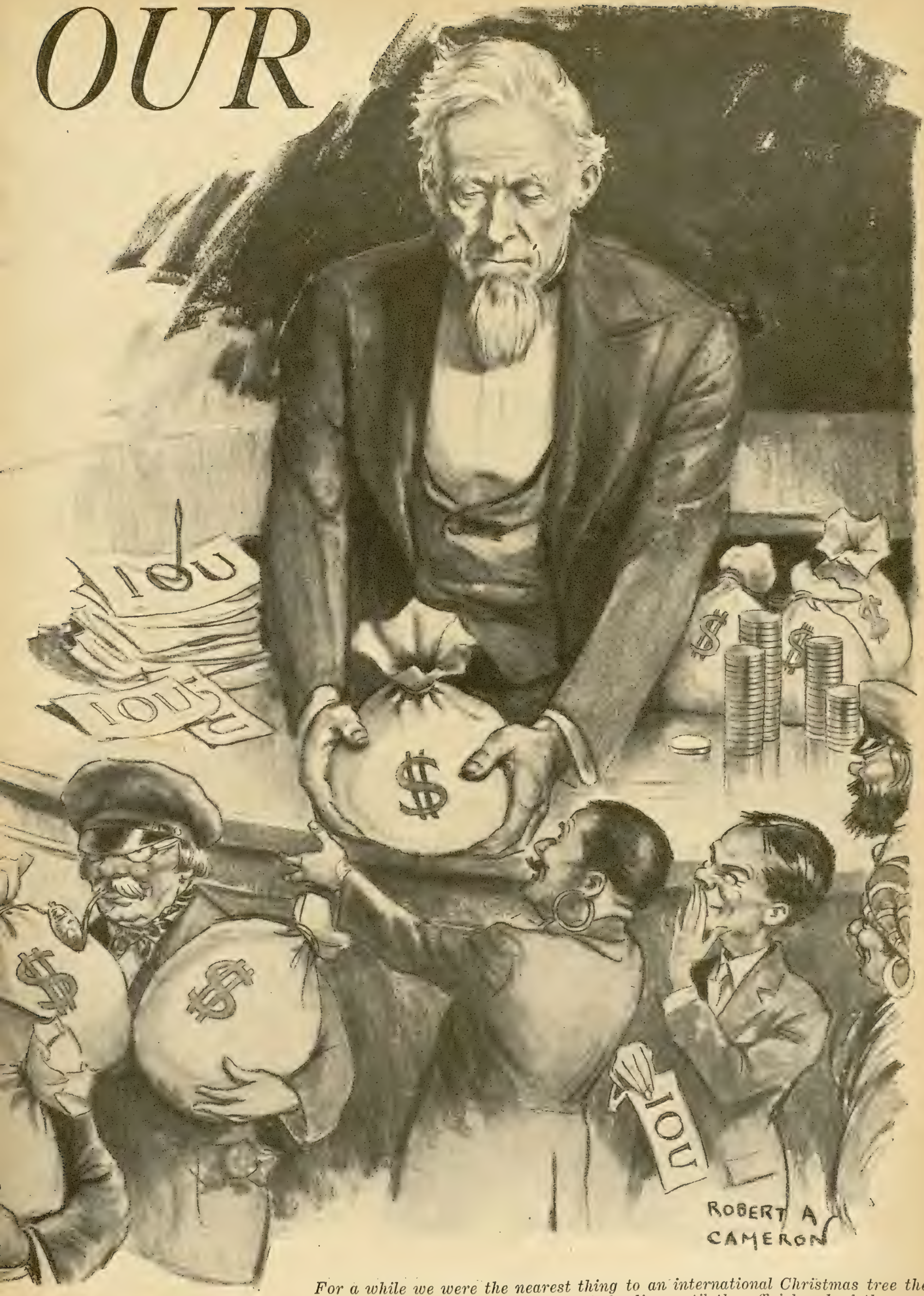
Unfortunately, we can't hit the bankers too hard without hurting ourselves. In their big-hearted way they've floated about six billion dollars' worth of European loans in this country since the war, with our money. Most of these loans are, as loans, perfectly sound, but they would all go to the morgue in a big European bust-up. Moreover, about two and a half billion of these dollars have been invested in Germany. So if Germany hits the skids, widows and orphans and savings banks and trust funds in America would look about as happy as a dead jellyfish.

More than that, Europeans have invested from three to five billion dollars in America. If Europe should have a rough-house, they'd have to dump these investments on

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]



OUR

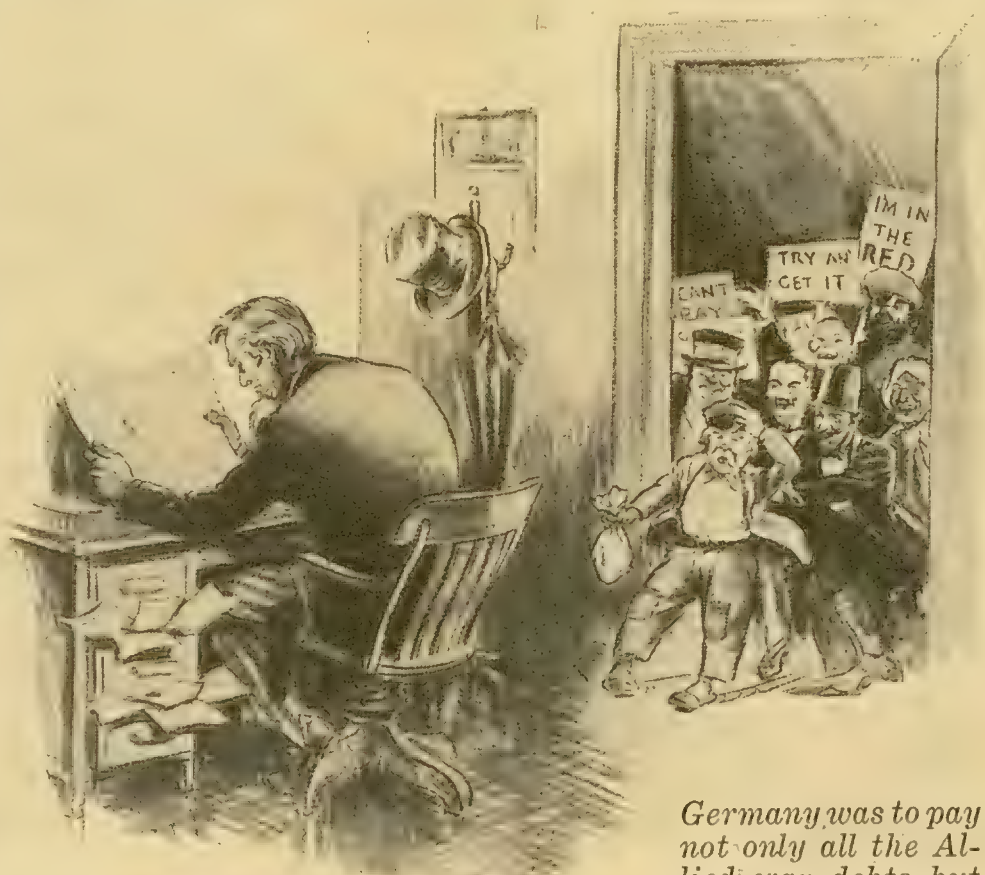

IOU
IOU
IOU
IOU
$
$
$
$
$
$
ROBERT A CAMERON

For a while we were the nearest thing to an international Christmas tree the world has ever seen. We didn't quit lending until the official end of the war.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

our market for what they would bring, which would send stocks so low it would take an oil driller to locate them, and which would make American banks—the banks in which we have our money—look like a wheat field after the grasshoppers have stopped for supper.

Finally, Europe is still our best customer, our biggest foreign market. If Europe went broke, the price of wheat and cotton would go so low that farming would have to be conducted by purely charitable organizations.



Germany was to pay not only all the Allied war debts but all the war damage.

And yet, within the last year Germany came so close to bankruptcy that it was a matter of hours. A communist revolution or a war was not only on the cards, but the hands had been dealt when Hoover called a halt. The credit of Great Britain, the financial Rock of Gibraltar of half the civilized world, had to be saved by emergency measures and sickening economy in Great Britain. And if German and British credit had collapsed, European civilization as we know it would have had to be rewritten by Mars or Moscow.

All of which is simply another way of saying that we are all in the same boat with Europe. Few of us like it, but we're in it just the same, and the bankers are in with us. They may have snipped their coupons and collected their interest, but if the boat upset they would be out of luck just as badly as the rest of us. If we don't like them, we should do our business in a different way, not blame them for being bankers. They have a lot of power, but, like the rest of us, they are at the mercy of events; and even while they underwrite their syndicates and place their loans they never know whether the bottom is going to drop out or whether the people, whose money they use, will trust them with any more money.

So we can't alibi ourselves on the international bankers. They may not be a pretty lot, but we have given them our money to play with, and if they pick the wrong horses we are the ones who will lose. The Hoover moratorium didn't help them nearly so much as it helped us, even if we don't know it.

If you don't catch smallpox you don't know what you've missed and so feel no reason for thanking the doctor for vaccinating you. So with the war-debt moratorium. If we hadn't got it we might have had something much worse—the worst financial panic in our history, and that's nothing to joke about.

And we would have got the worst dose of international hatred in history as well. You remember back in the '90s, when the Western farmers nearly declared war on the Eastern bankers who loaned them money in the fat years and then foreclosed in the lean years? If we had held off and let Germany go broke, had started the Bolsheviks going in Berlin and the French troops marching back into the Rhineland, and had shattered Great Britain's credit, the hatred in Europe for Uncle Shylock would have made our own experience with angry debtors look like a Sunday-school picnic. When money or credit is at stake people go mad in our queer civilization. It's a fact we've got to face and we've got to prevent the mob from starting in our direction. The moratorium took us out from under and left us on the outside looking in.

It was, however, a very dangerous act, because the American people didn't understand it at the time and don't understand it now. For twelve years neither our politicians nor our leaders of public opinion have ever cared or dared to explain the real nature of the war debts. We have got, instead, the notion that the Europeans are a gang of crooked shysters who have been playing us for suckers ever since Woodrow Wilson stopped being too proud to fight. Or else the crazy League lovers have argued that it is a sort of sacred duty for us to cancel every red cent the noble Allies had borrowed from this land of narrow-minded isolationists.

Neither the Europe haters nor the Europe lovers are right. The plain fact is that we didn't dare not lend the money during the war, that we knew it would never really be repaid, and that, in fact, not one cent has actually been repaid from Europe to America. All that has happened is that we have loaned the money to Europe through our bankers or have spent it in Europe as tourists, so that Europeans could bank the exchange in New York and pay the Federal Treasury with our own money.

That has been going on for years. We have loaned the Europeans more than six billions and the Treasury has received about two and a half billions of it on account of war debts.

So, as to actual repayment of the ten billion dollars' worth of goods we poured into Europe from 1917 to 1921, we haven't got anything. And when in 1930 we stopped lending our money to Europe in a big way, Europe had to stop "paying" us by bookkeeping or go broke.

From the very start there hasn't been a Chinaman's chance that the war debts would be paid back. The only chance was that the Treasury could shift these debts from the American taxpayer to the American investor. We had to lend the money or see the Allies get licked in the first place, before we were in a position to fight the Germans ourselves. We could have given the Allies the money as a sort of salary paid them to fight for us, but the Allies didn't want it that way. It put them in the position of an ex-world's champion heavyweight who is asked to hire himself out as a private bodyguard to a fat man. People are funny about such things. At any rate, when it was suggested that our loan to France should take the form of a gift, the French government officially begged us not to. So we went ahead with loans up to ten billion dollars, as authorized by the First Liberty Loan Act of April 24, 1917, and by later acts in 1918, 1919, and 1920. We loaned about eight and a half billion dollars before the Armistice and about one and a half billion after the fighting stopped. We didn't quit lending until the official end of the war, which was, for us, July 2, 1921.

For a while we were the nearest thing to an international Christmas tree the world has ever seen. We loaned money to Armenia, Austria, Belgium, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Finland, France, Great Britain, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Latvia, Liberia, Lithuania, Nicaragua, Poland, Roumania, and Yugoslavia. We were up against a big emergency and we didn't worry about the expense. We didn't even worry about the law. We never bought Allied bonds as ordered by the Liberty Loan acts; we bought I.O.U.s instead. We never got an opinion from the Attorney General as to the legality of lending money after the fighting stopped.

We were almost silly about it. We loaned money directly and indirectly to countries with which we were at war. We loaned money to pay interest on loans. We

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

BOTH
are Stokowski

ABOVE IS MODEL 112X Balanced Superheterodyne, eleven tube, Automatic Volume Control, $150. Other Philcos from $36.50 to $295, complete with Philco Balanced Tubes, including new Pentode Power Tube, illuminated station recording dial, hand rubbed cabinets, and many other exclusive Philco features . . . Philco replacement tubes, Philco Short Wave Converter, Philco Transitone for motor cars and boats, Philco Electric Clock and Radio Regulator.

WHEN you hear the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, on your own PHILCO Radio, you are hearing them as eloquently as if they were playing in your own home. You are hearing a real, living, personal rendition of the world's finest music interpreted by genius · · · Close your eyes, turn your back and listen. PHILCO is ONE instrument—but when you listen on your PHILCO to the Philadelphia Orchestra you are listening to MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED instruments · · · Just so you may, at any time, hear the instruments and voices of all the audible arts, in full, real and personally-present tone. PHILCO, a fine musical instrument and the most accepted radio, brings them to you in person · · · You may enjoy these voices of the air "in person" every day and night in the year, by the simple turn of a single dial on your PHILCO. Leading dealers everywhere will show it to you. See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

PHILCO · PHILADELPHIA · TORONTO · LONDON

Hear the greatest musical broadcasts of all time, by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, over the entire Columbia Network, Jan. 16, March 12, April 2 at 8:15 P. M. (E. S. T.)

·PHILCO
A musical instrument of quality

UNBALANCED RADIO
BALANCED PHILCO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

loaned money to maintain exchange. We used Liberty Loan money to pay the expenses of the Russian and Liberian delegations to the Paris Peace Conference. We loaned millions to governments which had no legal existence. Money was paid out simultaneously to three separate anti-Bolshevik movements in Russia. We continued to lend money even while our debtors were proposing to cancel the debts they had already contracted. And when the flurry was all over we found that we were owed about eleven and a half billion dollars in war debts and accumulated interest.

No, we weren't crazy. We had first to prevent an Allied cave-in; second, to win the war when the Allies accepted the Wilsonian program; third, to prevent a general European collapse after the Armistice; and finally, to help push through our ideas at the Paris Peace Conference. We cut corners, we violated laws, and we put our national policy and interests above the practice of bookkeeping or the profession of debt collection. And when it was all over it took the American people ten years to realize that we were the great winner of the peace.

What had happened was that we held the credit of the world's greatest and wealthiest nations at our mercy. We still hold it. And if you don't think that's worth having, ask yourself if you'd slap the face of the banker who holds your note for $10,000. Of course, you don't let the banker tell you how much your wife shall spend on clothes or how much you shall pay your servants, but you are polite to the banker and don't go out of your way to insult him.

Just to make sure that there was no mistake about our position, we formed the World War Debt Funding Commission on February 9, 1923, and when it went out of existence, in 1927, all European debtors except Soviet Russia had signed on the dotted line and pledged themselves to pay us at a rate which now runs about $240,000,000 a year and which should last for sixty-five years. As business transactions, these agreements were generous and reasonable. Politically, they have put us on top of the world.

No wonder that our debtors have felt uncomfortable about it, and no wonder, when they saw that we weren't trying to play petty European politics with our power, that they tried to use the debts against us. Nobody likes to pay his debts, least of all when the debts are so big that they can be repaid only by borrowing money from a Wall Street banker. There has been a big barrage of antiwar-debt propaganda since the war. It has been argued that we should "pool" war costs; that the loans were our feeble contribution to a common cause; that they were blood money.

We have been told how much we would be hated unless we canceled the debts. We have been called "Uncle Shylock." All of Europe's financial troubles have been blamed on the war debts. They have propagandized against us and ganged up on us. They have made elaborate arrangements, through the Dawes Plan of 1924 and the Young Plan of 1929, by which somebody else—the bankrupt and defeated Germany—should pay the debts which the two greatest empires in the world said they could not pay.

AND all the time they have been dependent upon us for credit, and all the time our people didn't know what it was all about.

It was the Young Plan which smashed the whole thing. Germany was to pay not only all the Allied war debts to the United States but all the war damage suffered by all Allies in four years of destruction, even for destruction wrought by the Bulgarians and Turks.

We had been lending money to Germany for that purpose since 1924. In 1930 we stopped it, and Germany shot the works. It had all been so neatly arranged, it was a pity; and Owen D. Young, who had arranged it, stopped being mentioned as the Democratic candidate for President. German payments had been divided into two classes—conditional payments which could be postponed, to the amount of $243,000,000 (just enough to cover the debts to us) and unconditional payments of $130,600,000 (of which $109,000,000 went to France). It was even arranged that, if we canceled or reduced debts, Germany should keep on paying something.

It all went by the board when, on June 20, 1931, Hoover suggested a moratorium. The bluff was called. It became clear that war debts were not the cause of all Europe's woes, that reparations were not the cause of all Germany's difficulties, that Europe would have to have a military and political house-cleaning, and that the United States, far from being a bloodsucker, was the only nation whose credit was strong enough to help Europe to save itself. It proved that Europe's prosperity depends on us. It also proved that our prosperity depends on Europe. The fact that we declared a moratorium for the same reason that we loaned the money in the first place—because we had to—doesn't change the situation in the slightest.

BUT does that mean a thing to the average American? Some politicians are betting that it doesn't. They figure that his attitude toward Europe is that even if it was good he wouldn't like it; that his attitude toward the administration is that charity begins at home and that "Feed America first" is a sound policy. They bet that he can understand using half a billion dollars of the taxpayers' money to help 20,000,000 American farmers get on their feet, but that he can't understand passing up a quarter of a billion of revenue from war debts in order to help our 300,000,000 European customers avoid bankruptcy, revolution, or war. The politicians who grow fat on other people's disasters reckon that the average American will want to make the administration pay for the moratorium by permitting a series of big raids on the public treasury.

Are they right? The trouble with America has been overproduction of food and clothing and everything nice, and underproduction of the brains with which to insure its effective distribution. Our great asset has been, up to now, that we have been able to see that merely because we are too stupid to make sure that we get our own share of what we produce, there is no reason why we should refuse to help our neighbors who are starving, not from lack of brains but from lack of food. It will be a fine thing for this country if our present mess compels us to think hard and long until we find some way of helping our needy without destroying their self-respect by self-conscious charity or allowing them to ruin us by making the government pay for the mistakes of an inadequate business system.

But it will be tragic if the first really wise and courageous act of the administration is attacked simply because we're sore at the big bankers who have been playing duck-on-a-rock with our money, or is made the excuse for playing hot-hands with the national bank roll. We have the means, if we can muster the brains, to feed Americans and to do our bit for the world too. No one will object if, in the process, we put some of our international bankers on the mourners' bench instead of in the Amen Corner. But in the meantime it would do no harm if our politicians should stop acting as though the war debts were part of the Ten Commandments and if our "idealists" should stop sobbing whenever European financial ambitions were frowned upon in Washington.

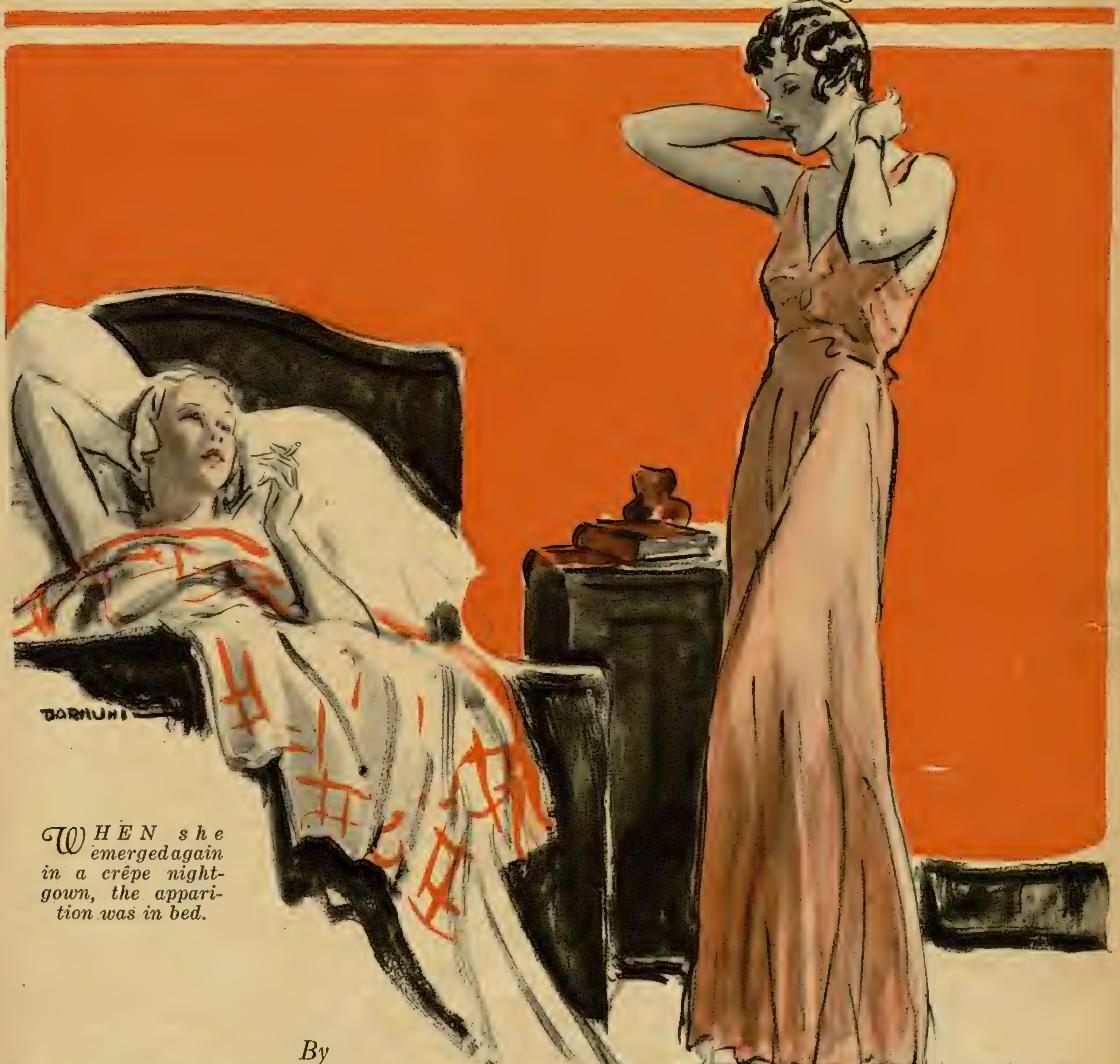
Used intelligently, the war debts give us a good weapon with which to fight for international prosperity and world peace. But if anybody thinks that in order to collect them we're really going to let the Europeans ship us ten billion dollars' worth of goods more than we sell to Europe, he had better take a good look at our tariff.

And if anybody thinks that the American people will consent to cancel them without making sure that the result will be a prosperous and peaceful European continent which will keep on buying from us and not force us to go through the twentieth century armed to the teeth, he had better consult an alienist.

THE END

SIX WEEKS

A New Novel of a Disappointed Wife's Search for Freedom Among the Thrill Hunters of Reno



WHEN she emerged again in a crêpe nightgown, the apparition was in bed.

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by
JAY BARNUM

(Reading time: 35 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is a story of romance in Reno. Eve McIntyre Ogden, carefully calling herself Mrs. McIntyre, arrived alone to divorce Russell Ogden. She was driven to Better Luck Ranch, together with another divorce seeker, Sally Marjoribanks. The ranch was crowded, and both were assigned to the same bungalow. That night, driving back from an impromptu road-house party with Sally, Sally's friend Thurston Proctor, and Lorimer Sturges, third divorce seeker, Eve learned that Sally expected to marry Russell Ogden.

PART TWO—A BLOW FALLS

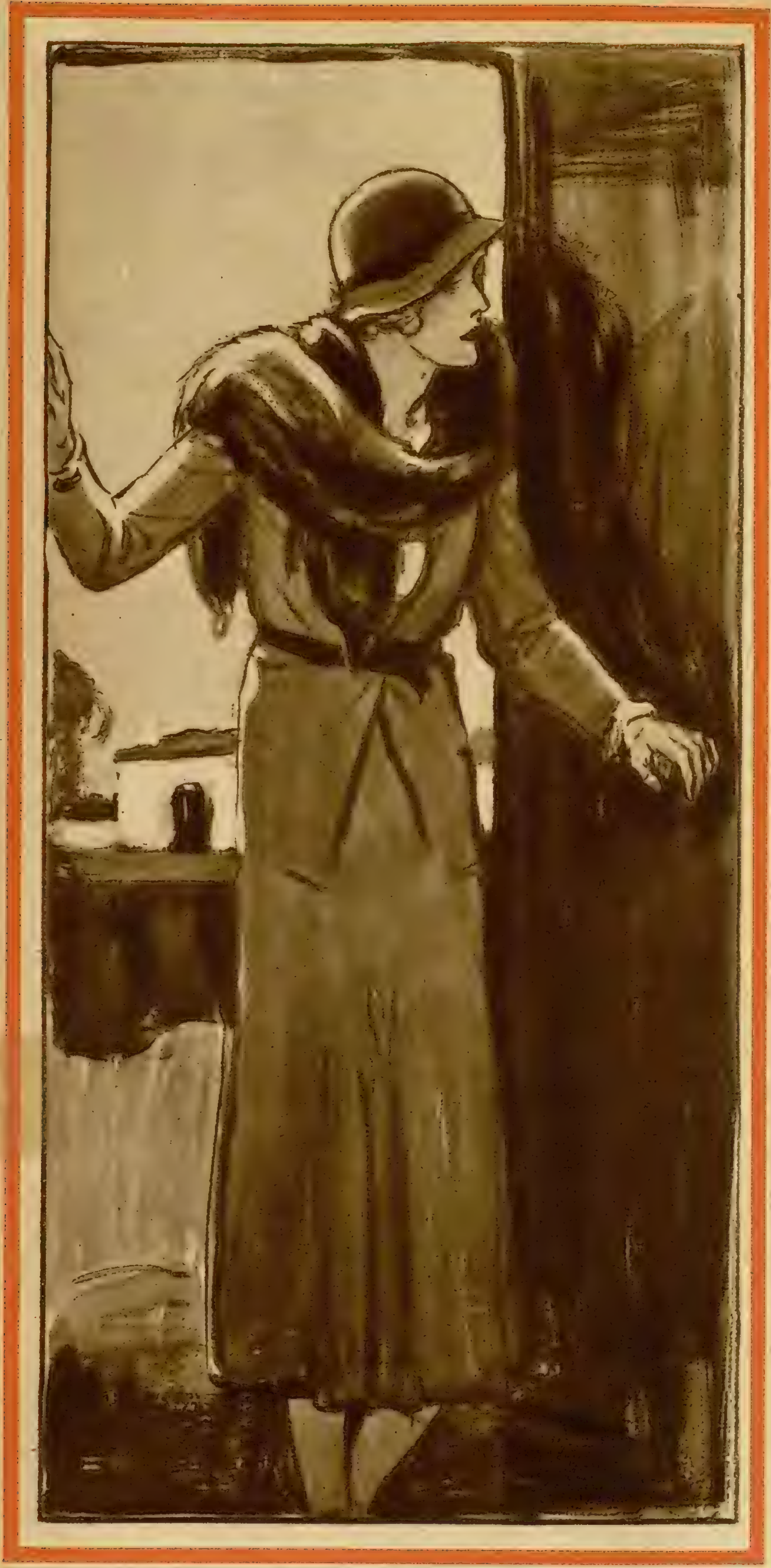
THURSTON PROCTOR lifted Eve out of the car.

Standing there shivering in the cold desert dawn, in front of the white stucco bungalow, she had to think fast and couldn't think clearly. Lorimer Sturges, sitting behind the wheel of the car, seemed faintly amused.

"How about another little drink?" Proctor suggested.

Sally made a face. "Mama's going to beddy-by," she affirmed. "Take Eve; the day's young."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Two raps. The door swung open, creaking. A mock-meek voice—Sally's: "Please, can a lady go to bed?"

SIX WEEKS
Continued from page nineteen

Eve's course of conduct had now been dictated. She couldn't let this flippant girl set her down as a good-time cutie—this girl who was going to marry Ruddy—going to, that is, when Eve divorced him.

During the last part of the ride home from the road house, after Thurston Proctor had given away the fact that Sally Marjoribanks was the other woman in Ruddy's life, Eve had entertained the wild thought of picking up her bags and going back to Lancaster. But she couldn't go home to the aunts, after that last bitter scene in which she had accused them of scheming for years to get her permanently away from Russell Ogden. Where, then, could she go? Her father was in China. . . .

"I'm tired out," she heard herself saying. Her eyes were burning; her mouth was parched; her skin feverish. Strain, lack of sleep, too many sidecars.

Proctor's boyish face changed from enthusiastic approval of Sally's suggestion to gloomy disappointment over Eve's short reply. Eve walked over to the car and put out her hand to the host.

"Good night, Mr. Sturges; I had a lovely time," she lied.

He twinkled at her knowingly, pressed her hand, said nothing. Eve knew she was blushing—her worst habit. He had seen Proctor kissing her, in the driver's mirror! She turned and put out her hand to Proctor, who absorbed it in his huge tanned paw. She couldn't find anything to say to him, but she did try to convey that she was counting upon him.

"Four o'clock," he said, looking at his wrist watch. "What about lunch at one o'clock? I know a grand place."

"Sorry," said Eve sweetly. "I've got to go to Reno to see my—on business."

"I'll drive you in. Lunch on the way."

"Sorry," said Eve firmly. "Not today. As a matter of fact, I've got to see my lawyer."

"Me, too," said Sally, making a wry face. "After all, Prock, we didn't come to Reno for a good time, like you, you seducer of innocent women!"

Eve looked at her hastily. Had Sally seen what had gone on in the rear seat? If she had, her face didn't betray that she was shooting a barbed dart at Eve.

Proctor was grinning. "Don't you believe her. I'm just a Boy Scout at the west pole, helping the commander here."

Eve got her hand away. Sally had gone over to the car to make her little speech to Sturges; they were talking low, intimately.

"I'll see you this evening," Eve said hastily to the big blond man. "I meant what I said about your helping me. I'm in a—I don't know what to do next."

"WHY don't we go for a ride and you tell me what it is you need—"

"Oh, I don't need anything except advice, Mr. Proctor," she hastened to assure him. "Tonight will be time enough."

"All right. You and I go out for supper. Not the Cascabel, or any whoopee parlor. A nice quiet place. I could meet you in Reno—"

"Don't you ever eat here?" Eve evaded the question. "I was told they had fine food."

"They certainly have. But I don't like to sit around the dining room with all those hungry females—there's three of them to every man here, and they look so sad and sour, or else they make you feel you're just not a man for not—" He halted.

"For not comforting them," Eve supplied, gently sarcastic.

"Look here." Proctor was stern, his face red through the seagoing tan. "Don't you listen to Sally Blount. I'm not that kind—"

"Of course you're not," said Eve generously. "Good night." She turned abruptly, went up the two steps to the door of the "residential cabin" she was to share with that woman—she must not think of her that way. To be nonchalant was her cue. She turned to say something nonchalant; Proctor was right behind her.

"I've got your key," he said. He unlocked the door, swung it open, took Eve by the elbows, propelled her irresistibly through, kicked the door.

Eve struggled in earnest this time; she didn't like his assuming that she wanted him kissing her in cars and behind doors. But she simply couldn't wriggle out of his embrace. Though she did manage to keep her head turned so that he couldn't find her lips, he was covering the back of her neck, her left ear, with hungry kisses.

“You're hurting me,” she protested with what breath she had.

“Then kiss me!”

She mustn't be a prude, or these three would drop her; Sally would put her outside the pale of her breezy candor. And she must learn everything possible about Sally. If this was the sort of woman Ruddy Ogden wanted for his second—

“One,” she said, “then you've got to go home. After all—”

His lips stopped hers.

She had made another mistake. She couldn't give this man her lips coldly. It was more than two years since she had given them to a man. . . .

Two raps. The door swung open, creaking. A mock-meek voice—Sally's:

“Please, can a lady go to bed?”

Eve wrenched herself out of Proctor's arms. Little fool, compromising herself in that girl's eyes already!

“IF this man will let me go, you can,” she said sharply, dishonestly, meanly, and was ashamed of her hypocrisy all over her tingling body.

Proctor whirled. “Good night, Sally!” he said gruffly, brushed past her in the doorway, and was gone. The big car drove away slowly.

“Don't be angry,” said Sally suavely. “He's as subtle as an orang-utan. I had to scratch his eyes out all through our teens and betweens. He just won't take no for an answer when he's high.”

“Well,” said Eve hotly, “I don't like it.”

“He's very different when he's sober. Positively painful, he's so shy.”

Sally threw her hat on to the center table and dropped her coat on a chair.

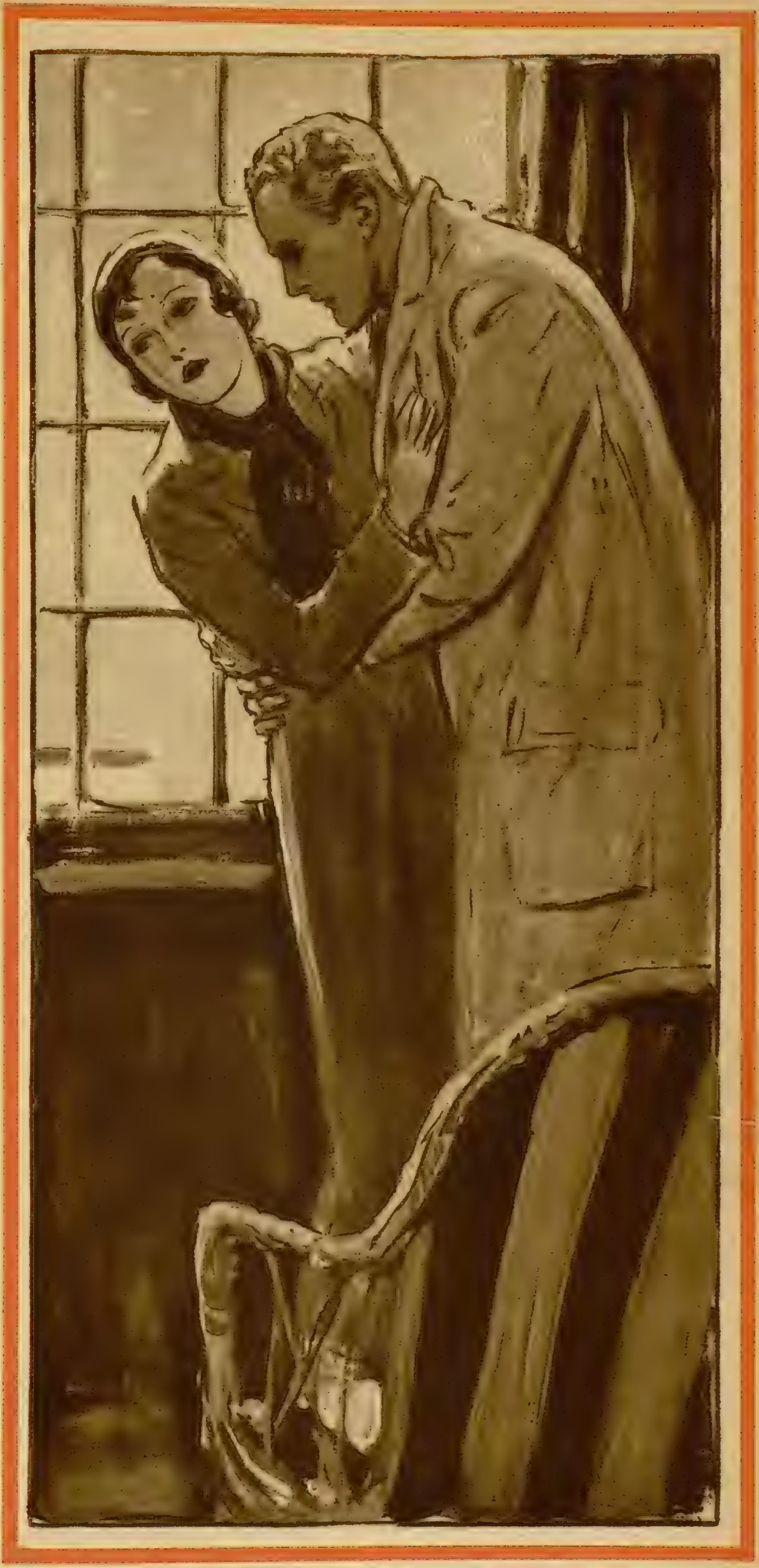
“Match you for the bathroom,” she said.

“No, go ahead,” said Eve. “I have to unpack some things first.”

“Thanks. The banana king is fruity, don't you think?”

“He's very attractive,” said Eve cautiously.

Sally vanished into the right-hand dressing room and Eve went into the other. She opened her dressing case. She had six weeks to make up her mind. Six weeks to find out whether she could surrender Ruddy Ogden to this— Six weeks to—to— If she could promote an affair between Sturges and Sally! There was an idea! Unless Ruddy Ogden had changed, he wouldn't share a woman with any man— But what on earth was she thinking about? Even though he were disillusioned about every other woman in the world, would Ruddy come back to her? She stripped off her dress, and in her lemon-yellow panties and brassière of sheer French linen sat down at the dressing table to clean her face and try to clear out her mind. She mustn't make decisions tonight, after all those sidecar drinks. She walked out into the living room absently, the wad of cleansing tissue in her hand.



Eve wrenched herself out of Proctor's arms. “If this man will let me go, you can,” she said sharply.

Sally had lighted the fire, and was standing on the hearth, toasting her back. The golden tan, like coffee with lots of cream in it, was not laid on in a bathing-suit pattern; Sally was the same color all over. No half measures in *her* sun-bathing.

“I see you've been on the Riviera,” Eve hazarded, embarrassed.

“Juan-les-Pins,” said Sally, blowing cigarette smoke through her nostrils. Eve couldn't keep her eyes off that beautiful body. In clothes it looked so slender; without them it was not at all boyish, yet there wasn't an ounce too much flesh anywhere on the long curves. Eve threw the wad of paper into the fire and went back to her dressing room. When she emerged again, in a crêpe nightgown, the apparition was in bed. Sally crushed out her cigarette in the tray on the bed table, stretched her arms over her head, yawned. She had on no nightgown, no pyjamas! Did she sleep that way?

Eve absently picked up Sally's hat from the center table and the coat from the chair, took them into Sally's dressing room and hung them up, before she realized what she was doing. The hat *was* an Alphonsine model.

“You'll have to pardon me,” she said in confusion. “I'm just a picker-up. I can't help it.”

“Thank heaven you are. Usually I leave all my clothes on the floor.” Sally turned over to cuddle down into the pillow, facing Eve. “But you make me pick up my own litter, darling. I can't keep a maid because I'm so untidy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIX WEEKS

Continued from page twenty-one

—not to speak of my bad temper. The last one simply refused to come to Reno with me. She was a little Amish girl from near Lancaster."

Eve's heart began pounding again. Why did Sally bring up Lancaster? Did she know, after all? Were they both playing the same game? But Sally's face was sleepily expressionless.

Eve thrust her toes into her mules again and got up to put out the lights, a bit weak in the knees.

Sally regarded her with a sleepy smile.

"You look so startled," she said. "Do I shock you? I just hate clothes, and I never wear them when I can get out of them."

"If I had a body like yours," said Eve, switching off the wall lights, "I don't think I'd want to hide it, either." She opened the window at the foot of her bed.

"What's the matter with yours?" Sally countered. "You're fishing! You're a perfect little pocket Venus and you know it!"

Eve felt foolishly pleased. Really, she didn't have anything to be ashamed of, though she had always wished she were tall and slender instead of—"a cozy little wench."

She pulled out the lights in the table lamp and got into bed.

The little fire was in embers now, flickering faintly through the screen. She lay there, eyes wide open, listening to the rustle of the dawn wind in the poplar trees.

She got up, pulled down all the window shades to shut out the morning light.

Standing beside her bed, she had an impulse to strip the nightgown over her head and toss it away. She peered across the room, trying to tell, in the gloom, whether Sally was asleep. What did it matter? This was 1931. This was not Lancaster. But she was still Eve McIntyre; she couldn't be like Sally, much as she envied her the freedom of her ways.

She shivered as she crawled between the sheets, buried her throbbing head in the pillow. If you hadn't been such a silly little prude, she told herself, maybe Ruddy wouldn't have let you go. . . . If you could get over being a prude, maybe he'd want you back. . . . But you couldn't get over twenty-three years of training overnight. Or in a year, even.

The sandman was coming.

II

WHEN she woke up, the down comforter on the divan bed had slid off on to the floor and the sheet was up around her neck. But she wasn't cold; it was stuffy in the room. She looked at the clock: 12:35. Past noon! She sat up, put on her mules.

Sally opened her eyes; said lazily:

"I've been waiting for you to wake. Open all the windows, will you, darling? And hand me that telephone and I'll order breakfast." She lighted a cigarette as Eve threw up the shades and opened the windows.

"Ooh, what a head!" Eve sighed, sinking down in one of the wicker easy-chairs and crossing her legs. "Can I have one of your cigarettes? I don't seem to have any."

What a liar she was getting to be! This was the second cigarette of her life. The first one she had smoked on her honeymoon; Ruddy had detected that she wasn't a smoker; had said he'd rather she didn't start. She felt like a streetwalker now, but she had always wondered how it felt to be a streetwalker. A choosy one, of course.

"There's a lot of perique in these vile things," said Sally. "They're probably too strong for you."

"Not bad," said Eve expertly. The tobacco was bitingly strong, but she wouldn't cough though it choked her.

"Black coffee and orange juice for me," she instructed Sally, who was jiggling the telephone. "I had one sidecar too many."

Sally, getting an answer on the phone, ordered the breakfast.

"You can get your shower before breakfast," she announced, replacing the telephone on the table. "I've had mine. Duck in, darling, because I'm famished."

Eve ducked in. Under the shower and out of it, patting herself dry with a huge towel, she realized she had never been properly appreciative of her body. But she couldn't be at ease without *something* on.

She might as well dress for Reno. She made up her face, combed out her bob and her bangs, and got into a print frock with little yellow primroses on a tobacco-brown background.

From the clatter and the conversation in the main room, breakfast had arrived. The house boy was grinning and bobbing his way out when Eve came in.

"You want anything, Missy Molchbank, you ling for Long," he instructed.

Sally was pouring coffee in a kimono-sleeved tan shantung coolie coat with the long-legged bird of wisdom embroidered on its back. "Our house boy's name is Long," she said. "The gentleman he describes as Miste' Lush Taylor—I'll bet Lush is the right ticket—has renamed him Ling Long Bell. And they pay that man huge sums for his humor! . . . My dear, what a charming frock! These Second Empire styles were just made for you. . . . Why don't you let your hair grow?"

"Do you suppose it would look like anything after six weeks?" Eve asked dubiously.

"You mean to grow it here? In Reno? You *are* a simpleton, darling. With me having you all married off to Prock, and signing the marriage register with your right hand while you reached for your lucky papers with your left! But probably you have the next husband all picked out."

"NO," said Eve a bit stiffly. "I hadn't thought of marrying again."

"This must be your first divorce?"

"It is."

"I thought so. After the first one you know better than to go to the trouble of getting a divorce until you've got something better lined up."

"That was just what Mr. Proctor was saying—" Eve bit her tongue.

"So soon? You *are* getting along. You must have been quite clubby in that back seat. I went to sleep."

Eve was blushing. Was Sally trying to put her at her ease, pretending she had forgotten the kiss behind the door, if she really hadn't seen what had gone on in the car? She couldn't down the suspicion that Sally knew she was Ruddy Ogden's wife and was playing a subtle game with her.

"How many lumps?" Sally asked.

"No sugar, no cream," replied Eve. "I get fat on just one extra calorie."

"I must give you my diet; you can eat anything if you'll just avoid a few fatteners. You're exactly right as you are, and don't let anybody tell you that you ought to emulate the sacred string bean. God didn't make all His Eves in the same mold. I know one man I'm glad isn't here; you'd take him away from me. He's always talking about cozy little brunettes. Not very courteous of him."

"Is he the one you have in mind?" Eve asked, trying to smile ingenuously.

"Vaguely. He's a lamb, but I don't know that I want to marry right off. Two bad starts ought to teach a woman caution. I think I'll try living with him a while—a Scandinavian engagement."

"Is he Scandinavian?" This was perilous, but, like Pandora, she simply must peer farther into a box full of trouble.

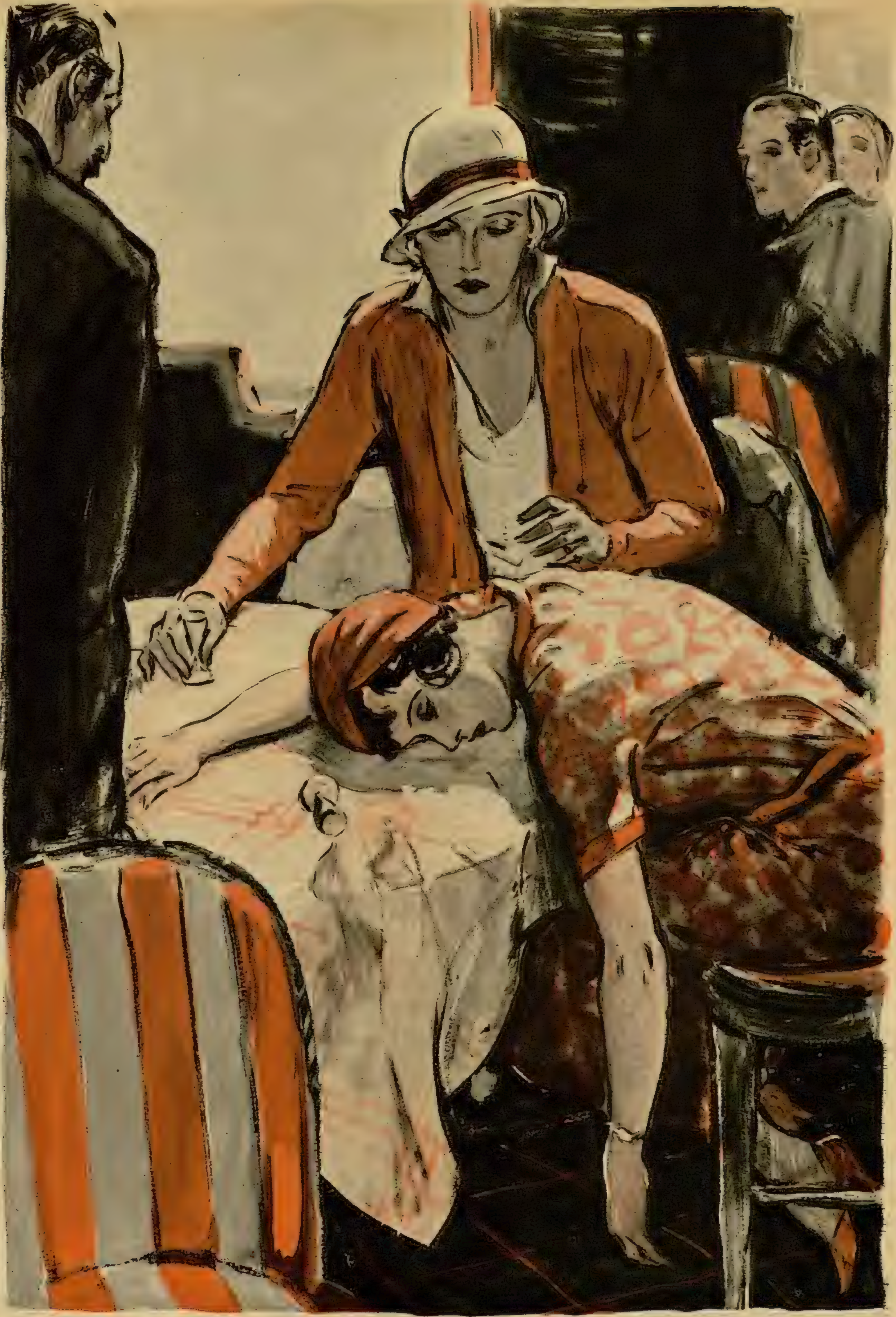
"No. A Scot. Very strait-laced, though he tries to be liberal. He married a girl like himself and it didn't work. But I'm afraid a pagan like me will damn his hereditary soul."

"What was the matter with his wife?"

"Oh, I don't know. He doesn't like to talk about her, but I gather she was a little prude, and her family kept telling her that he was a drunken wastrel—" She stopped.

"But was he?" Eve pursued, not daring to look at her.

"At that time he was trying hard to be. He had been so crazy about the girl, and when she disappointed him—



Eve's glass, overturning, had sloshed cognac across the table; Eve's head had fallen on to one arm.

well, he went haywire. I gather he had never had any luck with women. One of these big male creatures who have to be taught things. Prock was that way. Men with a wide streak of woman in them make the best lovers—I suppose you've noticed that? They know instinctively how to please a woman."

"No, I hadn't, but it sounds logical," said Eve. "I've"—she halted, rushed on—"I've never had a lover."

"Well, there's lots of time at twenty-three. And you've come to the right place to begin. But, really, are you serious? A woman as smart, as attractive as you are—"

Eve was blushing miserably. Why had she said that, to this woman of all people? Sally smiled, said contritely:

"Look here, don't be offended at my forthrightness, will you? I'm not really a lecturer on the facts of life, though I preach like one. But you certainly ought to learn a lot in six weeks."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIX WEEKS
Continued from page twenty-three

Eve flared up in spite of herself. "I suppose you mean I ought to keep open house for all the men who—" She couldn't finish it.

Sally regarded Eve with a twinkle in her green eyes. "Not at all, and please don't be indignant. One experienced man would do wonders for you!"

"Who, for instance?"

"I'll have to look around. Sturges would do, but I want him."

Eve almost choked on a big gulp of coffee. "He looks so married," she objected. "I didn't take him for a Don Juan at all."

"His marriage was one of those dynastic affairs between two ruling houses in the Philadelphia nobility. And he was only twenty-three," Sally went on. "He's had a lot of experience in nine years, most of it down in the banana republics. Probably that's why he has such a weakness for blondes. Men are such apes. Dark men like Sturges just have to believe that all blondes are dizzy but delightful, and that there's some special original sin in redheads. Blond men think brunettes are dangerous."

"I suppose they do," said Eve. "This friend of yours"—she hoped her tone was casual enough—"is he blond or dark?"

"Redhead. Queer birds, those red Scots. Pagan nature and Presbyterian conscience. They have a hell of a time until they go one way or the other and get to be either bigots or godless sensualists."

"And which is yours going to be?"

"A godless sensualist, if I have any hand in it."

"He sounds like a fascinating man. What else was wrong with his wife?"

"He always refers to her as a nice girl, in a peculiar tone of voice. Probably he thought she'd develop into a king's mistress. And she thought that wasn't nice. The patron saint of Reno ought to be a virgin married before she knew the facts of life. She sends most of the customers here, certainly."

"But there are two women here to every man, they say," Eve objected, flushing.

"Oh, there are plenty of inept husbands, too. No matter whose fault it is, the gallant American generally lets the little woman be the wronged one and get the divorce and the alimony."

Eve changed the subject. "I dressed to go into Reno to see my lawyer," she said. "Are you going in?"

"I'll go in with you, if you can wait fifteen minutes. I've got to bring Tommy out from the vet's, and I may as well see my lawyer, I suppose."

"Oh, is that where your dog is?" Eve said. "I was wondering last night. I thought you were pretty callous, not rushing right off to see him."

SALLY laughed. "I'm not callous about Tommy. But those fool men let him eat candy on the way out, and he had to go to the hospital for a stomach-ache."

"Certainly I'll wait," said Eve. "I wonder what the procedure is to get to town. I'll go find Mrs. Sanford and ask her."

"Call the office on the phone," Sally suggested, starting for the dressing room.

"No, I think I'll go out and look around. I'll come back in fifteen minutes or so."

The sunlight was so bright it hurt her eyes. The ranch street was deserted, except for a cowboy in a green silk shirt stalking toward her. Quite a fat cowboy.

When he was about to pass her, the cowboy took off his sombrero.

"Good morning," he boomed out. "I'm Rush Taylor. Which one are you?"

"I'm Mrs. Og—McIntyre," Eve blurted out, somewhat confused.

"Well, Ogg, whoever he is, is an unlucky man," said the big man heartily.

"His name isn't Ogg," Eve said hastily. "I was just startled."

"My mistake. I probably scared you. But I was so glad to see a pretty woman around this outfit that I couldn't wait—"

"Oh, I'm sure there are plenty of pretty women," Eve remonstrated banally.

"The only cutie on the place—and you two that came last night make it sixteen women to seven men—has acute melancholia. She wants to kill herself."

Eve couldn't find a rejoinder to that.

"I've been trying to cheer up that wren for two weeks," he went on sadly. "She got here the day after I did. And last night she cut her wrists. That's the kind of a humorist your Uncle Rush turns out to be. How about a little eye-opener?"

"Thank you, no," said Eve. There were limits to this Western *camaraderie*, after all. Yet the man wasn't, somehow, offensive. He ignored the rebuff, if he felt it.

"Well, when you feel in need of alcoholic cheer, the bar's in my cabin. Number Five. Free liquor, free lunch—wines, ales, liquors, and seegars for the family trade. Open all night. Ladies' entrance."

EVE was wondering how she could make a graceful retreat without a direct snub. Her face must have reflected her feeling.

"Now don't be like that," he pleaded. "I'm just a harmless old gaffer who's had three wives. You looked like the fourth on first sight."

Eve had to laugh. "I hardly expected to be proposed to by the first man I met on the street here," she protested.

"Sister," said Rush Taylor, "I'm just as surprised as you are. You can sue me for breach of promise if I— Now, look here. I'm not like that at all. It's just my act. A funny man has got to be funny at any cost, and most of us are misanthropists at heart. . . . Where you headed for?"

"Reno. How do you get there from here?"

"The bus is leaving at two o'clock."

"Where do I find Mrs. Sanford?"

"She's in the dining room, watching the cattle chew their cuds. I'll call her out for you."

"No, I shan't bother her. I can see her later."

"You can't bother Polly. Nothing bothers her." He had seized her elbow and was walking her toward the stuccoed dining hall. As they passed a screen door labeled "Office," he said: "There she is! Oh, Polly!"

"Come in," said a cheery voice.

Eve found herself going in. The woman sitting between a roll-top desk and a maple table had white hair and a youthful face. Fortyish. Plump, pretty, with nice laugh lines around her mouth and eyes. You liked her on sight. Taylor said: "This is Mrs. McIntyre. I found her wandering around the place looking for you and a ride to town. Please tell her I'm a harmless nut, will you, Polly? I proposed to her at first sight. The mountain air! Do you blame me, though?"

Mrs. Sanford laughed heartily, musically.

"He's the Peck's bad boy of the ranch," she assured Eve. "Absolutely harmless. I've been holding his head for two weeks because he couldn't find a playmate, and I don't blame him for giving you—" Laughter got the better of her until there were tears in her eyes.

"I've never known a humorist before," said Eve, in mock innocence. "Are they all like that?"

"They broke the mold after they made Rush Taylor. You run along, Rush, and think up ways to make Mrs. McIntyre like you. First impressions are really not important!"

"All right," said the big man ruefully. "Now don't you go talking about me behind my back."

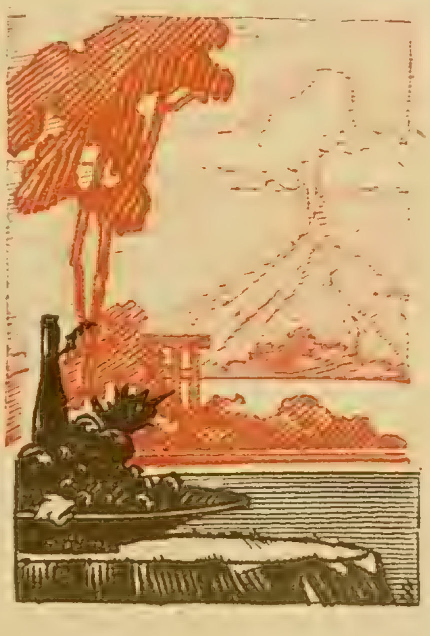
"We have more important things to discuss," she shot after him. "Tell me, my dear," she asked Eve, "are you quite comfortable? I was out last night, on an emergency, when you and Mrs. Marjoribanks arrived"—she pronounced it Marchbanks, properly—"and then you were out when I came in."

The screen door closed after Taylor.

"He's mad as a hatter," said Mrs. Sanford, "but really he's a dear. He'll never grow up."

"With three wives, he should have grown up," Eve remarked dryly.

"Did he tell you that? The old fraud! He's never been married in his life! He's out here to do a humorous article about Reno, and he pretends to be getting a divorce so he can be in the movement, as he puts it. But don't give him away, will you? He has most of the women regarding him as a regular Bluebeard. He tells the wildest tales about his three wives—two who died from the strain of living with a humorist, and the present one he's divorcing so she can marry a comic-strip artist—because he's funnier than Rush. Now about your quarters. I'll be able to move you into an individual cabin, exactly like the one you're in, on next Monday, when Mrs. Ferris gets her decree."



Here was a new dilemma for Eve. Did she want to live alone, and avoid the peril of Sally's finding out who she was, or did she prefer to take the risk in order to study this amazing creature, her husband's fiancée? Was that what you called it, in these blasé divorce circles?

"Why, Mrs. Marjoribanks and I seem to hit it off very well," she said lamely.

"Well, if you both prefer the arrangement— However, you're each entitled to a separate cabin, remember. Sunday will be time enough to let me know."

Eve perched on the arm of a wicker armchair. "I'm going into Reno to meet my lawyer," she explained. "Is it so terrible—the court business?"

"It's no picnic. Of course there are mercenary people who regard marriage as just a legal convenience for getting money or taking another lover—they take it as a joke. But my husband and I didn't realize, when we came out here this spring, that we were walking into so much real tragedy, or I doubt we'd have had the courage. I'd as soon be a police matron as sit at this desk.

"I often tell Mr. Sanford that he and I will have to watch ourselves or presently we'll be thinking up grievances against each other, after twenty-two years. The air here's so full of cooked-up hates and magnified insults. Some of these poor women—I can't talk about them, because I'm a sort of mother confessor—but some of them are so hen-minded. Jonathan says that the ones who cackle the loudest never laid an egg in their lives."

"I SUPPOSE the men have real grievances," Eve said, when she had stopped laughing.

"The men don't confide in me much. They save that for the woman they happen to be making a play for. Men do that, you know: the new flame has to be warmed up with the old embers. And we women sympathize and kiss their poor, burnt fingers, don't we? Wait, I'll call Joe and tell him he has a passenger."

"He'll have two," Eve said. "Mrs. Marjoribanks is going in."

Mrs. Sanford pressed a button on the interphone set. Eve arose.

"Joe will call for you at Number Nine," the hostess said.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Sanford. I'll let you know by Sunday about the cabin. And will you please hold all my mail in the office here? Don't send it to the cabin. I'll explain later."

Sally was ready, in a pale gray silk suit, putting on the green sailor hat as Eve came in. The lanky fellow who had driven them to the ranch from the Reno station the night before was standing by the station wagon at the door of Number Nine.

"Good evenin', Miz McIntyre. Good evenin', Miz Marchbanks." He laid a faint stress on the correct pronunciation of the name, his eyes twinkling.

"You retain well," said Sally, climbing into the rear seat after Eve. "You don't know how I envy people with simple names, after explaining to so many superior Americans that Marjoribanks has been mispronounced for centuries and isn't just British affectation."

"I reckon they do hooraw you about it," said Joe Williams, as he started the station wagon.

"That's not all of it," said Sally ruefully. "Suppose you had been born Sarah Schuyler Blount—spelled B-l-o-u-n-t and pronounced Blunt"—she grimaced at the driver's back—"and you married first a man named Troutwine and then a Marjoribanks: Sarah Schuyler Blount Troutwine Marjoribanks! Wouldn't a name like Sally Williams be simply divine—and divinely simple? Are you taken, Joe?"

"Ma'am?"

"Are you married?"

"I have been." Grimly.

"You, too?" She pretended astonishment. "Widower?"

"Yes'm. Grass widower. I come to Reno for the usual reason."

HE got out to open and close the big gate, and they went whizzing along the lane to the main highway.

Sally giggled. "You should have given her a fair trial, Joe. The first twenty years are the toughest."

Joe swerved the car to give plenty of road to an onrushing yellow roadster, two women and a man in the seat, two girls and a man in the rumble, intertwined, screaming.

"Them mavericks!" he snorted. "Tryin' to raise unshirted hell, and actin' like a bunch of college kids."

"Is everyone here expected to act like that?" Eve wanted to know.

"No'm. You can act any way you want here and have plenty of company. Just so's you don't take up with nobody to who you ain't been introduced like you would be back home, why, you won't get into no jams. They's some tough *hombres,* and some tougher women in this town, and you can't always tell 'em from regulars. These here buzzards get fat pickin's with all you people with money and nothin' to do for six weeks but think about your troubles or raise hell. They's a lot of fine people in Reno—more nice folks than bad actors, like it is anywheres, only you hear more about the mavericks. Some of them divorce people go plumb crazy. Sleep all day, party all night, drive around like a drunk Piute, gamblin' money they ain't got to lose, swillin' hard likker they ain't got the head for—they make a feller want to tan their ornery hides."

"If I should start raisin' unshirted hell, Joe, would you promise to tan my hide?" Sally's tone was meek.

"No'm, but Miz Sanford, she'd sure paddle your—give you hell. Many's the girl that little woman has kept from doin' something she'd be sorry for the rest of her life. Now a woman that looks like she knows her own mind, why, just so long as she don't start no stampede at night with her racket, she can do as she damn' pleases. But a heifer that don't know her way around the calf pasture yet, why, Miz Sanford she's likely to throw her and set on her head to keep her out of the ba'b' wire."

"Joe, you're priceless! Being Sally Williams *would* be so safe and simple!"

"Don't tease the dumb animals, lady; they can't get back at you. It ain't fair. If I was Miz Sanford, I'd put up a big sign: 'Lady Guests Will Be Held Responsible for Damage to the Hired Help.'"

"Joe, I know a man who would pay you top wages just to throw me and sit on me when I need it."

"I mean it, Miz M.," he said grimly. "You ladies come out here and you got a busted heart or you get lonesome and you start shinin' up to the first pair of hair pants comes along, and if it's a sweet lady like you or Miz Mac here, why, like as not he falls for it. You wear him around the ranch like a pair of silver spurs, and you have a snapshot took with your arm around him and send it to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIX WEEKS
Continued from page twenty-five

the girls back home. And then you go home and forget him. But he don't. I know three or four dude wranglers that's been all broke up over divorce women. Shucks!" he said explosively, and applied the brakes. "I plumb forgot I had a letter for you, Miz M. It come by air mail and Miz Sanford give it to me to hand to you."

He fished it out of the pocket of his shirt and handed it over his shoulder; put on speed again.

The outskirts of Reno, by daylight, looked serene enough, Eve thought. Rather like a suburb of Philadelphia: detached houses with green lawns and trees and flowers; family cars parked in the driveways; children roller skating; mothers wheeling babies; nothing to suggest Sodom or Gomorrah.

Sally was reading her letter when Eve turned to remark upon the tame look of this reputedly wild town. The letter was on a Chicago hotel's stationery, and—Eve's heart was in her throat! If that wasn't Ruddy Ogden's writing—she couldn't be mistaken! The envelope was lying in Sally's lap. Eve peered at the return card on the back flap: "R. M. Ogden—Room 1365."

Sally, biting her lips, folded the letter, slowly replaced it in the envelope. She leaned forward and touched the driver's arm. "Joe!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is there any place in town where I can get a drink and not be annoyed?"

"Why, I reckon so," said Joe, puzzled.

"Well, will you introduce me, or whatever you have to do?" She turned to Eve, trying to be casual: "I've just had a terrible jolt—" She didn't have complete control of her voice.

"Is there something I can do?" Eve heard herself saying.

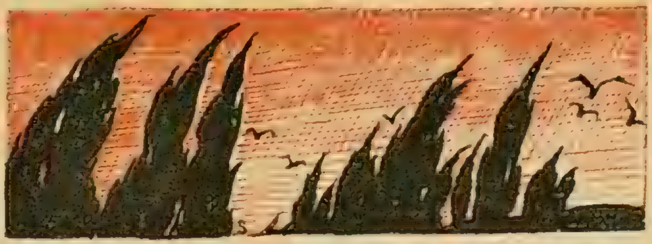
"Yes, come along and have a drink with me. This is one of those times when a feller needs a friend." The amazing Mrs. Marjoribanks was smiling—but there were tears in her eyes.

The station wagon turned into a wide street lined with angle-parked cars, small shops, restaurants named after Eastern cities, radio stores blaring jazz tunes. Joe put out his hand, turned left across the stream of traffic into a side street, and ran the car into a parking lot in the middle of the second block.

"We'll have to walk back a ways," he said. "This here's the best joint I know about. I take a lot of the ranch ladies there, and they say it's O. K."

They walked back a ways in silence. There was no formality at the speakeasy door; they walked in. The place was an Italian restaurant of a pattern familiar even to Eve, with the inevitable mural libels of the Bay of Naples, the Roman Forum, and the Blue Grotto of Capri. It looked clean, at least.

"My dear"—Sally gripped Eve's arm nervously—"don't let me make you late for your appointment."



"I DIDN'T have an appointment. I should have telephoned Judge Obee, but I just didn't."

"Won't you have something at the bar with us, Mr. Williams?" Sally suggested formally.

"Thanks, ma'am, but I don't drink in workin' hours. Now, if you ladies want to go back with me on the next trip, the car'll be in that parking lot at half past five, and if I shouldn't be there, you just get in. The next trip it'll be there at half past eight. Or you can get a rent car to take you out for five dollars."

"I'm not sure where I'll be at half past five," said Sally, smiling wanly.

"All right, ladies; don't take no wooden nickels, now." Joe saluted gravely, turned, and stalked out. A waiter was already hovering near the table.

"A large cognac," Sally instructed him.

"The same for me," said Eve.

"Would you mind if I telephoned?" Sally asked.

"Certainly not," Eve answered. There was a phone booth immediately behind her chair.

Although Sally closed the booth door, Eve immediately discovered that she was going to hear every word Sally said. She was asking the operator for the Better Luck Ranch. Eve's conscience told her that she couldn't sit there and listen; she'd have to go to the ladies' room, or somewhere, until Sally finished. But when she heard Sally ask for Mr. Thurston Proctor, she simply couldn't go; her legs wouldn't lift her out of the chair.

Mr. Proctor was in.

Sally said: "Prock, can you meet me in Reno? I've got to talk to you. Very special."

Apparently he asked where she was, for she gave him the street name and the number, which Eve had failed to notice as they came in.

"WHY," she said next, with a queer laugh bubbling up through her husky voice, "things have gone to hell generally. Ruddy's firm is going to fail, and you know every cent I've got— . . . Oh, an air-mail letter. The driver had it in his pocket; he gave it to me just now. . . . Why, no, Prock. I'm not such a fool as to think that. It's just general conditions. He did talk it over with me, but we were both optimistic. . . . No, it's not public yet. It may not happen. He was warning me that it might. . . .

"He's in Chicago, trying to make some sort of merger, and it's fallen through, or he's afraid it has. . . . I'm to burn the letter, but I want you to read it first. . . . Well, if anybody is, I haven't named any names. I didn't even say who I was. . . . He's got to stay in Chicago for the next few days—there's still an outside chance of this deal coming through. Anyway, he says he'll be a pauper—they'll just have to give the bank away to these people. . . . No, he said send a power of attorney to my lawyers and tell them to cash in everything; and not explain a single bit of my reasons—and warn them not to say a word to anyone. They're tight as clams, you know. . . . But it's *not* simple. If I pull out everything, it might be the straw that would break the— . . . .

"Oh, I don't know. I could probably do with a couple hundred thousand. I just can't bring myself to risk wrecking the business and wrecking Rud—and Elliott—you know how close Marjory is to me. . . . Well, he wasn't sure it wouldn't start a landslide. And there's still an outside chance that they'll get help. Everybody is trying frantically—Elliott's in Boston, and Ruddy's father's simply camping in Wall Street. They've got the last cent they can get at home. Can you get a car? . . . All right, but don't tell Sturges. Did you put down the address? . . . I'll wait here for you. . . . Righto! I'm all right. . . . No, Eve's with me, but she's going on to her lawyer's."

Eve had risen when Sally came out of the booth. Her attempt to get away from the booth, to pretend to have been away from the table all the while, had come too late. She sank back into the chair; her knees were water. Sally, after one look at her face, said: "Don't be embarrassed, my dear. You couldn't help hearing. I was going to tell you, anyway—I had to tell somebody or go haywire."

"I didn't—I heard part of it," Eve heard herself whispering from a constricted throat.

"Well, the situation is this: either I lose all my money—all my eggs are in one basket—or I lose my man, or I lose both. You see, my Scotchman is also my banker."

She sat down, picked up her glass of cognac, lifted it to her lips, set it down, untasted.

Eve's glass, overturning, had sloshed cognac across the table; Eve's head had fallen on to one arm, limp on the oilcloth cover.

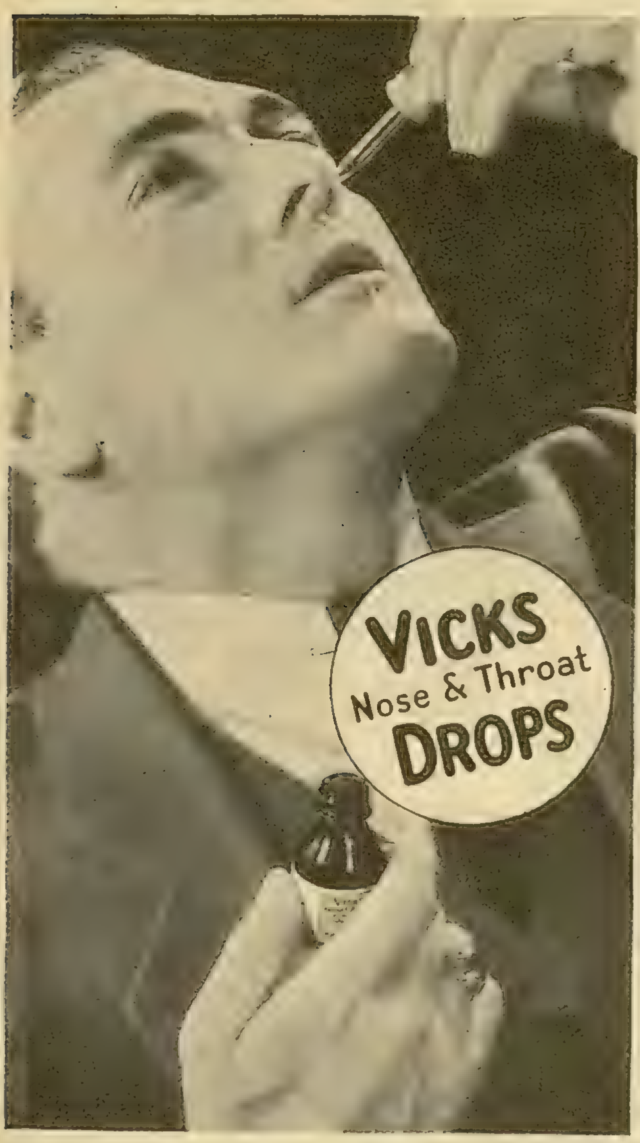
Eve came out of the black void to hear Sally Marjoribanks, faint and far away. "Eve! Are you ill? Eve!"

Sally's face swam into focus. Mustn't let Sally know what had made her faint. Lie! Think up a lie!

Can Eve keep Sally from learning the truth? Eve has already had two smashing surprises, but more shocks are in store for her, as you'll discover next week.

MAKERS OF
VICKS VAPORUB
ANNOUNCE

A New Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"



Made Possible by the Development of a New Product Based on a New Idea for *Prevention* of Colds

FURTHER REDUCES FAMILY "COLDS-TAX"

A third of a century ago, Lunsford Richardson, Sr., a North Carolina druggist, developed a new idea in *treating* colds — and with it Vicks VapoRub. Now, after years of research, Vick chemists have developed a new idea in *preventing* colds —and with it Vicks Nose and Throat Drops. These two are companion products—they aid and supplement each other. Together, they make possible the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds" in the home.

VICKS
VAPORUB

HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE NEW VICK PLAN:

1. *Before a Cold Starts*

At that first sneezy, scratchy irritation of the nose or upper throat—Nature's unmistakable warning that you are "catching cold"—use Vicks Nose Drops promptly as directed. Many colds can be checked at this stage and bad colds avoided.

If you catch cold easily, the wise plan is to use just a few Vicks Nose Drops up each nostril after exposure to any particular condition that your own experience tells you is apt to give *you* a cold — — for instance, a night on a Pullman—a dusty automobile ride—over-smoking—over-heated, over-crowded rooms, etc., etc.—and you feel the slightest stuffiness of the nasal passages. Vicks Drops are especially designed to aid the nose—Nature's "preventor" of colds—when over-taxed by such emergencies of our artificial present-day living.

2. *After a Cold Starts*

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white "stainless" form, if you prefer). Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave the bed-clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long. During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops as needed for ease and comfort. (If there is a cough, you will like another new Vick product—a Cough Drop actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.)

This gives you full 24-hour treatment without the risks of too much internal "dosing," which so often upsets the digestion—especially of children—and lowers body strength when Nature most needs it to resist disease. Don't "dose" colds except on your doctor's advice.

TRIAL OFFER TO VICK USERS

We believe that these two products—used as directed in the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—will greatly reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss of time and health. We believe this so strongly that we have authorized all druggists to sell Vicks Drops to any user of Vicks VapoRub on trial—to refund the purchase price if you do not find the Vick Plan for "Control-of-Colds" more than satisfactory in your home.

VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY

Lunsford Richardson PRESIDENT

Even a WRECK

A Tale of Two Engineers with Single-Track Minds

By

EUGENE JONES

Pictures by DELOS PALMER

Without warning, the fireman folded

(Reading time: 23 minutes.)

ED BOLES, dictator extraordinary of that twisting, tricky link of the T., C. & W. designated as the Mountain Division, replaced the receiver on his desk phone and leaned back in his swivel chair. War again! That perennial, ridiculous feud between his two oldest engineers had broken forth only a few moments earlier in the road foreman's office. Boles knew because the road foreman had warned him, using vivid language. And now the combatants were on their way to see the super.

Boles didn't look as if he possessed a care in the world. He wore, as usual, a cigar punched into one corner of his mouth and a hat farther back on his head than any other mortal had ever been able to balance one. There he was, in the chair behind the desk, elephantine, amazingly efficient, waiting.

They simply wouldn't grow up, this pair of hogheads old in the service. Once every blue moon Boles had a hunch he was licked, which was the case in the matter of Patrick O'Conner *versus* Andrew Lane. Another, shorter-tempered superintendent would have fired one or both years ago, thus ending the feud as far as the operating department was concerned; but not Boles, who had a way of confining drastic action to drastic emergency; it was better for the digestion.

Patrick O'Conner appeared first, every inch of him mad. Not many inches, taken up and down, but plenty in circumference. Remember one of those short stacks belching flame on the new Pacific-type engines? He was built that way—a short stack of a body topped by a shock of flaming red hair.

Behind him, almost tramping on his heels, followed Andy Lane, just as mad—Andy, whose physique resembled a telegraph pole, and who seemed on the point of vaulting over O'Conner in his eagerness to reach the battlefield.

Once inside the office, the pair stopped. Had to. Nothing else to do. Men never got mentally, physically, or spiritually close to Boles unless he desired it; never took a liberty with him. The super, who hadn't been at all busy previously, was very busy reading a report when O'Conner and Lane entered. He continued to read placidly.

Time passed—an eon or so. A yard engine closed up a string of empties under the window with much banging of drawheads; a stenographer entered and departed, glancing amusedly at the pair, who were suddenly very conscious of their extremities.

And then only, when Boles saw from the tail of his eye that the delegation had been sufficiently unnerved, did he relinquish the report to tuck his thumbs into the armholes of his vest. Back went the swivel chair to its most acute angle.

"Get it off your chest, boys," he advised resignedly.

"Oi'll be afther havin' ye know—" began O'Conner.

"I'm here to tell you—" exploded Lane in the same breath.

They stopped. Mysterious—the super's ability to make a man forget the last half of a sentence.

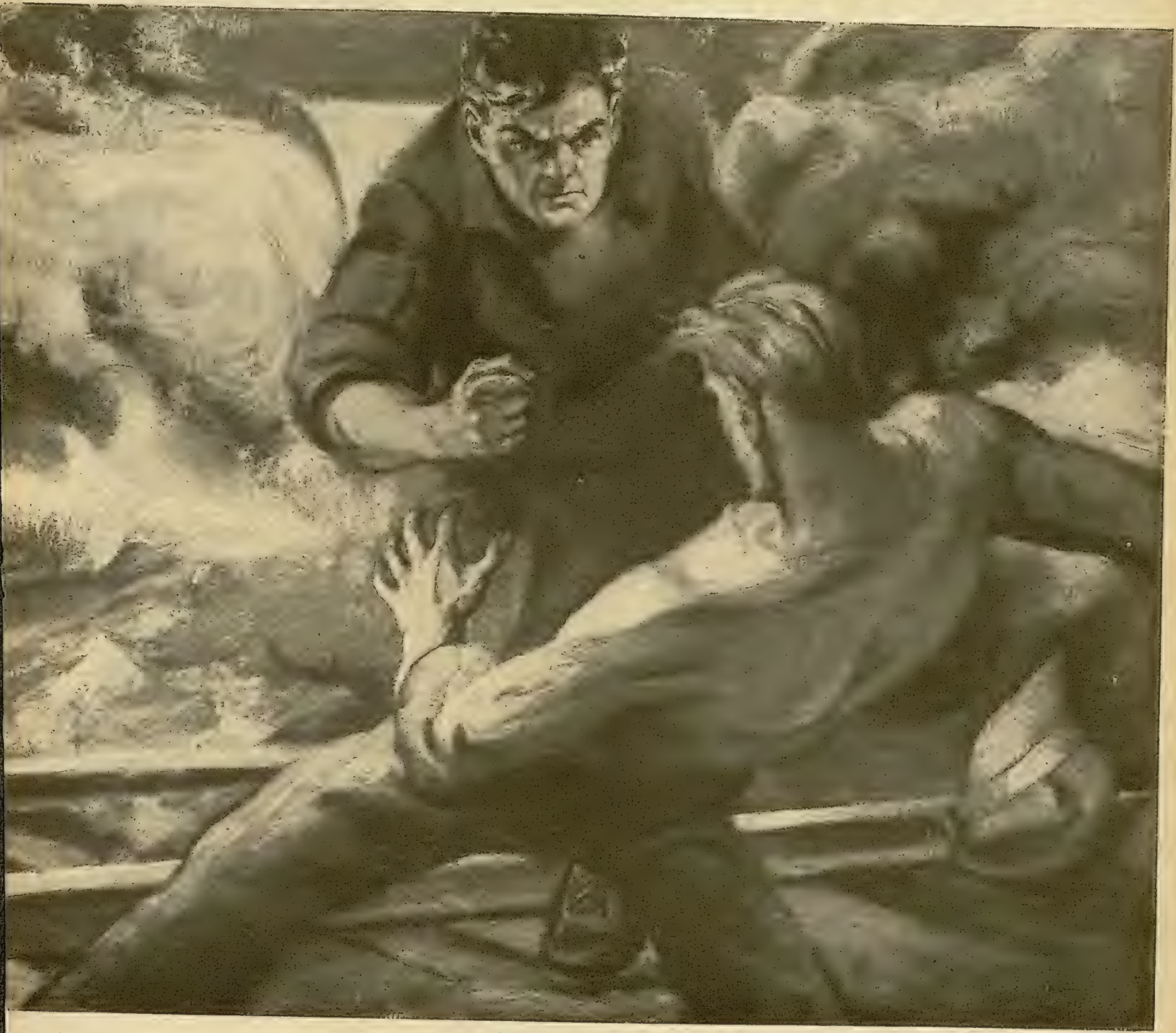
"Suppose," suggested Boles, "you tell the sad story, Andy."

Lane took a step toward the desk. "Mr. Boles," he explained truculently, "this rookie here says the road foreman hadn't no right to pick me for that new train. If seniority don't count on this road the Brotherhood'll want to hear it."

"Rookie, am Oi!" bellowed O'Conner, waving his arms. "Rookie! Listen to 'im, sor—and me yankin' a throttle when he wuz runnin' toy enjines up and down his mither's kitchen. 'Tis the loikes av him as would destroy seniority!"

Boles brought his chair down softly—too softly—and up went his cigar until it barely missed his hat brim; which was the last word in danger signals on the Moun-

Couldn't Settle It



nner's fist, striking a sledge-hammer blow, did it.

tain Division. “That's enough! For thirty years I've stood for plenty from both of you. If there's any difference in your seniority it's a matter of minutes. As near as I can figure out, you, Andy, were ahead of Patrick in line thirty years ago. That's why you were posted for the Limited run. Incidentally, it won't mean a cent more pay but a lot more responsibility.”

“BEGGIN' your pardon, sor, 'twas me as wuz ahead of Lane.”

“You're a liar!” snarled Lane.

“You're both liars,” corrected the super inexorably. “Not a day passes but each of you moves back the date you went to work for this road. I am through wrangling. Andy pulls the Limited. If you don't like it, Patrick, take your case to the Brotherhood.”

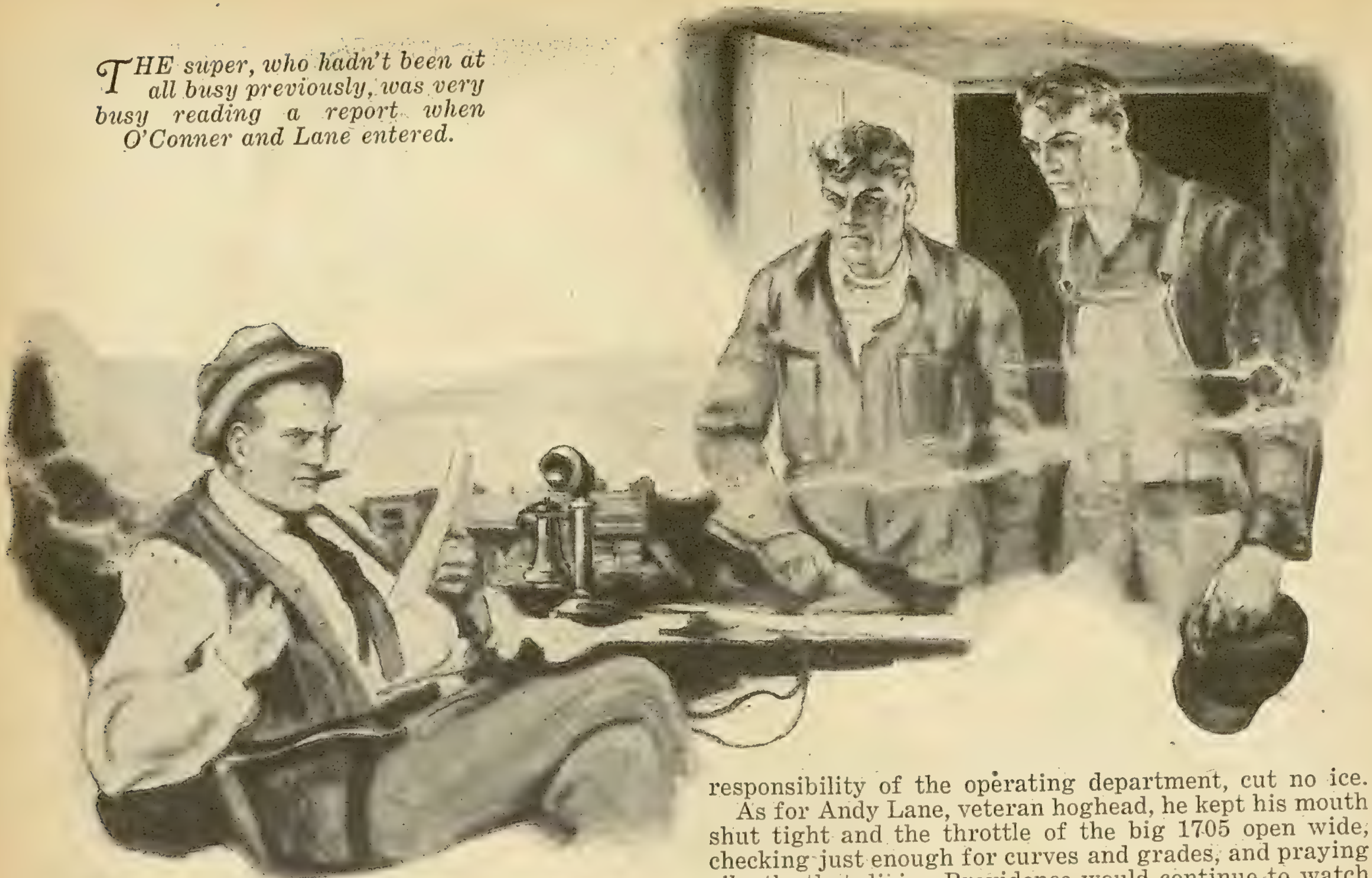
Lane threw back his shoulders, letting his eyes rove contemptuously over his companion. “That's all I want to hear, sir—”

“It's all either of you will hear from me,” snapped Boles, exhausting cigar smoke with locomotivelike puffs. “Now get out; I'm busy.”

They got, leaving Boles staring through the window over the yards, back into the perspective of past years. Funny, the kink in this pair. The whole blamed railroad knew about it. There would be much speculation now, following Boles' decision. Old-timers would jog their memories in an effort to recall who really had been first on the pay roll of the T., C. & W.—first by a matter of minutes.

For some obscure reason, Providence had singled out O'Conner and Lane as sort of star contestants to run against each other, no matter who else entered the field. Nor was their rivalry confined to seniority. They had both courted the same girl, and Lane had married her. They had both been nominated for president of a certain railroad men's benevolent society, which resulted in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



THE super, who hadn't been at all busy previously, was very busy reading a report when O'Conner and Lane entered.

EVEN A WRECK COULDN'T SETTLE IT

Continued from page twenty-nine

O'Conner's ultimate election. Now Lane was officially proclaimed senior hoghead. . . . A never-ending race for happiness, honors, higher pay, with Lane a bit in the lead.

Perhaps a more canny reason than the furthering of justice lay behind Boles' refusal to settle the Lane-O'Conner feud by discharge of one of the participants. He had once said to the master mechanic:

"You know what I think, Edwards? I think if anything happened to Andy or Patrick the other would die of—what the hell's the word?—ennui."

Whereupon the master mechanic had asked for particulars about that disease.

But it was true: Lane's and O'Conner's provocation of each other seemed to stimulate them, add the necessary spur to raise them in their profession a shade above their fellows. Following Lane's long remembered and widely attended marriage, O'Conner got drunk—outrageously, dangerously drunk. But he steered clear of the roundhouse, which was why Boles forgave him. And the super's judgment appeared vindicated by the fact that henceforth the Irishman proved a better engineer, if such a thing were possible.

THUS stood the situation when Lane got the Limited. The Limited—or any other train, for that matter, operated on such a fast schedule—certainly didn't originate with Boles. Not with the Mountain Division what it was. Dozens of wicked curves, heavy grades, deep cuts, trestles, fills offered a menace to speed. But a demand for speed had come from the East, where a board of directors with more knowledge of Wall Street than of the Rockies was vying with rival routes to clip time from the transcontinental run. Only three months before, the Denver & Western, a parallel line, had inaugurated a crack train, which service had already begun to curtail through-ticket sales on the T., C. & W.

So came the Interocean Limited, its birth announced by five hundred thousand dollars' worth of clever advertising. The fact that the new train meant cold sweat and sleepless hours for Boles, the chief dispatcher, the train master, and others, all of whom shared in the responsibility of the operating department, cut no ice.

As for Andy Lane, veteran hoghead, he kept his mouth shut tight and the throttle of the big 1705 open wide, checking just enough for curves and grades, and praying silently that divine Providence would continue to watch over the flying train.

ONE day Boles spoke to Lane in the roundhouse, where the latter was busy grooming his engine for its run. "How are you making out, Andy?" asked the super.

Lane withdrew his gaze from the mountain of machinery. "Fair enough, sir; but it's too fast."

"What's too fast?"

"Schedule. Ninety-pound rails won't stand it."

"Want another run?"

Lane shook his head. "Not with that rookie O'Conner waitin' for the job. If it wasn't for him—"

"Yeah, go on."

"Well, if it wasn't for him you could give me any old run that looked like overtime and nights at home."

Boles, legs spread, rocked back and forth on his heels, his cigar at an impossible angle. "Look here, Andy. Why in hell don't you bury the hatchet, you two?"

"Seniority," replied Lane laconically, and went back to his tinkering.

The Interocean Limited began to make a name for itself—or, rather, live up to the name already made by clever publicity. Each day Andy Lane would couple his big 1705 to the east-bound Limited at Butte City, hurl the last word of Pullman comfort over the tracks to Elkton, then lie over until evening, when he would perform a like service, but in the opposite direction, for the west-bound Limited. That put him back home for the night; and home meant much to Andy.

Only occasional rumblings of discontent issued from O'Conner on a passenger run in the other direction. Indeed, peace might have reigned indefinitely had not somebody who lacked prophetic vision suddenly ordered the Irishman out of Butte City bound for Elkton pulling an extra. Poor judgment. But then, so much judgment has to be used on a railroad that a little of it is bound to be poor. O'Conner didn't particularly object to the change until he walked into the Elkton dispatcher's office to learn he would have to "deadhead" back on the Limited with Andy at the throttle.

O'Conner, boiling within but sullenly calm without, stamped down to the platform. It was cold there. Half a gale came snarling off the mountains, bringing in its teeth powdered snow. Lighting his pipe in the shelter of the waiting room, O'Conner guessed that more snow was due—enough doubtless to cover the rails. But that wouldn't affect the Limited's schedule.

On the dot Lane's 1705, an indistinguishable mass behind the glare of her headlight, came thundering in, setting the station atremble, with every car wheel outlined in sparks. The long line of Pullmans formed a merciful windbreak for hurrying passengers and trainmen.

Of course O'Conner would normally have climbed into the baggage car—that haven of rest and social intercourse dear to all "deadheading" railroad employees. But O'Conner had painted for his own discomfort an exaggerated picture of his ignominy. Not once during the last thirty years had he been forced to ride behind Andy Lane.

Hands thrust deep in his pockets, coat collar up, and cap jerked down, he hurried along to the last car, a lonely day coach coupled back of the club car for the night run. And here he slumped into the first available seat. Presently the Limited heaved ahead.

To the passengers in their berths that swift pace beyond Elkton meant nothing.

STARING forth between cupped hands, O'Conner could make out familiar landmarks in spite of the darkness. Remarkable? No, not for O'Conner, who knew when the rock walls of this or that cut would fade, when the trucks would roar over trestle timbers, when to watch for the yellow blur of a way station; who knew every yard of track—literally every yard—and who had allowed "thot domned rookie Lane" to beat him to this job. Seniority indeed! Some day Boles would find out, learn to his sorrow that even veteran supers err.

The train conductor came along, reaching for O'Conner's ticket before he recognized him. And then as their eyes met he grinned.

"Better get into the penny-ante game in the baggage car, Patrick."

O'Conner shook his head. "Oi'll be afther ka-apin' at the back av the train, with *'im* at the throttle. Moind the night siventy-four took the ditch? 'Twas a twin av this."

"You're a cheerful guy," remarked the conductor, and let it go at that.

O'Conner returned to the inspection of the snow-blurred landscape. An hour passed. They went through High Falls like a bolt of lightning, squeezed between a couple of freights in the clear, and were out on the line again. The little depot at Cedar Creek flashed by. It was exactly two o'clock when the Limited checked for the Bradenton siding.

O'Conner was expecting the easy application of brakes, knowing as he did the peculiarities of that siding. There the maintenance-of-way department had had its troubles. Sometimes the devil himself gets into cer-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

COLDS

make handkerchiefs revolting!

For your own sake and that of others, use Kleenex disposable tissues

HERE'S a remarkable thing about Kleenex. Those who use it regularly, invariably report: "A handkerchief seems perfectly disgusting to me now."

So it will be with you. Habit has blinded you to the actual condition of your handkerchief. You've gone on, year after year, carrying incredible pollution in your handkerchief. Tests show a single use during colds may pollute a handkerchief with 240,000 danger germs.

Use Kleenex and destroy

Now we ask you to try Kleenex. We send you a sample free, at your request. Try Kleenex for a week. Use each tissue just once, then destroy it. Avoid self-infection. Free yourself from handkerchief washing. Compare the exquisite, cloth-like texture of these dainty tissues with the softest of old linen handkerchiefs. Then try to go back to handkerchiefs. Like so many others, you will find your handkerchief "perfectly disgusting." You will want to destroy it after using, as you have learned to do with Kleenex.

Use Kleenex for polishing spectacles; for dusting; for wiping razor blades; and for removing face creams.

Buy Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store.

Former 50c size

Now 35c

Kleenex Company,
Lake Michigan Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois. LI-1
Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

In Canada Address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

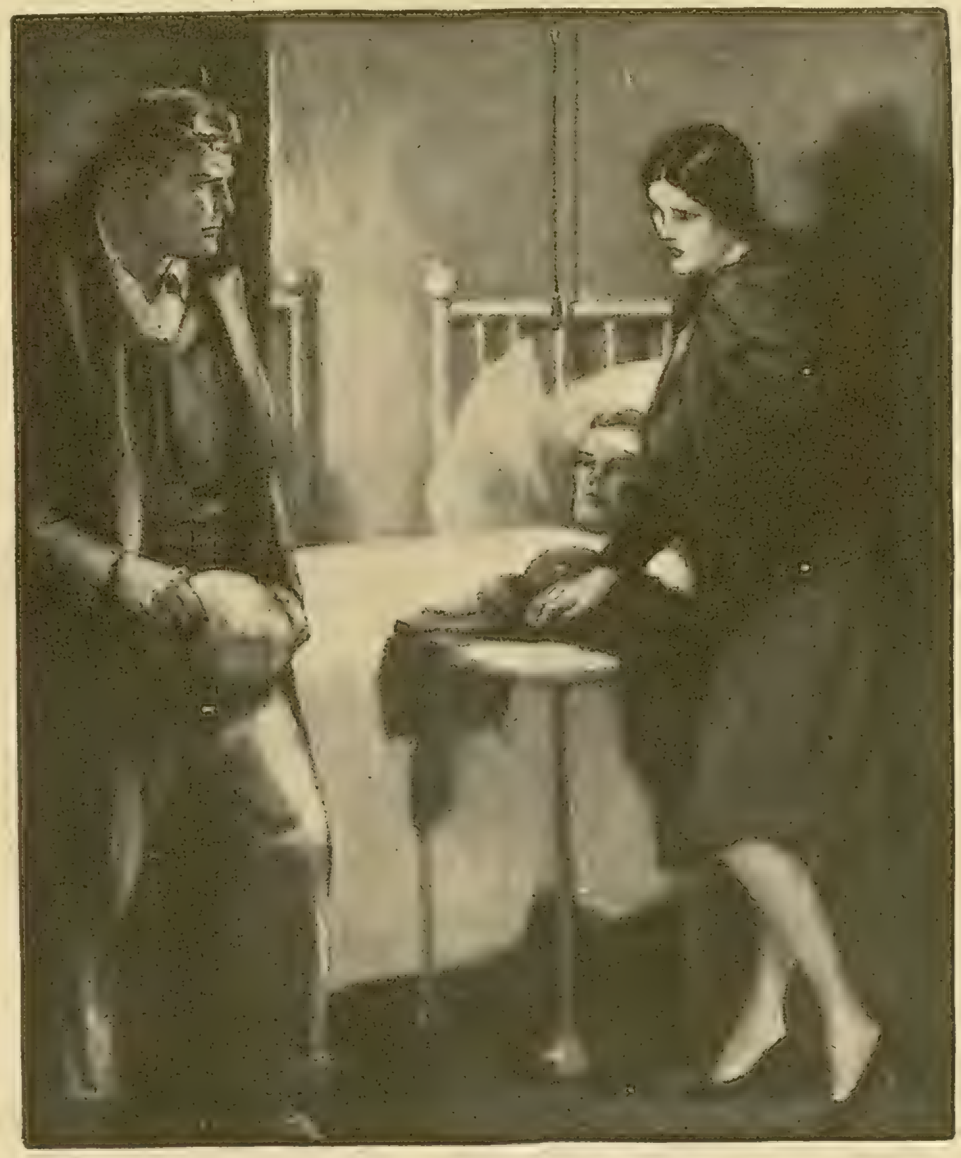
KLEENEX Disposable TISSUES

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

EVEN A WRECK COULDN'T SETTLE IT
Continued from page thirty-one

tain sections of railroad iron, and two trains had split that particular switch within a year. Now the most seasoned hoghead checked at Bradenton—not enough perhaps to prevent a smash if some actual menace lay in the rails, but enough to pay tribute to superstition.

And so Lane eased the 1705. A split second later O'Conner, still staring forth through cupped hands, felt the sudden, unmistakable jolt of emergency air. Drawheads closed with a crash; the cars shuddered, hung back. The passengers didn't know—wouldn't know until it was all over—but O'Conner knew! Like a flash he flung away from the window — flying glass could kill—and braced himself for the shock.


Their eyes met. In hers was a pleading, helpless expression.

It came the next instant, but dulled by the heavy Pullmans in front. The lighter car seemed to rise clear of the rails, only to swerve around and settle back. Here and there a suitcase tumbled from the baggage rack—that was all. All at the tail of the train, but not all up ahead. Not all to O'Conner, shaking himself after the bump like an Irish terrier and racing down the aisle at top speed.

He had seen worse wrecks, he realized as he started along the platform toward the engine, yet none involving Andy Lane. Trainmen and half-dressed passengers got in the way, blocking his view of that brilliant spot where oil-and-wood flame leaped wickedly through the fog of steam.

And then the old 1705! O'Conner burst through the human cordon around it, to bring up abruptly with the breath of reaching flames in his nostrils. There lay the engine on its side, its pony truck half across the platform, and a stream of oil fire flowing from the furnace door down between the platform boards, which were blazing in a semicircle. The station eaves had caught; the whole station must go if somebody didn't get a stream of water on it. Broken boiler connections had loosed scalding steam—a perfect fog of it through which stabbed the yellow flames.

AS O'Conner, one of a dazed audience, paused, he heard at his elbow above the noise of burning wood and escaping steam: "And him underneath! Merciful God!"

O'Conner spun round. "Who's underneath?" His fingers dug like grabhooks into the unlucky brakeman's shoulders. "'Tisn't Andy ye mean—"

Heads nodded—other heads beside that of the brakeman, until it seemed to O'Conner he was surrounded by nodding, vacant-faced heads. Somebody pointed. "Yep, it's Andy, all right—still in the cab. Can't get 'im out—living hell of steam—"

Suddenly O'Conner, defying that awful heat, leaped into the clear space to face the crowd. "Ye snivelin' cowards!" he screamed, dragging his arms from his coat. "'Tis white-livered ye be—and him the best mon thot iver pulled a throttle!"

Mad, of course. O'Conner must be mad as a hatter. Only a maniac would consider rushing that inferno. It wouldn't do to lose O'Conner too! A burly fireman shoved forward. "Take it easy, Pat. Andy's done for. No you don't!" as O'Conner began to wind his coat about his head.

And then, without warning, the fireman folded up, his big body sagging against his fellows. O'Conner's fist, striking a sledge-hammer blow, did it. Mad? Yes, but with purpose! O'Conner's eyes, bloodshot from heat and smoke, had still been able to pick out a dark recess on the right side of the boiler, and in that recess something which might be a body. Maybe that barrage of steam and fire lay merely *between* him and Lane.

"Back!" he bellowed, voice muffled by the coat over his head. "Oi'll kill the first av ye thot lays hands on me!"

THEY gave crosses in the war for less brave things than that little Irish hoghead did then; and even now old employees of the Mountain Division talk about it with husky voices. One moment that strange, hooded figure faced the wall of steam and oil fire, the next he darted into it.

Not a sound from the throng, but sudden, awful tension. They saw him go—every man of them—saw the steam eddy around him, knew it was scalding hot. They saw the yellow fire lick at his legs. And then the curtain closed behind him.

A man groaned; a woman on the edge of the crowd screamed and fainted. . . . And the station burned briskly, dropping glowing brands on unconscious heads, for not an eye sought the roof of the shed; not an eye wavered from that brilliant fog which hid what was left of O'Conner and Lane.

And then a dark blot showed against the fire. God in heaven! It was O'Conner coming back with Lane, dragging him behind him like a sack. But coming—get that? Coming through live steam and curling flame.

A shout went up, wild, inarticulate, as if from bursting lungs, and the human ring closed in despite the heat. Eager hands helped O'Conner over the last few steps, taking up his burden with fierce gentleness.

Somewhat later the Irishman opened his eyes to mutter the one word: "Live?"

"Sure you'll live," nodded the doctor bending over him.

But O'Conner shook his head weakly. "Not me, ye dom' fool," he gasped. "Lane."

Would Lane live? Back at the Butte City Railroad Hospital the physicians were wondering even while they fought for him. O'Conner, however, tough as crosstie stock, wasn't even badly hurt. A scalded forearm and knee—that was all.

When those had been properly bandaged he went around to the hospital waiting room and peered in. They had told him she would be there. She was. Mary Lane, the woman he had wanted to marry and whose husband now lay at the point of death on the operating table. She sat alone and bolt upright, a tear-soaked handkerchief wadded between her cotton-gloved fingers, and tragedy in her eyes. To the world she must have appeared just a frail, unbecomingly dressed woman; but to the man in the vestibule she was the girl he had loved.

Surrender, however, did not come easily to O'Conner. Not once during the intervening years had he so much as spoken to her. Nor would he now, he told himself. This trouble served her right—taking up with a no-'count rookie hoghead who couldn't keep his engine on the track. He moved off determinedly. . . . Mary Lane alone in there, waiting for—what?

"Ye dom' fool," said O'Conner to himself, "'tis enough ye've done for *wan* day!" But his feet, suddenly obstinate, were carrying him back along the corridor to the door of the very room.

Mary Lane looked up quickly, fearfully, thinking, no doubt, it was the doctor—and then looked away.

"Mary!"—huskily. "'Tis sorry Oi am."

When the doctor did come he found Patrick O'Conner kneeling beside Mary Lane's chair, comforting her as best he could. "Your husband has a chance," said the doctor kindly. "He will get over his internal injuries if his burns aren't too serious. But I'm afraid you won't be able to see him tonight."

It was O'Conner who, accompanying Mary home, explained to the children what to do; and who, tired beyond all belief, then returned to the hospital to go to sleep in the waiting room. Boles, arriving about nine, found him there, a dirty, disheveled figure snoring lustily. But Boles let him sleep, and not even the hospital superintendent, who loathed all slumber music, had the heart to send him away.

Next day everybody did a lot of talking. The roundhouse buzzed with gossip; the dispatcher's office housed an unofficial and self-appointed committee of investigation. While up in Boles' office the real committee sat. Railroads are strong on investigations. If a track walker discovers a missing spike there follows the inevitable investigation — witnesses, shorthand notes, everything. Not that the ditching of the Limited didn't warrant such a probe; but, as a lanky brakeman expressed it, "What the hell good will it do? You can't lick a jinx."

Boles, however, facing the much perturbed officials representing both operating and maintenance-of-way departments, did not believe in jinxes; he was inclined to place the blame on this new craze for speed.

Had the Limited been traveling at a dangerously fast pace when she split the switch? If so, was such a pace necessary for her to maintain her schedule? These were the major problems, the solving of which wouldn't help poor Lane, hovering between life and death, but would certainly help other hogheads making nonstop runs past Bradenton.

Evidence so far had proved contradictory. Lane's fireman, who had escaped unhurt, naturally swore the train had been doing a bare forty; the station operator disagreed; the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

keep Regular
FOR HEALTH!

MOTHER: Mummie's so glad to see the roses back in her little girl's cheeks.

MARY JANE: I guess Aunt Sue was right about Post's Bran Flakes.

IRREGULARITY, due to lack of sufficient bulk in the diet, makes one feel run down and out of sorts. In fact it is the cause, physicians say, of a high percentage of bodily ills.

To keep regular, eat Post's Bran Flakes every day. As a breakfast cereal these golden, toasted flakes are delicious with milk or cream. They contain such beneficial elements of whole wheat as: iron, phosphorus and vitamin B, together with the outer coating of the grain, a gentle regulator. . . . Start regulating yourself with Post's Bran Flakes tomorrow. Form the habit of regular elimination. Eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly for two weeks and see how easy it is to acquire this healthful habit. You will feel better for it.

● DOCTORS ATTRIBUTE A HIGH PERCENTAGE OF SICKNESS TO IRREGULARITY

Cases of constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes if eaten regularly each day. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

-keep Regular
eat
Post's
BRAN
FLAKES
WHEAT

© 1932, G. F. Corp.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

A Product of General Foods Corporation WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

EVEN A WRECK COULDN'T SETTLE IT
Continued from page thirty-three

conductor thought forty sounded logical. And so it went until the memorable moment when Patrick O'Conner, dragged from his vigil at the hospital, had his say. Nobody knew what to expect from Patrick. He came in, eyes red, greasy cap wadded in one hand, and faced the assemblage defiantly. "O'Conner," said Boles, "where were you when the Limited went through that switch?"

"Last car, sor, last seat. Faith, Oi'd have been ridin' back av thot if Oi could!"

"Why?"

"I wuz sore at the mon at th' head end—ye know it, sor."

Boles examined the end of his cigar. "That the only reason? You didn't by any chance have an idea Lane was pulling the Limited too fast?"

"Oi did not!" said O'Conner, spreading his legs. "Listen, Mr. Boles. If Oi had been handlin' her Oi'd have had thot throttle open further when we wint through Bradenton. Andy wuz babyin' her, he wuz. There ain't a mon iver clum into a cab—barrin' meself—with a better head or a cooler hand thin Andy Lane. No, nor a sweeter eye for checkin' at the roight toime. 'Tis true enough thot rookie wuz in swaddlin' clothes whin I wuz pullin' passengers, but he's learned fast, he has! Don't you go to blame Andy."

"What was the Limited doing when she hit the switch?"

"Thurty-noine miles per hour," replied O'Conner promptly. "No more, no less."

"How can you be sure?"

O'Conner's eyes glinted. "Oi've counted rail joints to the minute since Oi wuz a kid. Thurty-noine miles it wuz." He cast a smoldering glance at certain representatives of the maintenance-of-way department. "The trouble ain't altogether in the speed, Mr. Boles, beggin' your pardon, but in the lousy iron we're runnin' over."

Maybe Lane would have been cleared anyway, but certainly that positive evidence of O'Conner's clinched matters. A sportsman, O'Conner, but—just between him and his conscience—he hadn't been counting the click of rail joints at the time of the accident.

FOR several days Lane seemed to hold his own; but after that reports were not as favorable. His wife saw him—nobody else. And then came the evening when O'Conner, back from his run, entered the master mechanic's office in the roundhouse to learn that Lane had asked to see him. Going straight to the hospital, he was met by the resident physician, who said:

"Yes, Andy wants to talk to you, Patrick. Visitors won't harm him any—now."

"What is it ye mean, doctor—'now'?"

The physician shook his head. "I mean we are afraid he won't make the grade. He's pretty depressed, which is a bad sign. So if you can think of any way to cheer him up, Patrick—"

"La-ave it to me," said O'Conner soberly.

Mary Lane was just departing as O'Conner, tiptoeing down the aisle between the white beds, reached a bed around which stood a screen. Their eyes met. In hers was a pleading, helpless expression, as if she couldn't understand why this thing had happened to Andy, and as if she, like the doctor, feared he wouldn't get well.

Lane turned his head as O'Conner stopped awkwardly by the bed; he even essayed a smile. "Thanks, old man—"

And right then O'Conner forgot the nurse standing near, forgot the eyes and ears of other ward patients—even forgot those thirty years of feud. Down he went beside Lane's gaunt figure.

"Andy, Andy, faith, an' ashamed Oi am! 'Tis the divil av a liar Oi've been—knowin' all the while 'twas you stood first in line!"

In spite of Lane's weakness, a gleam appeared in his eye. "Are you sure, Pat? You wouldn't fool me? I've been doubtin' the matter myself."

"Av course ye wuz first! Moind, Oi *moight* have been first, except for stoppin' to dump me pipe before goin' in."

Lane's hand crept above the bedclothes, seeking O'Conner's. "And you don't bear no grudge—"

"Grudge?" muttered O'Conner. "Why, bless ye, 'tis proud Oi am thot the seniority's yours!"

THE following week the resident doctor met O'Conner at the hospital door.

"Look here, Patrick," he said, smiling. "I believe you're responsible for Andy's change for the better. It looks as if he might get well."

There were tears in O'Conner's eyes. "Foine, sor. The saints be praised! Shall Oi be afther goin' in to see him?"

"I wouldn't right now. He and his wife are together—you understand."

For a long moment O'Conner stood staring straight ahead. He said at length, "Oi understand, sor." . . .

Two months later Superintendent Boles took down the receiver on his desk telephone to answer a call from the road foreman's office. The road foreman's voice was grim.

"That you, Ed? Well, Lane and O'Conner are on their way up to see you, mad as wet hens."

"My God!" exploded Boles and hung up.

Precisely as before, O'Conner entered first, with the lanky Lane close behind; and precisely as before they stopped in front of the desk—but at a respectful distance.

"Oi'll be afther havin' ye know—" began O'Conner, his face flaming.

"I'm here to tell you—" snapped Lane, unconscious of plagiarism of both scene and dialogue.

Up went the super's cigar in that never-to-be-disregarded danger signal. "Listen, you two," he said softly. "If you're trying to kid me—"

"Inda-ad, sor, Oi wouldn't be kiddin' th' loikes av you," interposed O'Conner. "But if this addle-headed son av Satan thinks he can shove seniority off onto me, 'tis mistaken he is. 'Twas me an' none other, sor, as stood behind him in line, and well he knows it!"

"You're a liar!" snarled Lane. "I told you when I left the hospital—"

Boles came up out of his chair like a hippopotamus rising from a pool. Never before had Boles been so moved; never before had mere employees seen their divisional superintendent on the verge of murder.

"I'm a peaceful man," he roared, "but if either of you is in this office one minute from now—"

The door closed with a bang; there was silence.

THE END

Liberty now offers

$100 to $500 Apiece

for **Short Short Stories**

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Sauce for the Gander

A Short Short Story

By

EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON

(Reading time: 5 min. 10 sec.)

I LOVED my job at McCready's; loved the excitement and bustle, the bargain-day riots, the swell dames shopping, and now and then a shoplifter nabbed by a plain-clothes man. Oh, sure, we had mystery and adventure; and some day—I knew it in my bones—Romance would come swashbuckling up to the lace counter.

Not in the shape of Micky Carter—I was pretty sure of that. Micky was too matter-of-fact, too hell-bent on getting somewhere in the business.

He was the man who hired me. But it wasn't long before they took him away from us; made him head of the delivery department, with a fleet of trucks and sixty men under him.

Micky had called in to say hello to us, that day, when I was just getting back from lunch. And I was so flustered and pleased to see the mutt that I sort of backed away. And that was when I bumped right into a customer's chest.

I looked up to apologize, and I knew right off that what I had bumped into was Romance. With a capital M. And I knew by the twinkle in his eyes, too, that that good-looking devil had stepped right in my way on purpose.

I slid behind my counter and felt the well known face growing prickly crimson. To keep from looking at him—though I could see he had blond hair and a row of smilers like Chevalier's—I looked at the girl he was with. She was one of those cool lilies fresh from the floral ice box. A country club baby—I knew her by her pictures.

She was pretty, but, hell's bells, so am I! Her voice was low and husky, and a little petulant. I never went in for petulance, but Micky once told me I had a voice like Oo-la-la Bankhead's.

But that isn't the point. The point is that my he-customer's name was—well, it wasn't Philip Scarsdale, but that will do. And the other point to which the shortest distance leads is that he came to see me again, without the cool, petulant baby. He said he had to buy lace for his grandmother's boudoir cap.

That was a good line. So he invited me to lunch—and I got hell bawled out of me by the head saleswoman for being late. So the next time he took me to dinner instead. And the next time he let me drive his nineteen-foot roadster almost to Yonkers.

It's a fur piece to Yonkers, as the chorus girl said. And the way we went there are no street cars or elevated lines—just woods. It was along this road, coming back—but this was another time, and he was driving—that he began talking about West Side apartments. One kept one's wife, he explained, on the East Side. And one's beloved . . .

Exit Romance. Enter a three-letter word that ends in X.

I slapped him when he kissed me—just as hard as I could smack him. He seemed hurt. I guess he was. To show how hurt he was, he opened the door on my side and said, "Get out—you're not the kind of girl I like to play with."

Well, I had heard of girls walking home. But I never realized what a bitter path it was from halfway to Yonkers. I found an all-night drug store and the subway at 207th Street. I bought some sore-foot lotion and a nickel's worth of subway.

But that didn't ease my feelings the next three days behind the lace counter. Tarnished is no word. I felt duped and humiliated, pilloried. I felt everybody knew.

But on the fourth day I couldn't stand it any longer. I called him up; told him I was sorry I had been such an idiot; apologized.

He was pleased, and chuckled. He said we ought to try it again. So we did, and I was sweeter and huskier-voiced than I had ever been in my life.

We stopped again on the woodsy way to Yonkers. But this time I was the one who opened his door, on his side of the car. And I poked into his ribs the muzzle of dad's old pistol, that hadn't been shot in twenty years, and I said, "Now you get out—or I'll blow you out!"

He got. He was scared. Men of his type aren't gritty.

"Take off your coat," I ordered, "and throw it in this car." He did. "Now take off your pants." He did that, too, but I had to cock the pistol and hiss at him, sort of bloodthirsty. Mad? I was mad enough to commit murder, let alone pants larceny.

I saw 80 on his speedometer, going home. I left his car in front of the garage where he kept it; his clothes were under the seat.

I never said a word. Would I? Two days passed.

Micky Carter took me to lunch, the dear. He must have seen I was all giggles inside of me. He wasn't so sad himself, on account of—across our table for two he slipped a solitaire on my finger. Then I wanted to cry. But I didn't.

HE said: "Honey, the only reason I didn't ask you sooner—I didn't have enough money for that ring. But the other night—gee, it was funny!—five hundred berries dropped right in my lap, just like that! Guess how? . . . You can't? I don't blame you. Neither could I. It was like this:

"I had to drive a truck—emergency trip to Yonkers. Late at night, and not a driver around the store. Well, along the road, about halfway to Yonkers, I saw something white behind a bush. Chap hailed me, and I stopped Now, get an earful of this—it was a bird without any coat or pants! In his shorts!"

"Micky!" I squealed. "You're kidding me!"

"Believe it or not. Nice chap, seemed like. He said, sort of snappy, 'Take me to New York.' I was so tickled I could hardly tell him no. I said, 'No can do. I'm going to Yonkers.' He said, 'Look here. Some fools played a practical joke on me, and I've got to get home. Will five hundred dollars take me to New York?' Like that. I said, 'Oh, well, if you insist.'

"I took him in, loaned him a long raincoat I happened to have and drove him to some club or other, where he disappeared for a few minutes and then came back with the jack.

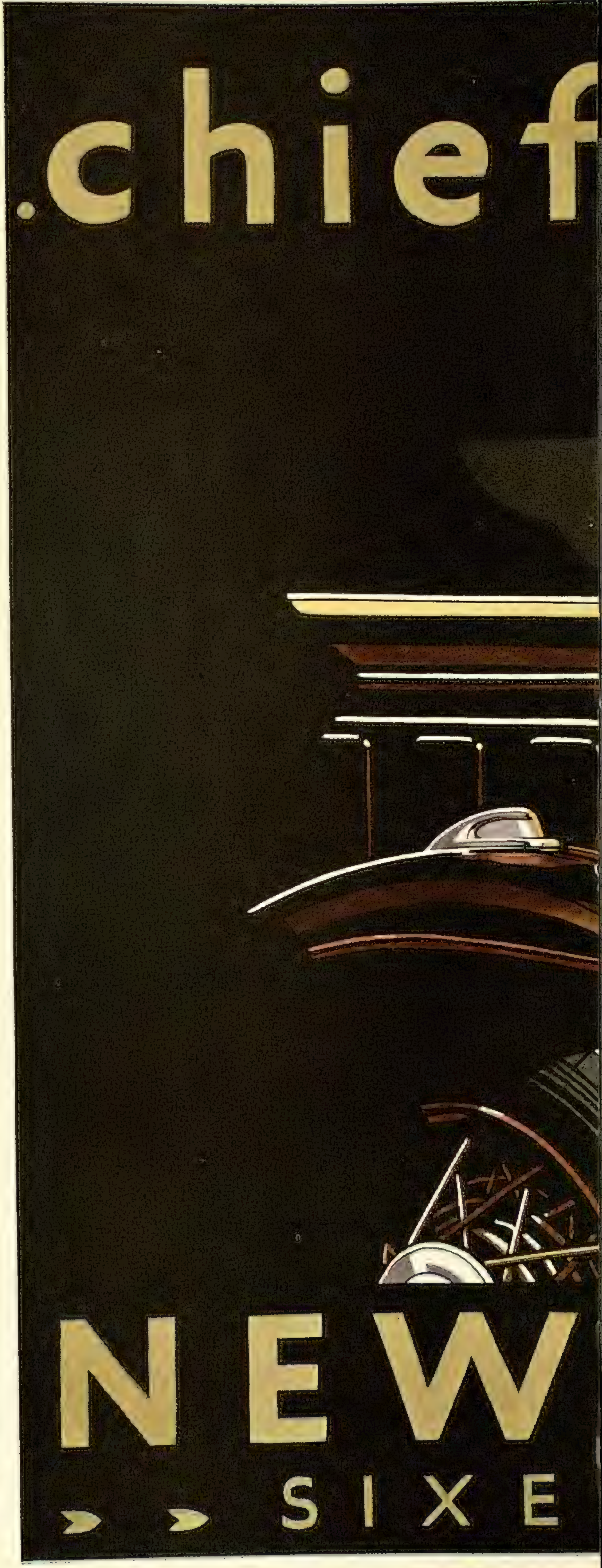
"And you may call your new husband a liar, honey, but that's how-come the ring. Would you call that a break?"

Would I?

Who said there wasn't Romance around McCready's!

THE END

PROGRESS
announcing



A NEW SIX

that brings the important developments of the year to the low-price field . . . .

A NEW V-EIGHT

that offers the distinction of V-Eight performance, at a list price under eight hundred and fifty dollars . . . .

Both offer the following new developments of major importance:

SYNCRO-MESH

▪

QUIET SECOND

▪

FREE WHEELING

▪

RIDE CONTROL

▪

LONGER WHEELBASE

▪

INCREASED POWER AND HIGH SPEED

▪

GREATER ECONOMY

▪

NEW, ROOMIER FISHER BODIES

▪

RUBBER CUSHIONING

▪

ENCLOSED SPRINGS

By all means see these two new Pontiacs . . . examine all they offer. You will agree that Pontiac—as a Six or an Eight—is indeed—an outstanding General Motors value.

of values
PONTIAC
and V-EIGHTS

What the African WHITE

The Soul-searing Test of an Intended Bride

(Reading time: 14 minutes 10 seconds.)

BEFORE visiting Africa I had heard that if a white man lived a long time in the jungle with only savages for companions he became one of them. I did not believe this. It seemed incredible to me that a few years in the bush could make a civilized being revert to savagery.

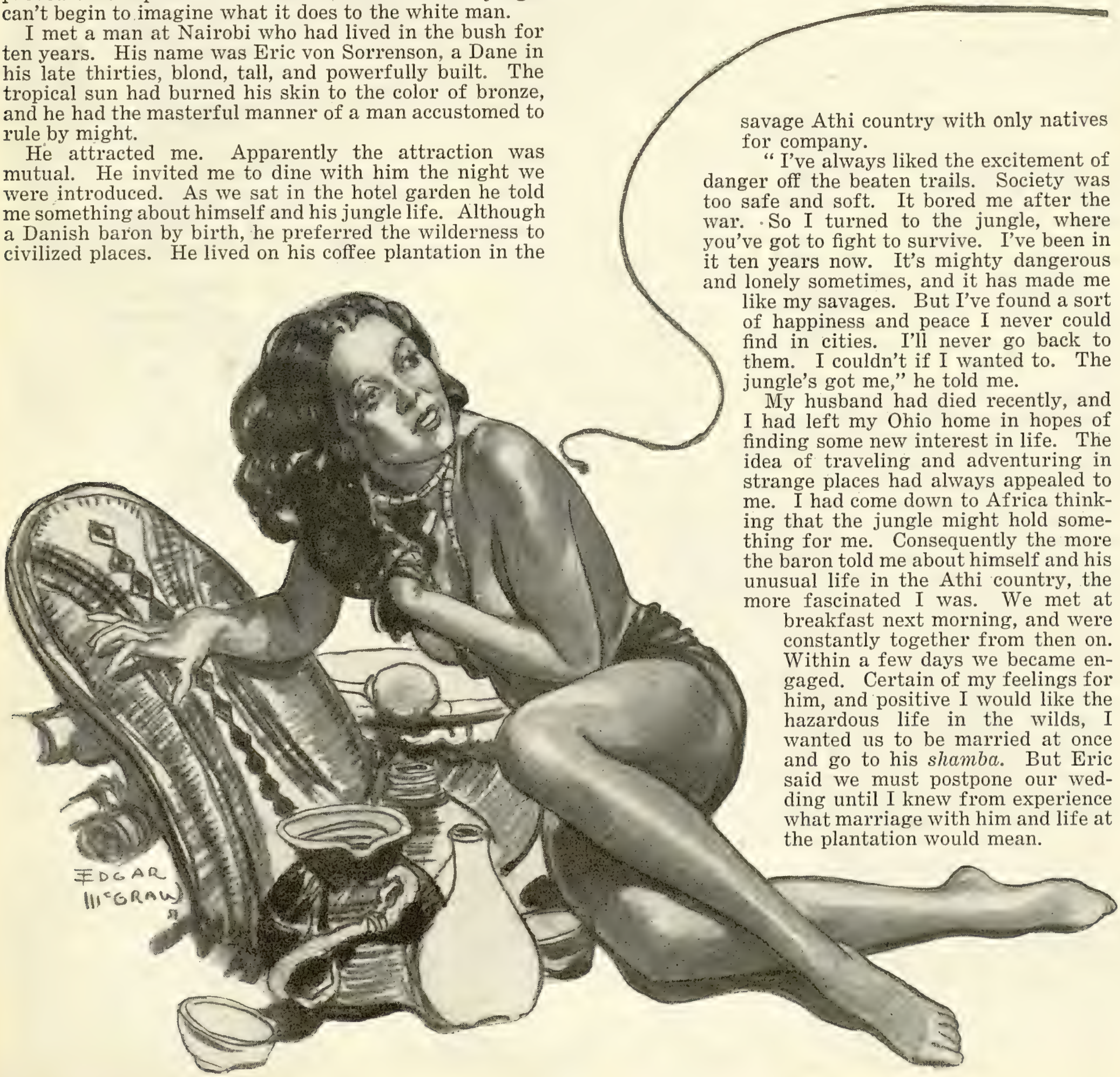
But shortly after reaching Nairobi, gateway to the wilds of British East Africa, I had an experience which proved that a person who has never been in the jungle can't begin to imagine what it does to the white man.

I met a man at Nairobi who had lived in the bush for ten years. His name was Eric von Sorrenson, a Dane in his late thirties, blond, tall, and powerfully built. The tropical sun had burned his skin to the color of bronze, and he had the masterful manner of a man accustomed to rule by might.

He attracted me. Apparently the attraction was mutual. He invited me to dine with him the night we were introduced. As we sat in the hotel garden he told me something about himself and his jungle life. Although a Danish baron by birth, he preferred the wilderness to civilized places. He lived on his coffee plantation in the savage Athi country with only natives for company.

" I've always liked the excitement of danger off the beaten trails. Society was too safe and soft. It bored me after the war. So I turned to the jungle, where you've got to fight to survive. I've been in it ten years now. It's mighty dangerous and lonely sometimes, and it has made me like my savages. But I've found a sort of happiness and peace I never could find in cities. I'll never go back to them. I couldn't if I wanted to. The jungle's got me," he told me.

My husband had died recently, and I had left my Ohio home in hopes of finding some new interest in life. The idea of traveling and adventuring in strange places had always appealed to me. I had come down to Africa thinking that the jungle might hold something for me. Consequently the more the baron told me about himself and his unusual life in the Athi country, the more fascinated I was. We met at breakfast next morning, and were constantly together from then on. Within a few days we became engaged. Certain of my feelings for him, and positive I would like the hazardous life in the wilds, I wanted us to be married at once and go to his *shamba*. But Eric said we must postpone our wedding until I knew from experience what marriage with him and life at the plantation would mean.

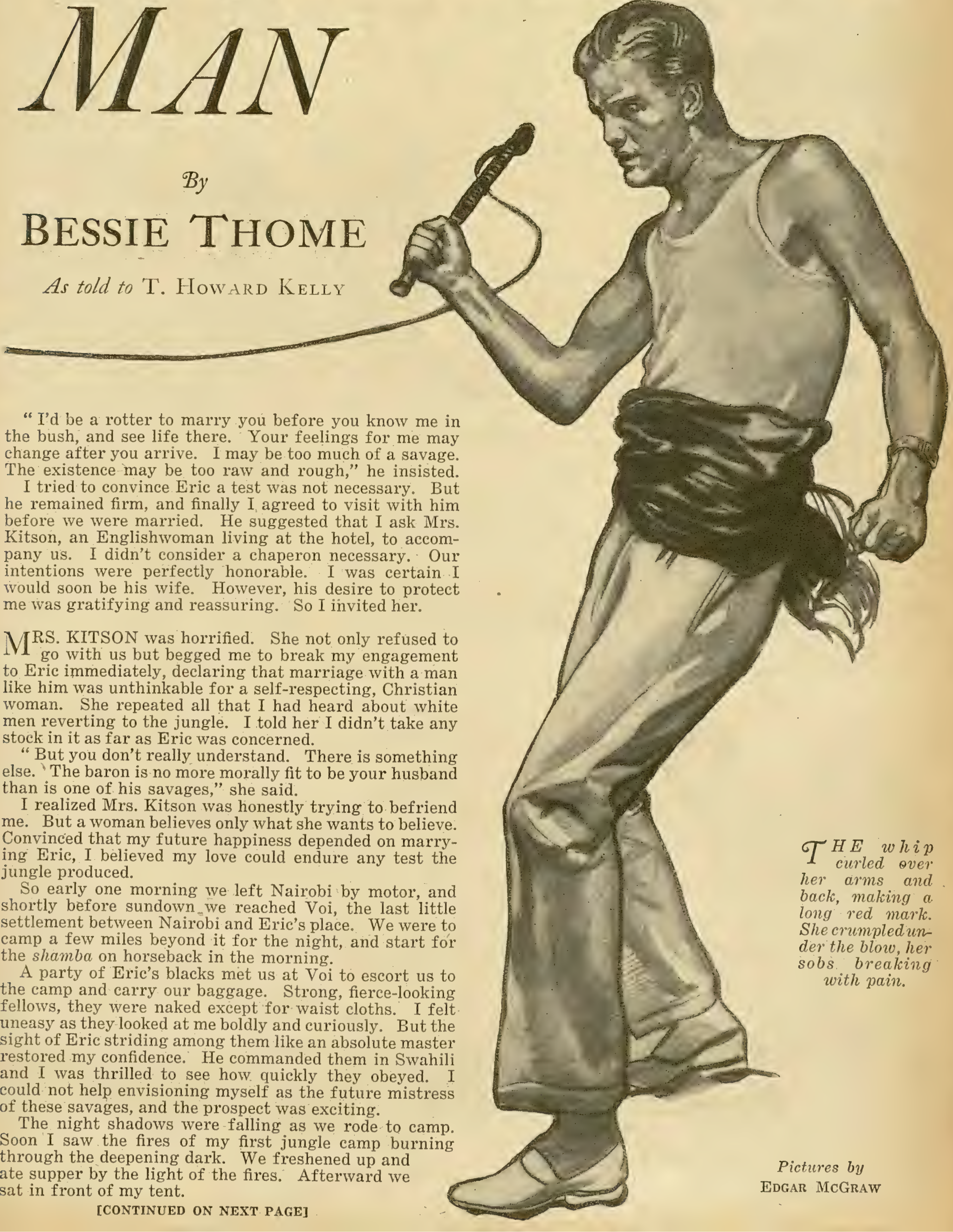


Jungle Does to a MAN

By

BESSIE THOME

As told to T. HOWARD KELLY



THE whip curled over her arms and back, making a long red mark. She crumpled under the blow, her sobs breaking with pain.

Pictures by
EDGAR McGRAW

"I'd be a rotter to marry you before you know me in the bush, and see life there. Your feelings for me may change after you arrive. I may be too much of a savage. The existence may be too raw and rough," he insisted.

I tried to convince Eric a test was not necessary. But he remained firm, and finally I agreed to visit with him before we were married. He suggested that I ask Mrs. Kitson, an Englishwoman living at the hotel, to accompany us. I didn't consider a chaperon necessary. Our intentions were perfectly honorable. I was certain I would soon be his wife. However, his desire to protect me was gratifying and reassuring. So I invited her.

MRS. KITSON was horrified. She not only refused to go with us but begged me to break my engagement to Eric immediately, declaring that marriage with a man like him was unthinkable for a self-respecting, Christian woman. She repeated all that I had heard about white men reverting to the jungle. I told her I didn't take any stock in it as far as Eric was concerned.

"But you don't really understand. There is something else. The baron is no more morally fit to be your husband than is one of his savages," she said.

I realized Mrs. Kitson was honestly trying to befriend me. But a woman believes only what she wants to believe. Convinced that my future happiness depended on marrying Eric, I believed my love could endure any test the jungle produced.

So early one morning we left Nairobi by motor, and shortly before sundown we reached Voi, the last little settlement between Nairobi and Eric's place. We were to camp a few miles beyond it for the night, and start for the *shamba* on horseback in the morning.

A party of Eric's blacks met us at Voi to escort us to the camp and carry our baggage. Strong, fierce-looking fellows, they were naked except for waist cloths. I felt uneasy as they looked at me boldly and curiously. But the sight of Eric striding among them like an absolute master restored my confidence. He commanded them in Swahili and I was thrilled to see how quickly they obeyed. I could not help envisioning myself as the future mistress of these savages, and the prospect was exciting.

The night shadows were falling as we rode to camp. Soon I saw the fires of my first jungle camp burning through the deepening dark. We freshened up and ate supper by the light of the fires. Afterward we sat in front of my tent.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dill's
Best
SINCE 1848

The more you like a pipe the more likely you are to say . . .

Dill's Best

is America's Best

WHAT THE AFRICAN JUNGLE DOES TO A WHITE MAN

Continued from page thirty-nine

I wish I could describe my first evening in the African jungle. It was an unforgettable experience in beauty, peace, violence, and mystery—an omen of what was to come. The stars of the Southern Cross twinkled above us. The air was sweet with the wild smells released by the bountiful, cooling earth. For a long time it was extraordinarily quiet. I had one of those "calm before a storm" feelings, and expected the jungle to come to life any minute.

A slithering sound in the near-by bushes startled me. Before I could move, a long brown cobra crawled toward me. I was speechless with terror, but Eric and a native rushed at the snake.

Nothing is supposed to strike faster than the deadly reptiles. But the next instant the cobra's ugly head was severed by a blow from Eric's kaboka lash. Breaking into wild shouts, the native danced around the snake's head and clubbed it. For a moment Eric stood tensely among the excited blacks. I saw him shudder. The next moment he, too, was a savage spending ancestral hate on an ancient enemy. He rained blow after blow on the cobra's body, cutting it into blood-red ribbons with his whip of rhino hide.

No white woman could have looked on that scene without some feelings of horror and misgiving. Yet, when I recovered from terror and shock, I felt my love had passed its first test with flying colors. Eric had said I might not be able to accept him in the bush. But I had seen him turn savage for the moment, and the experience had not touched my love. On the contrary, his prowess in saving my life by striking faster than the snake increased my pride and admiration, and I loved him all the more.

Shortly after this drums commenced to beat in the distance. I knew drums were the telegraph of the jungle, and I asked Eric to telegraph his natives about me.

HE shook his head. "Natives are creatures of fixed habits and customs. They don't like sudden changes. A white mistress suggests change. I want you to slip into their lives easily and quietly. After a few days your presence and position will be accepted as a matter of course," he explained.

We broke camp at dawn, mounted our horses, and rode deeper and deeper into the wilderness.

About four o'clock we passed out of the dense, tangled woods into a vast cultivated field, half encircled by rambling mountains. In the blue distance I saw several low buildings and a number of huts with straw-thatched roofs.

Eric reined in his horse and pulled mine up beside him. "This is my land, Bessie, the soil that I have come to love. The British have lost money on coffee in recent years. But my rich acres have always paid," he said.

A man proud of his soil, his home, is a happy sight to the woman who loves him. I caught his hand and told him how glad I was to be on his land. I said it was so beautiful I would be willing to stay forever.

PASSING through the fragrant coffee fields, which were shaded here and there by great acacia trees, we rode over a graveled path bordered by geraniums to the main house. It was a large and rambling bungalow, vine-clad, rose-planted. A tea table was set on the cool stone veranda. We dismounted and refreshed ourselves while black house boys took care of our baggage. Sitting on the porch I felt as if I had come to Paradise at last. To the right of the main house were two bungalows, Eric's sleeping chamber and his office. Beyond these stood a third, built of woven papyrus and roofed with bamboo. Pointing to it, Eric said it was to be my boudoir until we were married.

I cried out with pleasure when he ushered me into the place. A luxurious Persian carpet covered the floor. Colored satin pillows were piled on the couch, which was draped with Colobus monkey skin. Fancy bottles, containing perfumes, English toilet waters, powders, and bath salts, decorated the dressing table. There was a portable canvas bathtub behind a gayly painted farria screen.

All the comforts of home in the wilds of Africa! Experience had taught me that a man only goes to the bother of providing the little but important details for a woman when he loves her very deeply. My heart sang with joy as I unpacked.

During my bath I sensed that someone was looking at me. Glancing around quickly I saw a comely native girl at the window. Her brown, beautifully formed young body was naked except for a string of red beads around her neck. She was staring curiously at me.

Our eyes met. Before disappearing from sight the young savage gave me a look filled with primitive jealousy. I knew the girl belonged in Eric's past. I had come prepared to accept this girl and others of her kind. But before passing from the abstract to the concrete I had not actually realized what such acceptance would involve. I understood, at last, what Mrs. Kitson had meant by saying that Eric's past would constantly haunt and humiliate me.

The prospect of living face to face with a jealous native girl or girls was demoralizing.

As I dressed, I heard a woman

laugh. Her laughter was silvery, unforgettable. Looking out, I saw the same girl, smiling alluringly and holding out her arms to Eric, who was standing on his porch.

My pride and my sense of decency rose in me as I watched the scene on the porch. I knew that unless Eric remained loyal to me, my love would be killed. But just as she was about to touch him, Eric stepped out of reach. Speaking swiftly and sternly in Swahili, he pointed commandingly to the grass huts in the native compound. She did not move. Eric's hand closed over his whip.

The girl stamped her bare foot and ran off the veranda. Eric had proved his loyalty and put his past behind him. I went to him with a feeling of security and triumph.

It is sweet to be courted anywhere by the man you love, but sweetest of all in the magic of a jungle night, far from the cares and worries of civilization. That evening, as we sat under the Southern Cross, all the wonder and glory of life and love in the African wilderness crept into my heart and lingered in my dreams. . . .

While sitting alone on the veranda after breakfast, a file of girls passed by, singing, on their way to work in the fields. Flat-hipped, delectably brown, dark-eyed, they swung by, shameless in their nudity, the gladness of the larks in their voices. I watched the little pagans closely. None was more than fifteen. I felt sorry for them as I realized that Africa would make old women of them by the time they were twenty-one.

BUT my sympathetic mood ended quickly at sight of the girl with the red beads. I tried not to think of her in connection with my fiancé, but such thoughts persisted. She was walking alone, about thirty paces from the column, with a superior sort of air. Obviously she considered herself better than the rest and wished me to know it. Our eyes met for the second time, and she gave me another jealous look. Then she halted and shrugged her shoulders at me insolently.

It was nothing less than a challenge. If I ignored it she would neither fear nor respect me. I also realized that unless I gained the upper hand and held it, our future meetings would be unbearable. I determined to assert my authority immediately, and show the young savage I was mistress.

Africans are deathly afraid of a camera. It is a black evil box of fearful and mysterious magic. They would rather face a hungry lion than a camera. Mine was on the porch. It was filmless, but that didn't matter. I picked it up and walked in front of the girl, indicating I wished to photograph her.

She tried to turn away, and was on the point of running off once. But I forced her to obey me. As I went through the motions of taking a picture I knew I had gained a moral victory. She would not make a scene the next time we met.

But I saw, too, from the look of hate in her eyes, that I was not through with her.

The rest of the day was like going back to Eden. We spent the morning riding over the plantation, and loafed away the afternoon on the cool stone porch. When we started to dress for dinner Eric held me in his arms a long time.

"I don't want to let you go for even a minute," he whispered.

After our short separation he became more ardent than ever, and I was frightened as I saw the expression in his eyes. Breaking from his embrace, I ran to the end of the room. For a moment he stood here. Then he took several steps toward me.

"Eric! Eric, please," I cried, "be good to me!"

He covered his face with his big hands. "Bessie, go to your bungalow. Lock yourself in. Help me—help me," he begged.

I understood. I knew I should run to my bungalow. But I remained, spellbound by the spectacle of his love for me and his civilization fighting against his jungle nature. He made a wild cry and ran into the night.

Trembling, I sat on the divan, and my heart went out to the man I loved. . . . Eric did not return for an hour. He came back calm and collected. As he embraced

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Let's end the

Great Scalp Drought

It's almost universal, this masculine complaint about excessively dry scalp. And all so unnecessary. Let's end this great drought now, by spending a few minutes a week on "corrective exercises." Your scalp needs exercise just like any other muscles and it needs a lubricant, too, to help overcome that tight, dry feeling. Every week apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic liberally and massage thoroughly, working the scalp until it feels loose and tingly. Then a regular shampoo. Simple, isn't it? The trick is to do this *regularly*, once a week. And the result—a return to scalp normalcy, and a new lease on life for your hair.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

RADIO TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC COAST TO COAST BLUE NETWORK 9 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1932

12 TUBE
COMBINED
SHORT-WAVE *and*
STANDARD BROADCAST
SUPERHETERODYNE
CROSLEY RADIO
(WITH METER TUNING)

Only
$119.50

COMPLETE
WITH 12 TUBES

Every radio listener, whether DX fan or not, likes to listen, when atmospheric conditions are right, to the unusual things with which the air is filled—police calls, mail and transport planes talking to airports, foreign stations—and the many other things which travel the short-wave bands. The 12 tubes of this new Crosley superheterodyne short-wave and standard broadcast receiver make it, we believe, the most sensitive, best performing and most complete set ever offered at any price for home reception. The wave length change is effected by means of a panel switch—no coils to change.
In addition, there is a Crosley 8-tube combination short-wave and standard broadcast superheterodyne receiver in a console cabinet for only $79.50.
Crosley also manufactures a complete line of table and console model radio receivers ranging from only $36.36 up—every model a superheterodyne. There is a Crosley battery operated receiver using the new air cell "A" battery—also an automobile radio receiver—both exceptionally low priced. Send for circular **L-1.**

(*Western prices slightly higher*)

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Home of *"the Nation's Station"*—WLW
POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., *President*
CINCINNATI

YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY
CROSLEY RADIO

No Sleep
coughed
All Night!

Nothing wears you out like a night of coughing. Whether it is caused by a cold, catarrh, dust irritations or smoking, night coughing *can* and *should* be stopped. To do this you need something more than ordinary remedies. Piso's is especially good for night coughing. It clings to your throat better than a spray or gargle and soothes the inflamed tissues. This checks the cough spasm and opens the air passages. Because of its internal effect nothing stops a night cough as quickly and surely as Piso's. It is so easy to enjoy a full night's sleep if you have a bottle of good old Piso's at your bedside. Safe to give even to babies—contains no opiates and does not upset the stomach. All druggists sell Piso's.

35c *and* 60c
SIZES

PISO'S
FOR COUGHS

WHAT THE AFRICAN JUNGLE DOES TO A WHITE MAN

Continued from page forty-one

me tenderly I believed his love and respect for me had mastered his passion.

I thought he had fought it out alone with himself in the tropic night, and that his civilization had conquered his savagery.

He said he was afraid for me to stay on except as his wife, and asked me if I was still willing to marry him.

"I still want to be your wife more than anything else in the world," I answered.

"There's a mission station at Voi. We'll go there in the morning and be married, dear," he said, and escorted me to my bungalow.

I was alone in the place when silvery laughter rang mockingly and triumphantly through the night. It was the girl with the red beads. I was certain she was laughing at me—certain that Eric had visited her after running away from me. I decided to make Eric tell me the truth. But as I started out of the door I thought I heard the girl in his bungalow, and my courage failed me. I was afraid I would find her, and thus confirm my worst suspicion. I still loved Eric so much that I didn't really want proof of his disloyalty.

Shortly before daybreak I fell into fitful slumber. It seemed as if I had hardly closed my eyes when I was awakened by a woman's screams and the hiss and crackle of a whip. I hurried into some clothes and ran to Eric's bungalow. There I came upon a scene I will never forget.

ERIC, kaboka whip in hand, stood in front of his place. A few paces from him cowered the girl with the red beads. Her arms covered her breasts, and she was sobbing with fear. Eric raised his whip and struck. The raw rhino hide rippled through the air and cracked an inch from the girl's shoulders. She screamed as if she had been lashed to the bone.

He struck at her again and again, deliberately missing her each time by the narrowest margin. His savagery stirred something cruel in my own nature against this girl whose mocking and triumphant laughter had tortured me with doubts of Eric's loyalty.

The desire for revenge rose in me, sweeping away my civilization. I wanted Eric to strike her.

As if in answer to this wish, he lengthened his stroke. The whip curled over her arms and back, making a long red mark. She crumpled under the blow, her sobs breaking with pain.

The savage in Eric broke loose. He struck the prostrate girl. For a moment I was weak with horror. Then, as he drew back to lash her yet again, I threw my arms around his neck. He tried to fling me off.

"Let me alone, you fool! I'm beating her for your sake," he panted.

I STUMBLED away from him, knowing that the jungle had come between us irrevocably, forever. Something beautiful snapped in my heart. All my dreams of love and happiness with him crashed. I ran to the stables. There were horses saddled and waiting. I mounted one and galloped blindly down the gravel path.

Eric overtook me in the coffee fields. He confessed that he had seen the girl after leaving me, and that she had refused to give him up.

"Don't you understand, Bessie? The jungle had its way with me last night. I was not the man you know. I was the savage that the years out here have made me. Give me another chance. Stay and help me."

But I knew the truth at last. The jungle had put an unbridgable chasm between us. He had stayed in the bush too long to control his savage moods and primitive desires.

It broke my heart, but I asked him to take me back to Voi immediately. Eric recognized that my decision to go away was irrevocable. He organized an escort.

That night I was safe at the missionary station, and Eric was on the way back to the *shamba* which I had dreamed of sharing with him. . . .

Two years have passed since I learned what the African jungle had done to one white man who stayed too long. The prudent, civilized part of me has never regretted my decision to leave Eric as I did. But my heart has never stopped aching for him.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Florida?

2—How did the United States acquire Alaska?

3—What is a jeremiad?

4—What is a gibbon?

5—What is an analeptic?

6—What is casein?

7—What is a mummer?

8—What is common to nonpareil, pica, elite?

9—What is an ephemeral insect?

10—How many fluid drams in a fluid ounce?

11—What is a calaboose?

12—What is a tarn?

13—What are the withers of a horse?

14—Which has the greater area, Michigan or Pennsylvania?

15—What is a camelopard?

16—In what state is the Rocky Mountain National Park?

17—Who led the Huns in their European conquests in the fifth century?

18—What body of water separates Alaska from Siberia?

19—What is a dogwatch?

20—What is the seat of the League of Nations?

(Answers will appear in next week's issue)

Look in the Mirror

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

WHO called this bad weather? Is there any child who could call snow and frost and high sweeping winds bad weather? It's pretty tough to be forced to stay indoors while the storm is on, but afterward there will be the highest thrills of childhood—coasting down the long smooth hill on their sleds, building snow men, and socking inoffensive human targets with snowballs.

Wrapped in woolly all-overs to which the snow and the wet cling, making snow ice cream flavored most vulgarly with pistachio or strawberry, building a snow house and throwing water over it at night so that it will freeze hard.

Of course, there are hardships, too. There will be paths to shovel clear and ashes to be thrown so that people won't slip. The children are old enough to take on those jobs—for a consideration!

This week's cover picture.

Ulysses and Gwendolyn have been kept indoors in their "clubroom" all afternoon. But their eyes have been studying the aspect outside for signs from the heavy sky of clearing. They print laboriously on the windowpanes and mark up Lil's nice clean windows with their messy little forefingers that get so frozen cold at the tip.

"Look," said Gwendolyn, "I've written your name."

"Yes, but you didn't spell it right," said Ulysses scornfully.

"I bet *you* couldn't spell *my* name right," retorted Gwendolyn. "But look and I'll show you something. If you were on the outside of this window, your name would be spelled backwards."

"It wouldn't," insisted Ulysses.

"Well, not exactly backwards; but if you were on the outside of the window, you'd have to hold a mirror up to read that "Ulysses" right. On this side of the glass, where we look at it, it's regular writing. On the outside it's mirror writing."

Ulysses frowned and puzzled this over.

"What do you bet?" said Gwen.

"My agate," announced Ulysses.

"You're on!" cried Gwen. "Go out and see."

Which is what made Ulysses, already on the verge of a heavy cold, disobey his mother and dash out into the storm-swept garden with Lil's best looking-glass in his hand.

It was perfectly true what Gwen said, and Ulysses, with a frown, had to admit it. All of it would have been perfectly harmless child play if Lil had not caught sight of Ulysses from her bedroom. She flung open the window and stuck her head out.

"Ulysses!" she screamed. "You come in here this moment. How dare you go out without a hat?"

Guiltily Ulysses turned and looked up at her.

"I was only—" he began.

"You come in here this minute! What's that in your hand? Well, for heaven's sake!"

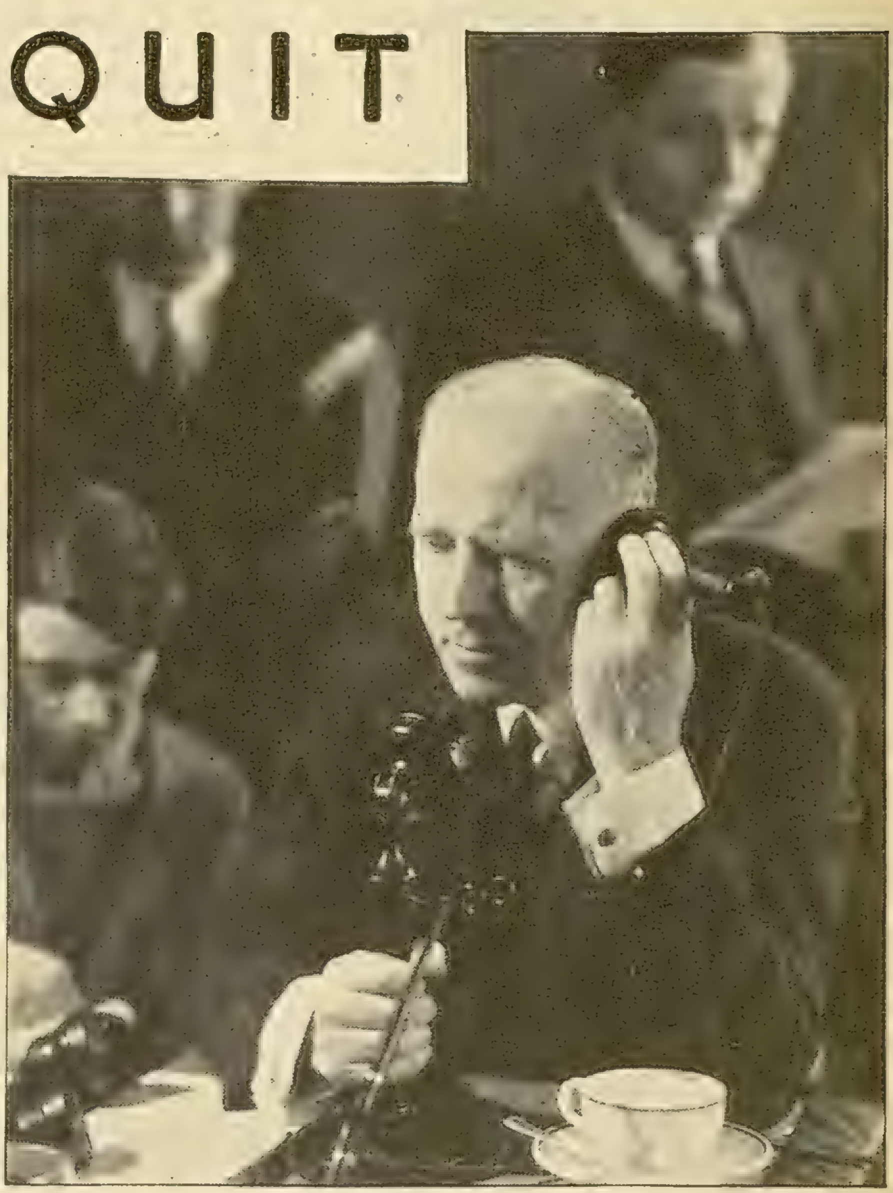
With double guilt, Ulysses realized he was caught with the nice silver mirror from his mother's dresser set.

He turned in a panic and started to dash toward the door, but the ground was slippery and Ulysses tumbled.

Smash! went the mirror in a thousand bits. Would that mean seven years' bad luck for Lil or for Ulysses? Indoors or out?

(Next week's cover adventure: Burnee! Burnee!)

When ——
YOU CAN'T QUIT



FATIGUE is the signal to rest. Obey it if you can. When you can't, keep cool and carry-on in *comfort.*

Bayer Aspirin was meant for just such times, for it insures your comfort. Freedom from those pains that nag at nerves and wear you down. One tablet will block that threatening headache while it is still just a threat. Take two or three tablets when you've caught a cold, and that's usually the end of it.

Carry Bayer Aspirin when you travel. Have some at home and keep some at the office. Like an efficient secretary, it will often "save the day" and spare you many uncomfortable, unproductive hours. It's quite harmless, so keep it handy, keep it in mind, and *use* it. No man of affairs can afford to ignore the score and more of uses explained in the *proven* directions. From a grumbling tooth to the pains of rheumatism which seem almost to bend the bones, Bayer Aspirin is ready with its immediate relief—and always works. Neuralgia. Neuritis. *Any* nagging, needless pain.

Get the genuine tablets, stamped with the Bayer cross. They are of perfect purity, absolute uniformity, and have the same action every time. It does not pay to experiment with the imitations that cost a few cents less. The saving is too little. There is too much at stake.

BAYER
BAYER ASPIRIN

Huntley Gordon, Josephine Dunn, and Jason Robards, who form the triangle in Double Decoy.

Short Shorts

Raymond Hatton (center) busy hanging the jury in Stung.

The Screen Arrowsmith Pleases Sinclair Lewis; the Price Again, a Murder Mystery, and an Island of Crime

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Jason Robards and Dorothy Revier in the short short anæsthetic nightmare, Ether Talks.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

LIBERTY MAGAZINE is on the screen. Your favorite short short stories, all straight from Liberty pages, are being filmed. Indeed, the first of them, made by the Van Buren Corporation, are now on view.

Altogether, thirteen of the short yarns will be filmed and microphoned. If the makers keep up the standard of the first three, you can count upon seeing the best short dramas yet screened. With their trick O. Henry endings, these short shorts made ideal celluloid material. I am glad to be able to recommend them to you as concisely and vigorously told, way above the short-reel average in acting, and excellently directed.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ LIBERTY SHORT SHORT STORIES

STUNG. Cast: Crooked juror, Raymond Hatton; murderer, Maurice Black; defense attorney, Warner Richmond; district attorney, Crauford Kent; judge, John Hyams; reporter, Freddie Howard.

ETHER TALKS. Cast: John Addington, Jason Robards; Bill Walsh, Walter McGrail; Evelyn Hayes, Dorothy Revier.

DOUBLE DECOY. Cast: Kenneth Andrews, Huntley Gordon; Charlie Moran, Jason Robards; Mrs. Andrews, Josephine Dunn.

Maybe you remember these in Liberty. Anyway, you will find them highly interesting spots on your theater program. Stung is a story of jury fixing; Ether Talks is a tale of an anæsthetic nightmare; and Double Decoy is a yarn of a couple of duck hunters. Each one possesses a surprise kick at the finish. By the way, John Hyams, mentioned above, is Leila Hyams' father.

★ ★ ★ ARROWSMITH

CAST

Dr. Arrowsmith	Ronald Colman
Leora Arrowsmith	Helen Hayes
Sondelius	Richard Bennett
Professor Max Gottlieb	A. E. Anson
Joyce Lanyon	Myrna Loy
Dr. Tubbs	Claude King
Dr. Terry Wickett	Russell Hopton
Cecil Twyford	Alec B. Francis
Miss Twyford	Florence Britton
Sir Robert Fairland	Lumsden Hare
Mr. Tozer	DeWitt Jennings
Mrs. Tozer	Beulah Bondi
Bert Tozer	Bert Roach
Dr. Oliver Marchand	Clarence Brooks

Directed by John Ford.
Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.

Author Sinclair Lewis, Nobel prize winner, has expressed himself as delighted and touched by this filming of what is generally considered his best work. The outline of the lengthy novel is all here (episodic, of course), and present, too, is Mr. Lewis' thesis: the passion for pure science.

Consuming love for scientific research tears the young Wisconsin doctor away from all his prospects of becoming a respectable and successful community physician and ultimately sends him into the West Indies to battle bubonic plague.

Suave, pleasant, British Ronald Colman is not the type for the disheveled, idealistic young scientist, Martin Arrowsmith, of pioneer American stock—but he plays him sincerely. Helen Hayes is good, too, as the self-effacing wife who dies of the very plague her husband is fighting. Best performances of the film are A. E. Anson's old scientist, Gottlieb, and Richard Bennett's picturesque microbe hunter, Sondelius.

Here is an expensive, careful production of a story that really is not cinematic material. The adapter had to telescope too much material, and the director ran into pictorial orgies that swamped the tragedy of the West Indies adventure.

★ ★ UNDER EIGHTEEN

CAST

Marge Evans	Marian Marsh
Jimmie	Regis Toomey
Howard Raymond	Warren William
The father	J. Farrell MacDonald
The mother	Emma Dunn
Sophie	Anita Page
Alf	Joyce Compton
Landlady	Maude Eburne
François	Paul Porcasi

Directed by Archie Mayo.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

What can a poor girl do when she is confronted with the failure of poverty marriage on one side and the luxuries easily obtained by paying what Hollywood calls the price? The pretty heroine of this film decides to go wrong; but, of course, she doesn't. The bad, bad millionaire, it develops, has a heart of gold.

in Celluloid

Above, left: *Regis Toomey, Marian Marsh, and Warren William in Under Eighteen.*

Above, right: Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes in Arrowsmith.

Una Merkel and William Collier, Jr., in a murder mystery, The Secret Witness.

Dorothy Mackaill and Donald Cook in Safe in Hell.

★ ★ THE SECRET WITNESS

CAST

Lois Martin	Una Merkel
Arthur Jones	William Collier, Jr.
Bella	Zasu Pitts
Captain McGowan	Purnell Pratt
Larson	Clyde Cook
Lewis Leroy	Ralf Harolde
Sylvia Folsom	Rita La Roy
Herbert Folsom	Hooper Archley
Tess	June Clyde

Directed by Thornton Freeland.
Produced by Columbia.

Murder mysteries are hard to film. Somehow the sustained interest just doesn't develop. This one, however, is a little better than average. I will not spoil your surprise by telling how the villain neatly shoots down his victims while he is miles away from the scene of his crimes. The blundering police methods are as clumsy as usual, the murderer almost gets away with it. Sometime you are going to see a murder yarn in which the police inspector *gets* his man. Believe it or not.

★ SAFE IN HELL

CAST

Gilda Carlson	Dorothy Mackaill
Carl Bergen	Donald Cook
Piet Van Saal	Ralf Harolde
Bruno	Morgan Wallace
Larsen	Gustav von Seyffertitz
Léonie	Nina Mae McKinney

Directed by William A. Wellman.
Produced by First National.

The perils of a beautiful murderess alone on a South Sea island from which she cannot be extradited. At the one hotel on the island, conducted by a blues singer (Nina Mae McKinney), dwell a choice crowd of cutthroats out of reach of justice. (Here the plot suggests The Unholy Garden.) All the scoundrels start out to win the pulchritudinous killer.

Hard work here to make the refugees menacing. The result, I fear, merely reveals a set of character actors perspiring freely.

Dorothy Mackaill makes her last First National appearance as the hard baby from Frisco. The acting honors, such as they are, go to Morgan Wallace as the island's amorous hangman.

Do you know that—

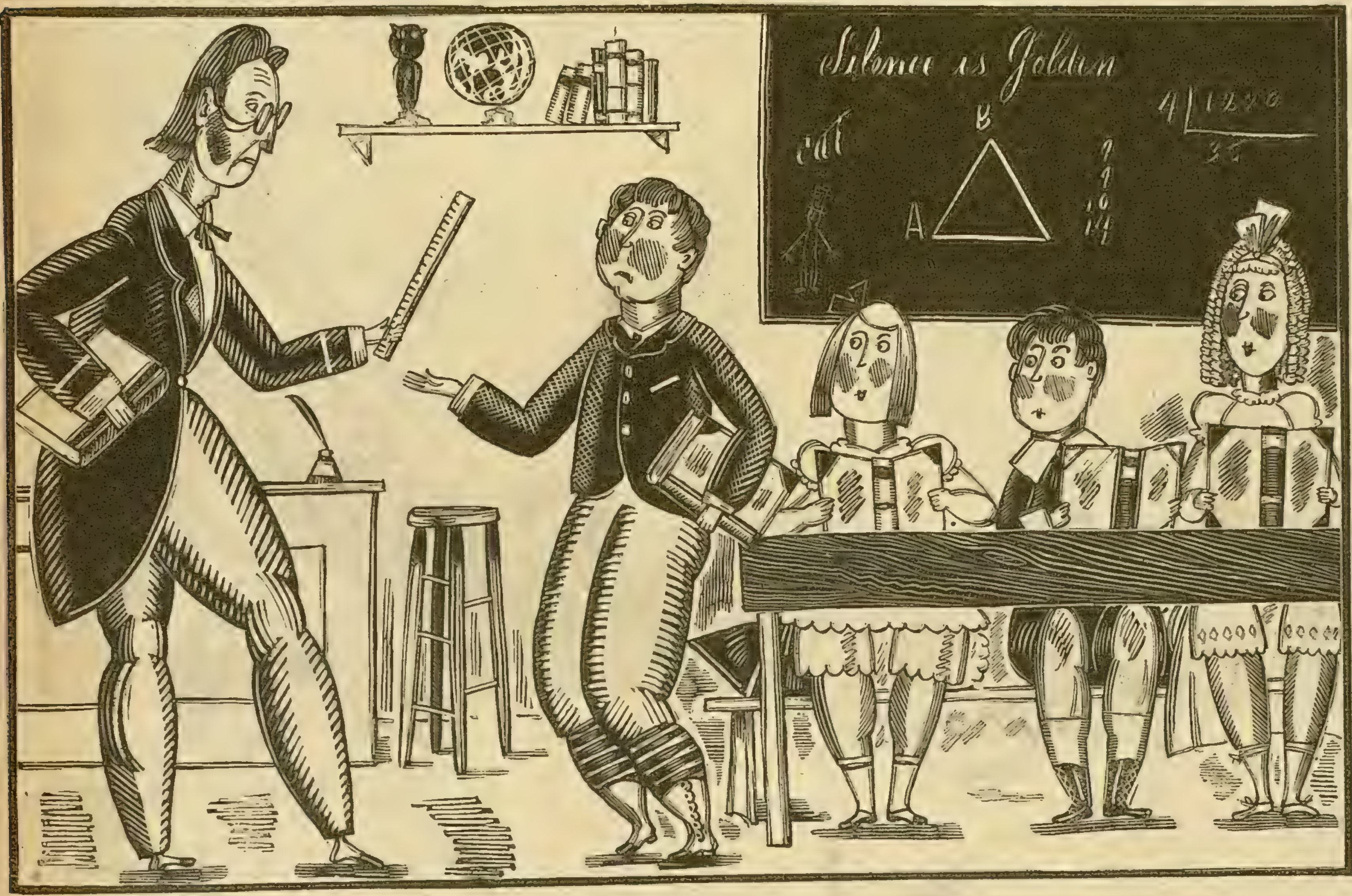
John Barrymore is going to do The Christian with Joan Crawford? . . . Chester Morris and Sylvia Sidney are doing a new Miracle Man?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

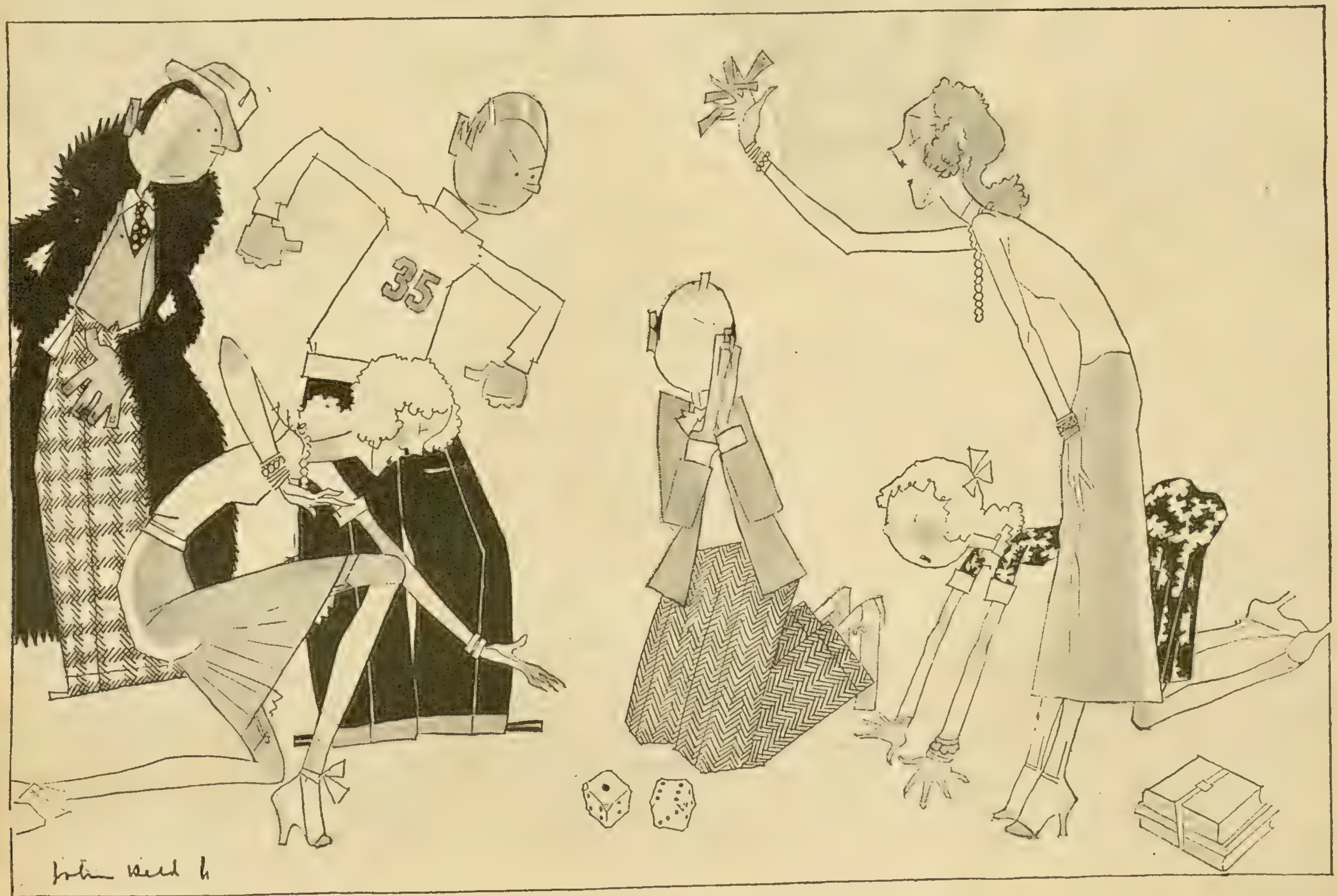
★★★★—The Champ, Street Scene, Bad Girl.

★★★—Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten.

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.


Silence is Golden
cat
B
A

Higher Education . . . . In the scenes of our dear dead childhood



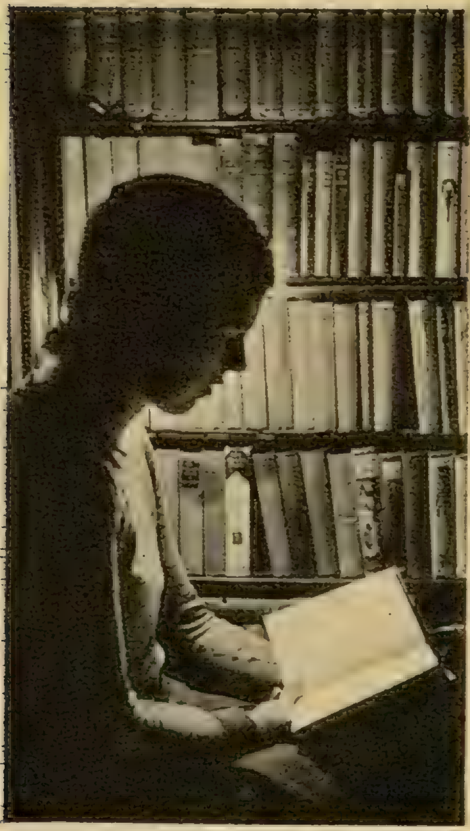
Higher Education And the advanced mathematics of the rolling bones

SECOND WEEK WINNERS

and Another Chance at the

$5,000 CASH PRIZES

for Home Life Snapshots!



For this library scene a $10 check goes to Robert M. Haase, Richmond, Va.

THIS week Liberty awards cash prizes in the contest for the week ending December 12 to the Home Life Snapshot competitors listed at the right. These prizes are paid for snapshots that you could take just as well as not. Why don't you? There's still plenty of time to win one of the weekly prizes, several of them in fact, and also to get into line for the $1,000 Grand Prize as well. Liberty congratulates this week's winners and invites you to be among those named in future contests of this series. Read the brief rules and send in your entry without delay.

$100 FIRST PRIZE

(Above)

R. L. Parks, Wheaton, Illinois.

$10 SECOND PRIZES

Valentine Klick, Reading, Pa.; R. M. White, East Cleveland, Ohio; Ruth Conrad, Reading, Pa.; R. R. Jarrett, Kansas City, Mo.; Robert M. Haase, Richmond, Va.; Maurice V. Bonham, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. O. P. Canaday, Wolcottville, Ind.; Felix J. Koch, Cincinnati, Ohio; C. H. Thomas, Kennett Square, Pa.; Mary E. Smith, South Bend, Ind.

$5 THIRD PRIZES

Rodman Rich, Jamestown, N. Y.; Chas. Willey, East Patchogue, N. Y.; Carl Sandstrom, St. Paul, Minn.; Edith C. Smith, Denver, Colo.; Hazel Spence, St. Petersburg, Fla.; John W. Topham, South Pasadena, Calif.; Charles H. Thomas, East Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Joseph Watson, Yalesville, Conn.; F. E. White, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. D. Wingerd, Sacramento, Calif.; John T. Gamble, Greenville, Pa.; Ross Gill, Seattle, Wash.; J. L. Graff, Park Ridge, Ill.; Mrs. R O. Habberstad, Owatonna, Minn.; Mrs. Lawrence D. Halnes, Ottawa Lake, Mich.; William G. Helwig, Cincinnati, Ohio; Samuel Hoffman, Worcester, Mass.; Ann Hungala, Hancock, Mich.; Sheldon M. Heiman, New York City; N. L. Jensen, Racine, Wis.; Arvo A. Johnson, Ashtabula, Ohio; Mrs. C. H. Johnson, Madison, Wis.; Elsie M. Keyser, San Francisco, Calif.; George Lyle, Culver City, Calif.; Mrs. J. W. MacWilliams, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. R. C. Osborn, Birmingham, Ala.; Paul E. Organ, Gainesville, Tex.; Guy Presnell, Raleigh, N. C.; E. Margaret Alexander, Humphreys, Mo.; Mrs. Irene Alger, New York City; Mrs. Homer Alford, Amite, La.; Thomas M. Arienti, Great Barrington, Mass.; John Bienkowski, Syracuse, N. Y.; H. C. Blake, Eufaula, Okla.; Mrs. H. V. Brannen, San Pedro, Calif.; Miss D. A. Brown, San Jose, Calif.; Leon F. Dow, Livermore Falls. Maine; C. P. Martin, Dayton, Ohio; Marcella I. Hobbs, Eau Claire, Wis.; J. Hardcastle, Utica, N. Y.

The $10 paid M. V. Bonham of Toledo will help to keep the coal shovel full.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

EACH WEEK

First Prize	$100
10 Second Prizes, each $10	100
40 Third Prizes, each $5	200
51 Weekly Prizes	$400
TOTAL PRIZES, 10 Weeks	$4,000
GRAND PRIZE, for best snapshot of entire contest	1,000
TOTAL PRIZE MONEY	$5,000

JIG-SAW CONTEST NOTE!

Competitors in the Jig-Saw Contest are informed that the judging has progressed to the point where announcement of awards can now be scheduled for Liberty dated January 30. Watch for this important news!

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks LIBERTY will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life photographs submitted by non-professional photographers.

2—Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3—There is no restriction as regards size of prints to be submitted. Enlargements are permissible, but in the case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4—Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 19, 1931, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you automatically agree that in case of a photograph submitted by you being considered for a prize you will, upon request, supply LIBERTY Weekly with the negative from which the print was made. Such negatives will be returned if so desired.

5—Submit as many prints as you wish. Write full name and address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of LIBERTY Weekly for reproduction wherever desired.

6—The first week's contest closed at 12 noon, Saturday, December 5, and succeeding contests will close at noon each Saturday following until February 6, the closing date of the final contest.

7—Quality of photography does not count, except that any photograph, to be awarded a prize, must be of sufficient clearness, in the opinion of the judges, to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person sending in the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the prize schedule appearing elsewhere on this page. In addition, a grand prize of $1,000 will be awarded to the best photograph submitted during the entire ten weeks of the contest series.

8—Announcement of winners of each contest will be published in the earliest issue of LIBERTY consistent with careful judging.

9—Address all entries to Home Life Contest, LIBERTY Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York City.

The Blood of a HORSEMAN

The Story of a Joint Heritage and Rivalry on the Range

By

CONRAD RICHTER

Pictures by CHARLES DE FEO

(Reading time: 22 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the story of one man's hate for another, and their admiration for a dun filly. The West has seen many dun fillies. This was a dapple dun with a white mane and tail. To the Rio Puerco country she came first to light in the annual horse round-up on the Mesa Redonda.

Steve Maxwell used to belong to the Rio Puerco country. He had been sold out, and had homesteaded in the near-by mountains. For more than a week he had been looking for a dun colt. He had discovered her dead mother in a rocky cañon, but of the eight-months-old filly he had found neither hair nor trace.

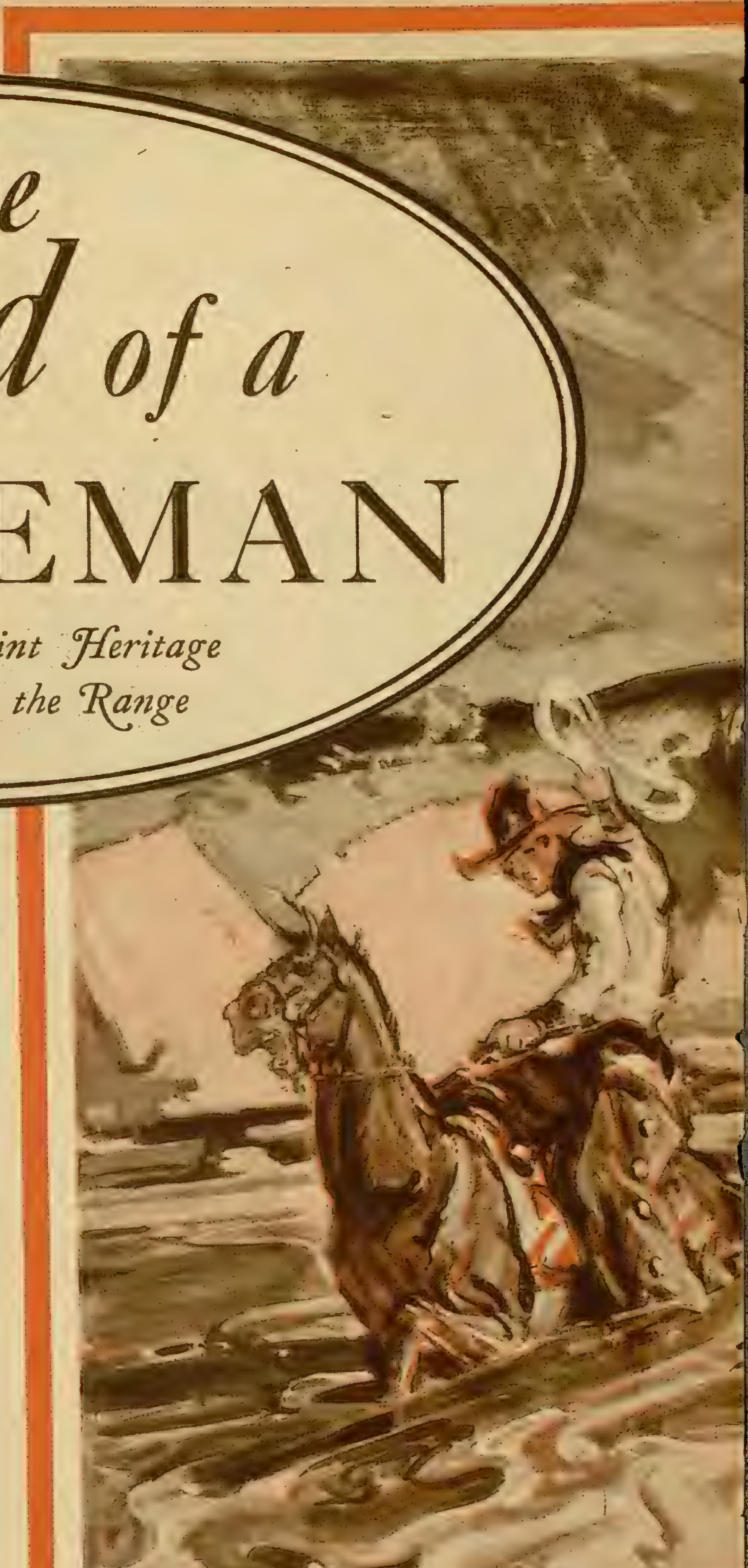
Then from a high ridge he saw dust rising from the Mesa Redonda. It was not a small spiral of dust, whirling here and there. The dust rose steadily from a spot near the red butte, and Steve knew the red butte marked the location of the mesa corral. His bronzed face had become mighty thoughtful.

"Down there," he muttered to himself, "might be my filly."

Another moment, and he was urging his black gelding down a steep slope through mountain mahogany and scrub oak. He came out on the winding cañon trail, and rode hard, keeping an eye open for low branches of giant pine and fir. Late afternoon he hove in sight of the big corral.

For the last hour he had been passing overgallant stallions herding their droves of mares and freshly branded colts back to favorite haunts on the mesa. The horse stock of five ranches mingled on the great round tableland. Every year some twenty riders combed its grassy cañons for the mesa's annual colt drop. Each outfit cut out its own bunch and herded it into one of the six branding pens.

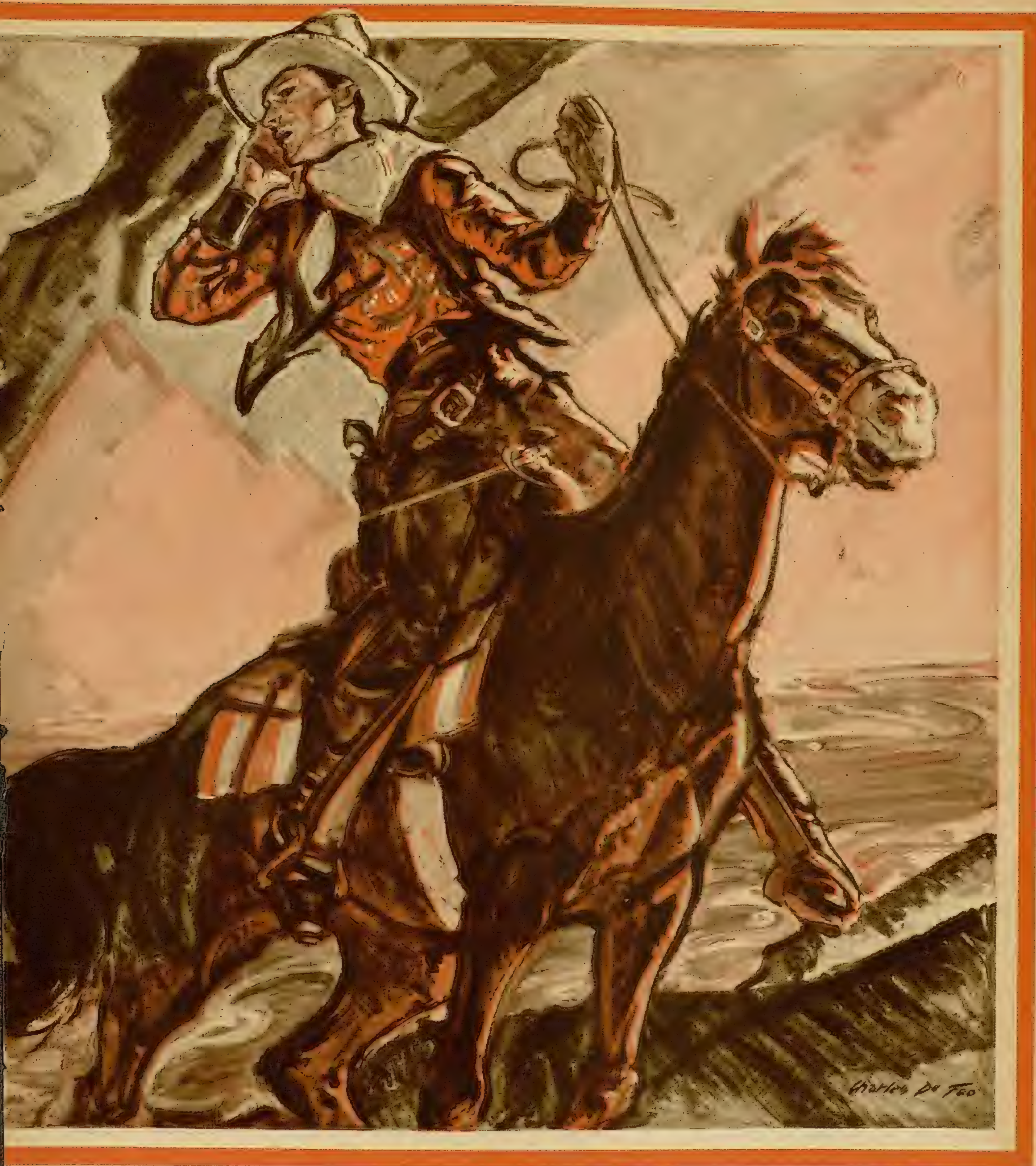
The sixth pen was for strays from the nonparticipating ranches. If the boys had time, they obligingly ran over the stray mares' colts with a running iron, thanks or none from their owners. Into the sixth pen also went what mavericks were fished up in the net. Dealing them out among the involved ranchers was the high spot of the event.



Steve saw Dave nod with instant understandi

All day the very young colts were lifted in urgent Western arms and laid broadside without ceremony. Their older and huskier stepbrothers had their ropes front and back jerked off almost before the sizzle and smoke had risen from the printed young hides.

Still at a distance, Steve's keen blue-limestone eyes noted that five of the pens were already emptied. He passed several lone mares and colts. A glance at their brands told him the crew had about finished with the strays. The mavericks came next and last. With only a few minutes of real work remaining, the men in the cor-



hen he moved his big black until his own rope was stretched taut as a cable.

ral had dropped ropes and stamp irons, rolled cigarettes, and lounged about the pen. The air hung pungent with the incense of burned horsehide, a smell that is to a puncher as the smell of printer's ink to a pressman. Dust hovered over the corral. Through it filtered the white Southwestern sunlight. This was the hour the men enjoyed most.

STEVE swung off his black. He could see three or four mavericks milling about the pen, but the attention of the men and of Steve as well was headed on a dapple dun filly. Still well under a year, she stepped with the manner of a high-blood Spanish dancer. Against the dust and dirt of the corral her mane and tail gleamed as though they had been freshly washed with soap. Her neck arched like a Navaho bow. The contrast of her white forelock over her wild, dark eyes gave her a touch of the high, untamed places. Her dusky cream skin, rippled like a wheat field in the wind, had never known halter, stamp iron, or spur.

If the men in the pen had heard Steve, they must have supposed him one of their own men returning. At least, no one turned, not even the figures on the top bars. Pride in the dun filly led its owner to loiter a moment outside. Once he stepped into the pen and claimed her, compliments would be rare.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BLOOD OF A HORSEMAN
Continued from page forty-nine

“Some mare stock!” a lean rancher from the Bar Lazy F was drawling. “If she held her tail out any furder, she'd give Halley's Comet a run for his money!”

“What's she figgerin' she's steppin' on, anyways?” demanded another admirer. “Clouds, feathers, or jes' ordinary bottom hay?”

“Reckon she's climbin' them golden stairs.” The third speaker loosed a cloud of smoke, intending to make himself appear calmly disinterested.

A small, nervous rancher was not so skilled at controlling his emotion. He looked around at the four other owners.

“Come on, boys. Let's deal this hand!”

Dave Maxwell, a thick-chested cousin of Steve's, edged forward. His face remained immobile, but only a glance told that his eyes were on fire. Several of the watching cowboys nudged ribs.

“Boys!” Dave's countenance, voice, and bearing were those of a parson about to ask leading questions of a bride and groom. “Boys, this's too gol-durned a filly to get raffled off like a town turkey. If you got no serious objections, I'll buy off yore rights at *veinte pesos el hombre.*”

The men exchanged glances, ranchers with ranchers, punchers with their kind. A hundred dollars for an eight-months-old filly was big money. You could pick up a mighty good cow-trained pony for less. Well, it was Dave's money, and everybody knew the Maxwell weakness.

“All right with me!” sang the owner of the Bar Lazy F.

“I shore string along with you, Dave!” assured another.

“Reckon I could use that twenty plumb now,” grinned a third.

The fourth rancher, the little nervous one, clapped Dave enthusiastically on the back.

Dave Maxwell looked humble at his good fortune.

“Boys,” he said solemnly, “I've traveled from California to Wyoming and down to Chihuahua for hosses. This filly's the plumb shorest chunk of yearlin' hossflesh I've seen under any hombre's brand!”

HE feasted his eyes on the colt for a minute. Then he spoke softly:

“All right, boys! Put the Mule Shoe on her. But handle her like a Zuñi flowerpot. The man that sprains her hip joints gets plenty sprained hisself.” He followed his men as they roped the colt. “Don't rest yore hull weight on her head, Dee. Now get that iron on nice an' straight, Pete—plumb in the middle!”

Steve Maxwell decided he had waited long enough. He slipped through the bars.

“Jes' a minute afore you plaster yore iron on her,” he said pleasantly. “That filly belongs to me!”

Dave Maxwell turned heavily. The two cousins stared into each other's eyes. From a common grandfather Steve had inherited the same passion for horseflesh as Dave. But when it came to the grandfather's business acumen, Dave had taken the lion's share. Horses were Dave's chief joy of life, but he was shrewd enough to make his money raising cattle. Steve refused to recognize that, commercially, the day of the horse was past. He had gone broke trying to make an honest-to-God horse ranch pay. His land and stock had been sold to meet his debts.

There never had been love lost between the two cousins. Most of the bad feeling was said to be on Steve's side. But now Dave's eyes narrowed.

“What filly?”

“That dapple dun.” Steve's voice had hardened a trifle.

“She's a maverick!” insisted Dave.

A little color showed in Steve's cheeks.

“She's outta the dun mare I bought in Socorro last spring a year. The mare broke her leg in Tejano Cañon—musta been a month ago.”

One of Dave's eyes flickered. “How come, then, you didn't brand the filly long ago?”

“I would of if I'd knowed it,” said Steve. “I jes' found her mother—what was left of her.”

The dapple dun filly on the ground had not for a moment surrendered. While the two men were talking she had been constantly struggling. Dee Brown, on her head, found himself bobbed up and down.

“What're you doin', Dave?” he called impatiently. “Givin' her to Steve?”

For the moment Dave didn't answer. Steve took a slow breath.

“Get this straight, Dave. Yo're givin' me nothin'. I'm askin' for what's comin' to me.” His jaw hardened. “An' if it don't come easy, I'll take it hard!”

PERHAPS it was the menacing challenge in Steve's tone. Perhaps it was the ring of spectators calmly drinking in every word, to be repeated later in various ranch and bunk houses. At any rate, Dave's heavy face went abruptly grim.

“If that's the way he talks, Pete, plank on the iron!”

Like a tiger, Steve sprang for the knot of punchers about the prostrate colt. He was a second late. The hot iron was slapped on the shrinking flank. The filly took it like a thoroughbred, making no sound, and in a moment or two was up like a rubber ball, while Steve stood gazing stupefied at the fresh, red, char-bordered welt of a long narrow mule shoe with a huge M marring the smooth dapple hide. His blue eyes grew actually deadly as he turned on his cousin.

In silent support, several of the ranchers moved up behind Dave.

“Look here, Steve!” reprimanded the active little proprietor of the Half Circle K. “Where's yore proof this dun filly ever was yore colt?”

“Proof?” echoed the homesteader bitterly. “What proof d'y' figger I'd have in the mountains—the word of a stallion or bobcat?”

“Now, listen here, Steve!” bustled on the other. “You understan' I believe you figger it's yore colt. But you got no proof. An', even if she was yore filly oncet, she was a maverick when she got brung in here. An' you savvy range law as well as me when it comes to mavericks.”

“I'm purty dumb,” came back Steve. His voice was almost insulting. “Most times I reckon I don't savvy *nada.* But today I savvies you an' the rest get plenty salted for yore share in the pot. It ain't a question of right an' wrong—it's a question of losin' yore chicken feed!” His hot gaze swept with contempt over the entire lot of spectators, ranchers and punchers alike.

By this time Dave had got hold of himself.

“Steve, sashay outside the c'ral with me, will you? You an' me can talk this over better alone.”

Steve shook his head defiantly.

“Nary a step. You an' me can't come to terms over that filly. She ain't for sale at any price!”

“But she's packin' my brand, Steve!” Dave protested mildly. “You shore don't want a hoss with the Mule Shoe M brand?”

The speaker had touched a sore spot there. Steve winced. But he recovered swiftly.

“I shore don't. But there's other things I don't want a heap wuss. Slick or planked with the ugliest brand man ever insulted a hoss with, she's still mine!”

No one spoke for a minute. The poker faces of the spectators revealed few thoughts.

“If that's the way you feel, Steve,” Dave said magnanimously, “I reckon we gotta figger up some way to keep you happy. Stick aroun', and I'll have the boys clear that markin' with a vent brand.”

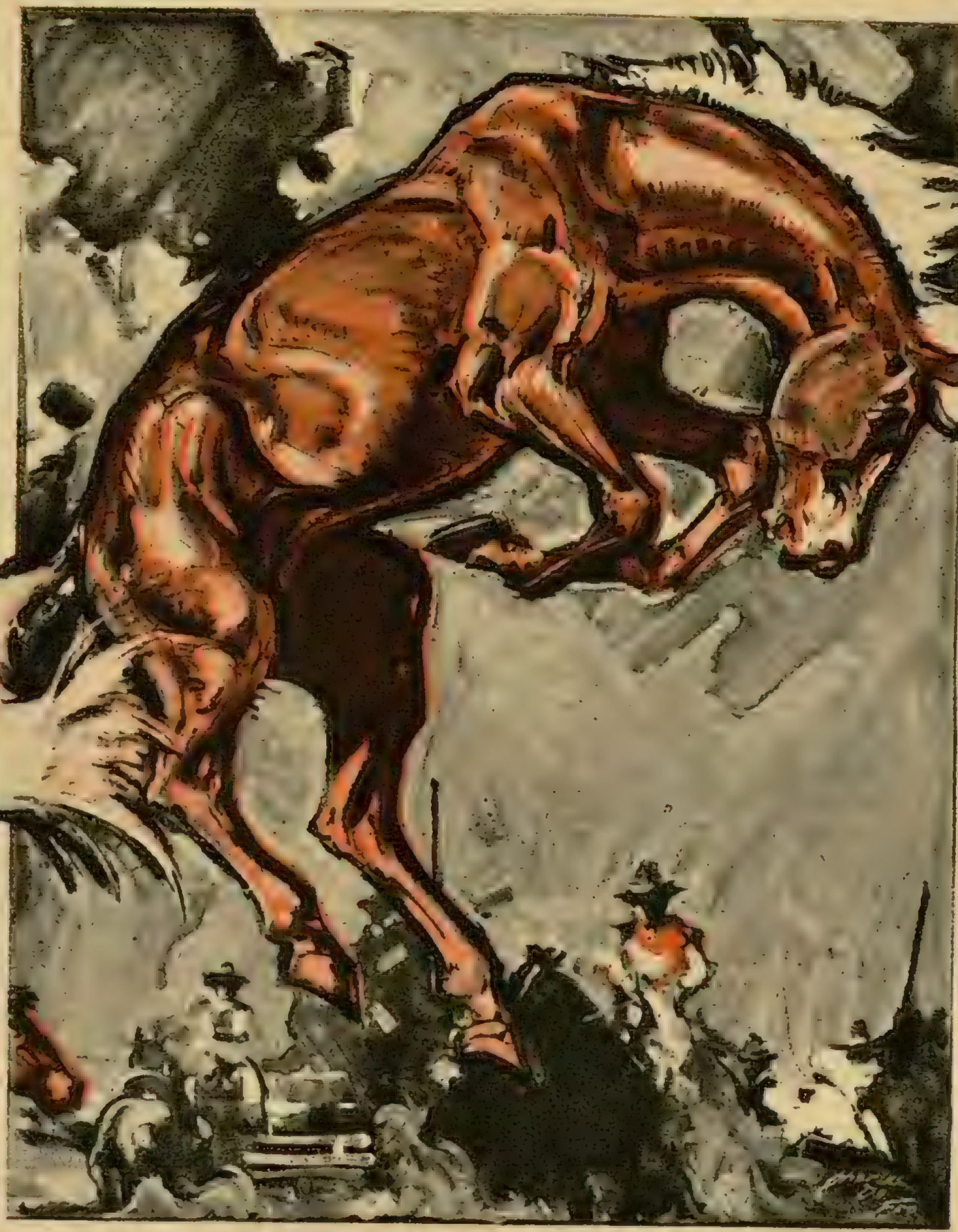
“You'll do no ventin' on that filly!” replied Steve sharply. “I reckon she's disfigured plenty now, without adding any signboard vent brand.”

Dave gazed for a moment into the blue sky beyond the corral.

“I reckon, Steve, you an' me can't do business together." He turned easily to his foreman. "Pete, we're takin' that filly along down to the ranch tonight. I reckon it ain't healthy to leave an orphan like her trompin' aroun' up here."

Steve threw himself at his cousin, but a dozen men intervened. Steve was hustled out of the corral, told quietly but firmly to mount his black and hunt his own country.

He stood for a moment on the ground beside his horse. At the sight through the bars of his own dapple dun filly he choked. Untying his horse, he stuck a foot in the stirrup, and the instant bound of the black carried him up into the saddle.



The attention of the men was headed on a dapple dun filly.

When his black reached the dark cañon leading to Steve's mountain meadows, his blood still ran hot and bitter with injustice. The longer he thought over it, the harsher grew the lines in his lean face. Had it been a sheep or heifer, Dave could have had it and good riddance! But horseflesh was different. And of all horseflesh, his dapple dun with a white mane and tail! That Dave was a full cousin only added fuel to the conflagration. It was the same story of bad blood that intensifies a feud between brothers. There was only one trail out of this ruckus for Dave. And Dave had no one but himself to blame.

It rained hard that night and most of the next day. Steve lay impatiently in his bunk and cursed. What troubled him most was the fear that by another day he might lose the force of his deep black hate. His was the quick temper—up high and hard today, and down tomorrow. Doggedly he kept refilling his mind with the bitter events of the preceding afternoon.

NEXT morning he found with savage satisfaction that the hate was still there. He had eaten no supper the night before, and now he wanted no breakfast. Perhaps these things intensified his feelings. He had a little time finding his big black gelding. The rain had washed away hoofprints, and the roar of the fork kept his keen ears from catching the limp of a hobbled horse in the timber. When he rode down the cañon, the sun was warm and the sky serenely blue through the giant pines. But there was no sun in Steve Maxwell's brain. His only comfort was the feel of a worn yellow scabbard on his hip. The dark protruding gun butt showed the carving of a horse's head on the outside.

All morning his hard limestone-blue eyes kept wide open to avoid riders. The afternoon found him in the valley along the Rio Puerco. His black gelding he tied in a clump of young cottonwoods. A few yards away was the crossing known as Maxwell's lower ford. Daily at this season Steve knew it was Dave's custom to ride the range, crossing by the upper ford and returning by the lower. Sometimes Pete Herring, his foreman, jogged along, but most times Dave rode alone.

It was commonly said of Dave Maxwell that he never rode the same horse twice in one week. Once it was a bay with white stockings of which he was fond; another time, a wall-eyed white mount that had been the hardest bucker in the valley in its day; frequently Dave chose one of several handsome pintos in his private string; often it was a chestnut sorrel which Steve had secretly admired. Dave's bridles customarily sparkled with silver. His private bits were said to be of the white metal. Steve's lips curled. A heap of good a gear ornamented with silver would do him today!

STEVE'S hard limestone eyes contemplated the river. From the track of fresh débris along its sides, the stream must have been high last night or early this morning. The Rio Puerco headed up in Steve's mountains, but long before it reached Maxwell's lower ford the clear spring water had gathered silt until it aptly fulfilled its name. *Puerco* in Spanish means dirty like a pig. The river had cut banks of solid adobe twenty to fifty feet high and here and there precipitate as a cliff. There were no rocks anywhere, only the dry adobe of the bank and the sinister mud of the river bottom. Many a cow and horse had been bogged and lost between the lower and upper fords.

The older men said the upper ford owed its solid footing to the bones of countless buffaloes bogged at this ancient crossing long before the days of white men. The younger generation scouted that tale.

The sun dropped lower toward the western peak of Mount Taylor. Steve's haggard face grew bitter with the belief that Dave wasn't coming. No rider had crossed the ford that afternoon, not even one of the Bar Lazy F cowboys who regularly used it. Then the figure of the waiting homesteader in the cottonwoods grew tense. The high cut bank shut off his view but not his ears. A rider at a steady lope was approaching the opposite side of the river.

In his green thicket Steve waited. Grim rejoicing swept through his blood. It was Dave, mounted on his chestnut sorrel, the silver on his bridle flashing red in the descending sun. That red, Steve reflected grimly, meant blood. He untied his own mount, swung into the saddle, and rode out. His hiding had been only for other passers. He was no coyote, springing on his prey from a blind. Dave Maxwell would get his face to face.

He rode to the trail, and turned his black's head toward the ford. The approaching rider was already down the long bank. His chestnut splashed in promptly, then halted. Steve saw his cousin clamp a spurred boot, and the sorrel came on. But she waded with a zigzag uncertainty, as if, under the thick opaque liquid, her hoofs fumbled for the trail.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BLOOD OF A HORSEMAN
Continued from page fifty-one

And now Steve noticed that the turbid water came higher than it should on those clean chestnut limbs. Each step she took with increasing difficulty, as if something sucked at her hoofs and held them down. The rider still appeared unaware that anything had happened—that last night's flood had laid its sinister, unseen hand upon the ford. Only when he felt the water on his boots did he wake up and urgently scratch his mount. The laboring chestnut made no spring as she ordinarily would have done under such an unwarranted prod. She thrashed about sidewise for a few moments, her front hoofs splashing the water, her hind legs sinking deeper.

A wild jubilation seized the waiting Steve. The Lord had taken matters into His own hands! Last night's flood had cleaned out the ford. Dave's horse was plainly bogged. Slowly but surely she would sink beneath that flowing liquid mud, and Dave with her. He could shout for help, but in this lonely solitude none would hear. The stinking mud would at last fill his mouth and nostrils. A boy might be lucky enough to make shore safely on foot. But if a heavy form like Dave's deserted his horse, his finish would only be the speedier.

Exultant thoughts filled Steve's head. What did Dave think about stealing the dapple dun filly with the white mane and tail now? What did he think of his ugly Mule Shoe brand? What good did his herds of cattle, his thousands of owned and rented acres, do him now? What help were his silver-mounted bridles?

STEVE.

The chestnut's rear had already sunk deeply into the sucking river bottom. The heavy water dammed against her belly. Her tail had wholly disappeared. Her front hoofs still splashed the water, but their earlier strength and fervor were gone. Dave had lifted his heels and spurs under the saddle skirts in a convulsive knee grip. He looked as if he were debating whether to jump into the flowing silt. It didn't matter at all to the watching man on the bank which he did. Either way would be revenge aplenty.

THEN, quite ordinarily, Steve became aware that he was no longer watching the fear in the rider's face but the look in the bogged chestnut sorrel's eyes. It was a look hard to describe—a look that caught and held his glance—the straining of heroic effort, the refusal to give up, and yet the dumb realization that she was caught and doomed. It was almost human. It asked nothing, and yet Steve felt his exultation fading like cold mountain fog under the steady Southwestern sun.

"Git!" he told himself savagely under his breath. "You can't stick an' see that chestnut sorrel go down!"

Strangely, his rein was not lifted. His spurs did not move. He forgot about the dapple dun filly with the white mane and tail. He forgot the ugly Mule Shoe M brand. He forgot Dave was the thing, walking or crawling, he hated most in the world. He thought of him only as two hundred pounds of burden that had to be removed before the chestnut sorrel with the human eyes could have a chance. Already her front hoofs had been halted, dragged down and caught.

Before Steve knew it he had lifted the rope from his saddle. It whistled as he swung the loop about his head. Then its length shot uncoiling toward the chestnut sorrel in midriver. He saw it settle accurately over the rider.

"Slap both ropes under her rump!" he heard his voice sing out. "Cross 'em, an' hook the loops on yore saddle horn."

He saw Dave nod with instant understanding. Twisting in his saddle, Dave fastened both his own loop and Steve's under his chestnut's submerged tail. Then he slipped off the other end of his rope from the saddle horn, and started with it into the river. His weight carried him instantly deep in the mud. Each step he floundered deeper. Trying to extricate one foot only drove the other lower into the soft bottomless river bottom.

MEANTIME, Steve had moved his big black until his own rope was stretched taut as a cable. Dave clutched at it avidly. Soaked, his face splashed with mud, panting violently, he finally reached solid bank. Steve took the end of Dave's rope from his hand. Coolly he wound it on his saddle horn. Carefully he tested and adjusted it. At last both ropes were evenly taut. He looked back at the dumbly watching eyes of the chestnut. She seemed hopelessly settled into a boggy grave.

"You gotta lend a hand, ol' girl!" he called.

Still looking back over his shoulder, he slowly started the big black. Cow-trained, he let himself like a smooth machine into the pull. The ropes buzzed. Loose dirt and small pebbles of the trail flew under his slipping hoofs. But nothing gave. The chestnut sorrel seemed embedded in the river like four pine posts mortared in granite.

Steve stopped his horse. The big black left no slack rope, but leaned his twelve hundred pounds against the tightened strands.

"Gawd, Steve, don't give up yit!" begged Dave, his face white under the specks of drying mud.

"Give up!" came back Steve. "Hell, I'm not givin' up if I have to pull up the hull river bottom!" He looked back to the dumb eyes of the bogged chestnut. "You might git closer down in the water, Dave, an' talk to yore mare a mite. A little encouragin' at the right time goes a samhill of a ways."

Dave ventured into the river as far as his feet found secure footing. He held out a hand and snapped his fingers.

"Come on, Sally!" he coaxed. "Come on, you—"

Steve set his big black back into a slow pull. Through the saddle he felt the muscular legs of his gelding dig into the trail.

"Steady, you ol' son of a gun!" Steve urged him. "You don't wanta leave any legs of that chestnut in the river!"

A sudden splash from the water told him the chestnut had pulled a front foot from the sucking mire. Another second and he felt his ropes give. Slowly the black started to gain ground. Each successive step came a little easier. Now a wholesale splashing rose from the river. Glancing over his shoulder, Steve saw the chestnut, with dilated nostrils and front hoofs lifted high, pulling steadily like a towed Missouri side-wheeler for shore.

When the blowing chestnut stood, shaking like a leaf, on dry ground, Dave ran his anxious hands over the four muddy legs.

"Don't seem like she's hurt a mite!" he breathed.

"Shore lucky our ropes held out," commented Steve briefly.

That was all the two men said. Each coiled his rope. Then together they started up the trail. The sun had dipped behind distant Mount Taylor. The western sky was shot with gold. Over the sand hills, the distant mountains, even over the riders in the valley of the Rio Puerco itself, fell the purple shadows. There is no describing the Southwest's purple shadows. Once seen amid the solitudes of a lonely evening landscape, you feel at once all the things the writers and painters of the West have tried to put on paper and canvas, and failed.

The silent riders drew closer to the twinkling yellow light of a shadowy ranch house.

"Yo're stayin' with us tonight, Steve," mentioned Dave. He tried to say it casually. "You got a long trail home, an' it's a heap slicker by daylight."

"I reckon not, Dave. Much obliged," said Steve gruffly. He turned into the mesa trail at the first corral, scratched his black, and the big gelding broke into a long, tireless canter.

IT was late when the black climbed the cañon into Steve's mountain meadows. The roar of the fork had subsided, but a light gleamed from Steve's cabin.

"Now who the samhill's that?" Steve racked his mind for an outrider who might be in the mountains tonight.

As he rode up, a lounging form stood against the light in his open doorway.

"Daggone yore hide, Steve," drawled the familiar voice of Pete Herring. "I began figgerin' you wasn't comin' home tonight."

"I'm a mite late," admitted Steve a trifle stiffly. "How long you been campin' here?"

Dave Maxwell's foreman rolled and lit a cigarette. He pulled on it casually as Steve carried in his saddle and bridle.

"A long time," he sighed. "I got here close to noon. Dave tol' me I had to see you personal. That's how I hung aroun'." He calmly let go a cloud of smoke, keeping a wary eye on Steve to see how he was taking it.

Steve's jaws and lips had tightened. He stood stiffly just inside the door.

"What was it Dave got you to ask me personal?"

"I didn't say ask, ezzackly," reminded Pete hastily. "Dave wasn't satisfied for you havin' that dun filly without his vent brand. He figgered it wouldn't look so good yore keepin' a mare with his brand on. He figgered he might cash in some day, an' then where would you be at? Anyway, we vented her today, early. I drawed it on with a runnin' iron trim an' small. Honest, Steve, it don't look so bad. You can take a look at it in the mawnin'. I turned her loose up in yore meadow when I come."

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Bright Child!

I was entertaining some friends at tea one afternoon when one of the guests asked:

"Are you letting your hair grow?"

"She can't stop it," quickly answered my small daughter.—Mrs. Jean Graham, 729 S. Bronson St., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Like an Object of Art

My son Dick, aged three, has an aversion for soap and water and cries every time he is given a bath. One day I was trying to reason with him, and said, "Surely you want to be a clean little boy, don't you?"

"Yes," tearfully agreed Dick, "but can't you just dust me?"—Mrs. Alice Wheaton, Galesburg, Mich.

* * *

They Make Themselves Felt

A third-grade teacher had been drilling her class on the seasons of the year. Betty, aged nine, was asked to name the winter months. Betty admitted she did not know. "What," said her teacher, "don't you know the winter months?"

"No," replied Betty, "but I'll know them when they get here."—Mrs. Roy Barnes, 204 Park Lane, Austin, Texas.

No matter what you pay

here's the best pipe tobacco in America!

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO

Handy pocket pouch of heavy foil . . . No old-fashioned costly tin, hence 10c

YOU CAN DEPEND ON A LIGGETT & MYERS PRODUCT

To the Ladies!

Picture by
GEORGIA WARREN

*(Reading time:
4 minutes 55 seconds.)*

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.

CLEMENCEAU looked "prehistoric." Admiral Lord Beatty had to be "kept amused." Those are just two of the many intimate impressions her famous sitters have made upon Cecilia Beaux, America's well known portrait painter and one of the greatest of living artists.

I had tea with Miss Beaux the other day at her charming New York studio. Once again was I struck by the invariable modesty of true genius. Miss Beaux painted a distinguished portrait of the late Cardinal Mercier. With a whimsical smile she told me:

U. & U. photo
Cecelia Beaux.

"Painting a really great man like that makes one's own effort seem very small. It made me realize how little anything I do can be compared with the accomplishments of such a man's life."

There is no sex in art, Miss Beaux believes. She is extremely feminine, nevertheless—does not favor suffrage for women or any of the "women's movements." But she does think "emancipation" has improved our feminine taste.

"Men are still more tasteful, generally, than women," she said, "because for thousands of years the men did all the choosing, all the buying. Now women are learning to choose for themselves, and are growing more discriminating in consequence."

She thinks manual work is the best of all nerve medicines. "To restore nervous equilibrium," she says, "*work with your hands.*"

"STAND up straight."

How my parents used to bore me with that tiresome admonition! But how thankful I am to them now for doing so. I find I owe them a special debt of gratitude every time I go to a bargain sale.

For any woman trained to stand up straight enjoys a distinct advantage when it comes to shopping for clothes. Many of the inexpensive or mark-down garments that look stylish enough on a girl of erect carriage will look impossibly frumpy on a girl who slouches. It seems to me that this is worth remembering now, when all of us are bargain-hunting.

A good straight back is worth money these days.

I DON'T know whether to call this a story of success or of failure. I suppose it depends upon your point of view.

In a small town there lived, until six months ago, a girl named Dorothy who craved sophistication. She had one of the best jobs on the local newspaper, earned enough to support herself and her mother comfortably, but she considered herself a hopeless hick. She deplored her ignorance of the wise and wicked bright lights. What she yearned for was some hard-boiling experience in a big city.

The chance came when some extra work brought her money enough for a whole year in New York. She left her mother well provided for, and out she stepped. That was six months ago. Now her money is all gone. It lasted only half as long as she expected. Yet Dorothy says, "I've had an ideal time!"

I was curious to know what kind of sophistication she had gone in for. Gorgeous clothes, gay parties, swell affairs?

And I wondered if life in the big, cruel city had made her more worldly, more cynical—as she had planned.

To my amazement, I learned that she has spent most of her bank account taking care of jobless, homeless young people from small towns like her own. Week after week she's been feeding them, buying clothes for them, paying their room rent.

Now, my dictionary tells me that to become *sophisticated* means to become artificial, insincere. If those are the qualities Dorothy hoped to acquire in New York, I'm afraid she has failed.

But I'm sure she has succeeded in retaining something that is infinitely more important.

If her kind-heartedness proves her still a hick, I prefer her that way.

Don't you?

READ Sparks Fly Upward, another fine novel of the real American West by Oliver La Farge, Pulitzer Prize winner who wrote Laughing Boy. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

THE old Greek philosophers liked "a dish of boiled beets and oil." Fine brain food, they said it was. The modern Italian version of this makes a good winter salad.

Bake the beets in the oven with skins on. Skin when tender and slice (not too thin). To every 4 beets use 1 Bermuda onion. Chop onions coarsely; cover with 3 cups boiling water.

Let stand about five minutes, then drain. Mix beets and onions together—both should be warm. Add salt and coarse black pepper to taste. Pour on 2 tablespoons olive oil, then cool.

Before serving add 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Just for once, leave out the eternal lettuce leaf. Serve this salad *as is.*

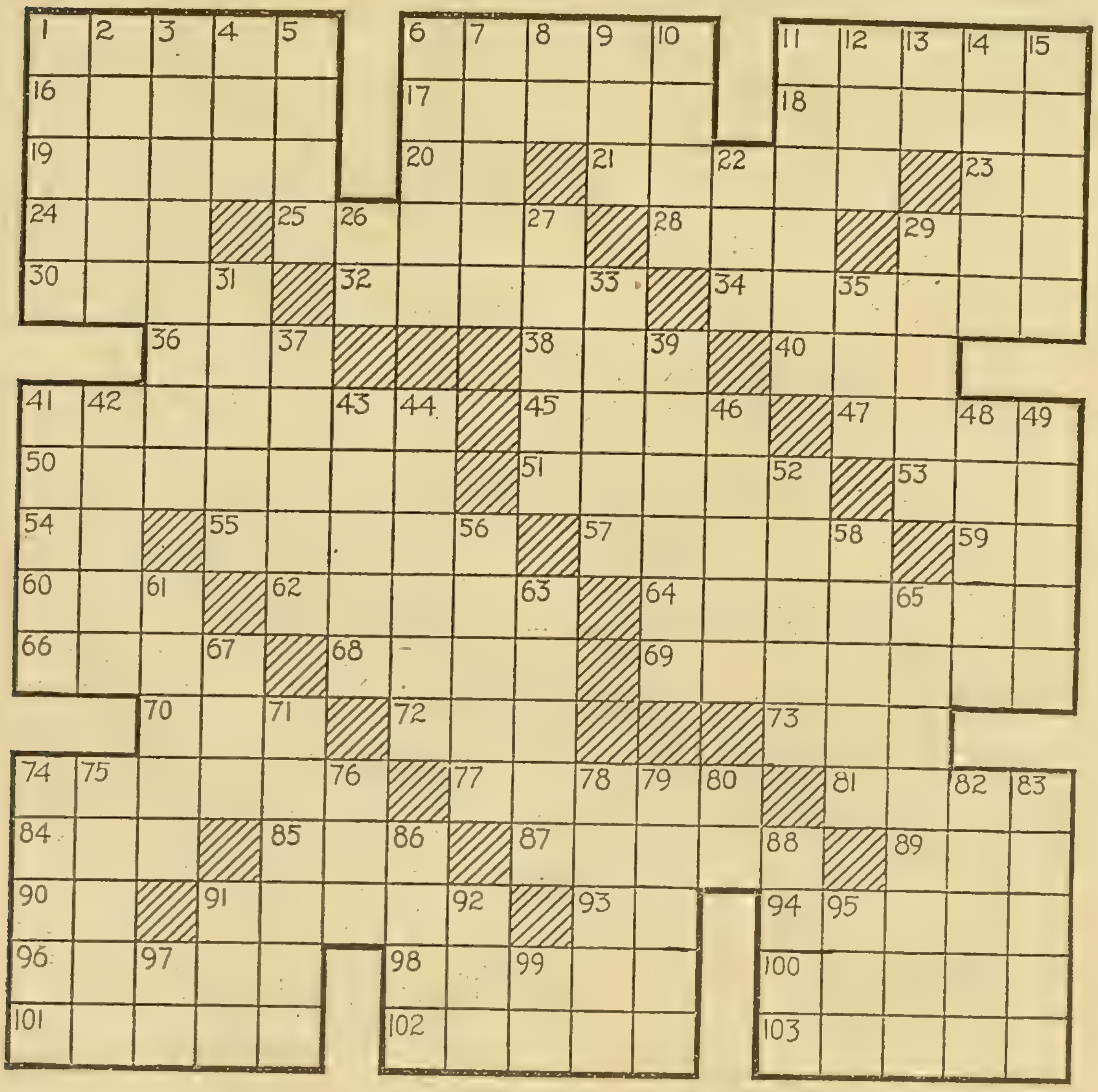
VERY high-hat indeed are the new printed silks for our spring dresses.

They are printed from designs engraved on steel, which means that the patterns are as fine as the most delicate pen-and-ink drawings. I saw one with blue leaves traced on gray-white; the effect was that of a misty October morning.

Another—the most elusively becoming fabric any woman could wish for—has pink flowers scattered on a beige ground.

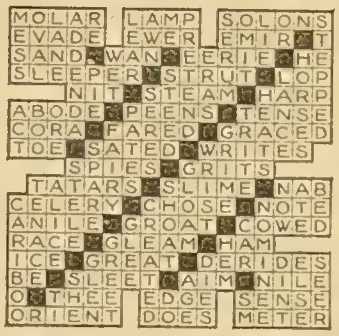
Dresses of these new print materials will look ever so chic worn under coats of light-toned crêpe wool.

Cross Words A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Auctions
6 Jeopardy
11 Less
16 In common
17 Declaim
18 Silly
19 Creator
20 French article
21 Factions
23 Note of the scale
24 Corroded
25 Sanctions
28 A disease of sheep
29 Babylonian deity
30 Torn
32 Jogs
34 To make docile
36 Consume
38 Priestly vestment
40 Born
41 Communication
45 Deep loud cry
47 High
50 Oriental
51 Of the sun
53 Lay, as of land
54 By
55 Select part
57 Performs diligently
59 An element (symbol)
60 Tennis term
62 European country
64 Aids
66 Clip off suddenly
68 Region of the body
69 Most expensive
70 Bar used for loosening ore
72 A support
73 Male sheep
74 Divisions of a drama
77 Characters in old Teutonic alphabets


MOLAR LAMP SOLONS
EVADE EWER EMIR■T
SAND■WAN■EERIE■HE
SLEEPER■STRUT■LOP
NIT■STEAM■HARP
ABODE■PEENS■TENSE
CORA■FARED■GRACED
TOE■SATED■WRITES
SPIES■GRITS
TATARS■SLIME■NAB
CELERY■CHOSE■NOTE
ANILE■GROAT■COWED
RACE■GLEAM■HAM
ICE■GREAT■DERIDES
BE■SLEET■AIM■NILE
O■THEE EDGE SENSE
ORIENT DOES METER

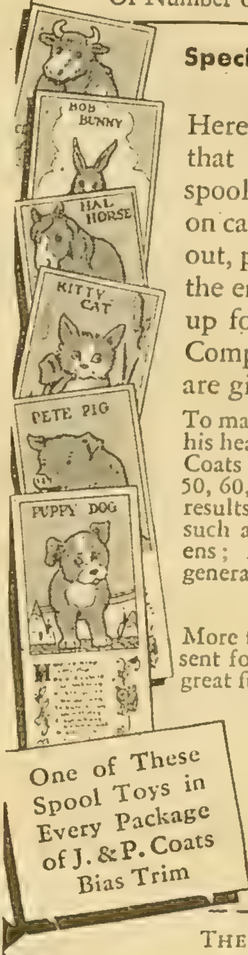
Answer to last week's puzzle

81 Go by
84 Sailor
85 Bird's crop
87 Stitched
89 Knock
90 Exist
91 Bishop's headdress
93 Pronoun
94 Angry
96 Forgive
98 More mature
100 Of morning
101 Labors
102 Turkish title (pl.)
103 Rectify

VERTICAL

1 One of the Philippine Islands
2 Winged
3 Image
4 Piece out
5 Vassal
6 Of a pole
7 One of the Muses
8 Egyptian deity
9 Pronoun
10 A gaze askance
11 Hand covering
12 Those in power
13 Symbol for sodium
14 Up to
15 Net
22 Tooth in a wheel
26 Pronoun
27 Asterisks
29 Go stealthily
31 Gustation
33 Sailing vessel
35 Free from deductions
37 Chinese weights
39 A song
41 Repasts
42 Corroded
43 Grasps
44 A settling of an estate tail
46 Elevate
48 Rosters
49 Smallest
52 Rested again
56 A duck
58 Sweet substance
61 Beast of prey
63 Hot wine punch
65 Apart
67 Cooking utensil
71 Resigns
74 Initiate
75 Gem carved in relief
76 Perched
78 Fresher
79 Pitchers
80 An element (symbol)
82 Silk fabric
83 Exhaust
86 Form of to be
88 A coin
91 Unit used in measuring wire diameters
92 Margin
95 Thrust
97 Note of the scale
99 Greek letter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



ANY CHILD CAN MAKE THIS PUPPY and his 5 little animal friends

Here is the dearest pet of all—
A Puppy who, though very small,
Has such a sympathetic eye
He knows just how you feel and why.
If you should be a little blue
He'll snuggle close and comfort you.
To make him, use a spool with mark
Of Number 60, Coats or Clark.

Special Offer Brings These Clever New Spool Toys

Here are six clever animal toys that any child can make with spools. They come to you printed on cards in color. Simply cut them out, paste their heads and tails on the ends of spools and they stand up for you as lifelike as can be. Complete directions for making are given with each toy.

To make Puppy Dog, for example, glue his head and tail to the ends of a J. & P. Coats or Clark's O.N.T. Spool, size 50, 60, or 70—the thread sizes for best results in sewing light-weight fabrics, such as cotton prints, silks and woolens; for making draperies and for general household sewing.

Send Coupon

More than 300,000 boys and girls have sent for these clever toys and have had great fun making them and playing with them. The set of 6 includes Puppy Dog, Kitty Cat, Bob Bunny, Hal Horse, Clara Cow and Pete Pig. To get them all, send 5¢ with coupon. (Let us include a copy of "Sewing Secrets." See additional offer in coupon.)

One of These Spool Toys in Every Package of J. & P. Coats Bias Trim

THE SPOOL COTTON COMPANY
Box 551-63N, Newark, N. J.
Please send me the complete set of six Spool Pets. I enclose 5¢.

Name ____________
(*Please Print*)
Street (or R. F. D.) ____________
City ________ State ________

If you wish us to include "Sewing Secrets," a new 48-page book of modern sewing methods, enclose 5c additional (10c in all) and check here......... •

CLARK'S O.N.T. — J. & P. COATS
THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

SUMMER COTTAGES $179.00 UP
GARAGES $92.00 UP

Many Sizes and Designs• All Materials Readi-Cut We Pay Freight

The ALADDIN Co. Mail this Coupon!
Bay City, Mich. (Address nearest office) Portland, Ore.
Send free, without obligation, new catalog of Homes, Summer Cottages and Garages, No. 531.

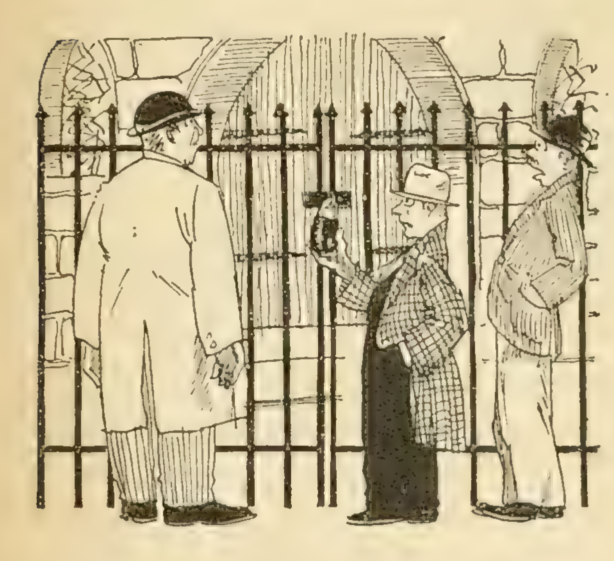
Name ____________
Street ____________
City ________ State ________

Vox

Shall Churches Stand Open to the Poor?

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE WEST—The article by Rupert Hughes, "Why Not Open the Churches to the Poor?" was the very best solution of the problem of aiding the down-and-outers. Mr. Hughes put it in such forceful words that any ordinary person could understand him, and my hope is that three million or more people read that plea.

I know of a church in my own city, not more than twelve blocks from my home, where, during the week, the doors are locked. Not only that—there is a spiked iron fence around it, and the gates are padlocked—open only on days when the members of that church wish to go in there for worship or social meetings. Rupert Hughes, I salute you! —*Elmer E. Snyder.*



ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—I'm glad that Dr. S. Parkes Cadman so capably and thoroughly refuted Rupert Hughes' article. As a rule, people of Rupert Hughes' type, who know very little about churches and their activities, do most of the shouting as to what churches should do.—*M. J. Cieplak.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—There are admittedly, at this moment, many people cold and without shelter. Why not open the churches to them? Dr. Cadman's only direct answer to this plain question asked by Rupert Hughes was that some churches offered to do this and the offer was vetoed by certain health departments. How hard did the churches try? How hard did Dr. Cadman try?

Did the churches let in the shelterless only to have them turned out by the authorities?

If so, was the public informed of the names of those in authority who turned the shelterless out?—*American.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am indeed grateful for the opportunity to express my deep joy at Dr. S. Parkes Cadman's timely and pithy answer to Rupert Hughes' article on opening the churches to the unemployed.

I'd have given the rest of my twenties to see the expression on Mr. Hughes' face when he read that "writers of Mr. Hughes' kidney . . . bore sensible Americans to tears."—*Miss Lillian Oliver, age twenty-two.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Because I believe in getting both sides of a story, I read the opinions by both the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman and Rupert Hughes. I have not agreed with a number of opinions expressed by Mr. Hughes, but I do agree with him on opening the churches to the poor.

God Himself cannot help but look down with disgust if the doors of our churches are kept closed to the people.—*Kenneth Maher.*

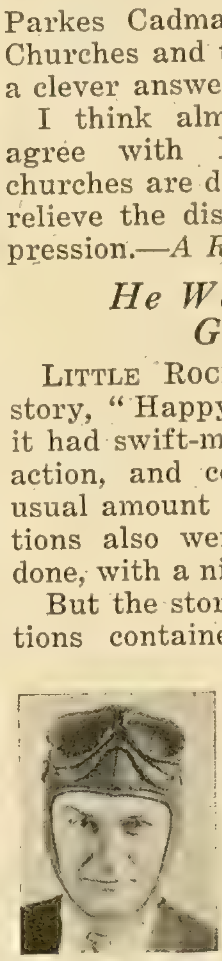
SYDNEY MINES, NOVA SCOTIA—Just a word or two of congratulation to Dr. S. Parkes Cadman on his article, "The Churches and the Unemployed." What a clever answer to Rupert Hughes!

I think almost any Christian will agree with Dr. Cadman that the churches are doing all in their power to relieve the distress caused by this depression.—*A Reader.*

He Wants His Flyers Goggle-Eyed

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Bruce Gould's story, "Happy Landings," was good—it had swift-moving, deftly handled air action, and contained more than the usual amount of interest. The illustrations also were attractive and neatly done, with a nice eye for detail.

But the story and one of the illustrations contained inconsistencies which just "spoiled everything" for me.



W. J. Davison

To begin with. Steve could never have made a stall landing such as the author described in such a small area with a low-wing monoplane, and particularly one which was big enough and heavy enough for transoceanic flying. I have been a licensed pilot for almost four years, have flown many different types of ships, including high-wing, mid-wing, and low-wing monoplanes, and I know what I'm talking about.

With reference to the illustrations, my disgust was aroused by the one showing Steve immediately after the take-off from the mountain top. Why is it that these artists always think that a pilot wears a pair of goggles chiefly to keep his forehead warm and for manly adornment?

This illustrator lets poor old Steve dive down into a cañon at something like a hundred per, with the slip stream rushing past his face hell-for-breakfast, with a perfectly good pair of goggles perched on his forehead!—*W. J. Davison.*

"Labor Will Supply Our Leaders"

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Your editorial, "Labor Will Supply Our Leaders," leads me to remark that, if so, God have mercy on us, because we will be beyond the help of man.

I predict that if union labor does not get off its horse and take cuts of about twenty-five per cent, it will cease to exist.

We are sick and tired of a small part of the people telling a big part what they must do.—*A. B. C.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your editorial and cartoon on "Labor Will Supply Our Leaders" was the sanest and most constructive article that was ever brought to my attention.

It struck at the root of all ills causing unemployment.—*A Constant Reader.*

Kick at the Kickers

WORCESTER, MASS.—Roosters are famous for their lack of brains.

Most of the roosters who knock Liberty are trying hard to live up to their brainless reputation.

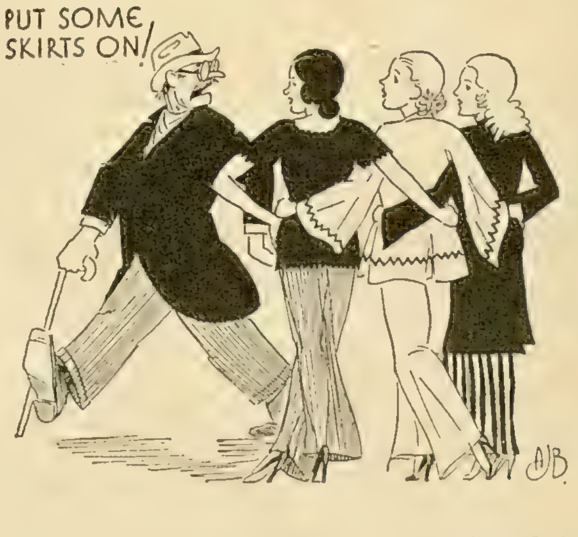
If some of those birds got the Empire State Building for a nickel they would kick because our newest dirigible, the Akron, was not hitched to the mooring mast.—*James M. Richardson.*

On Looking Backward as We Go Forward

WALTON, FLA.—In your editorial, "Our Vanishing Moral Standards," you asked the questions: "Where are we going? What are we coming to?"

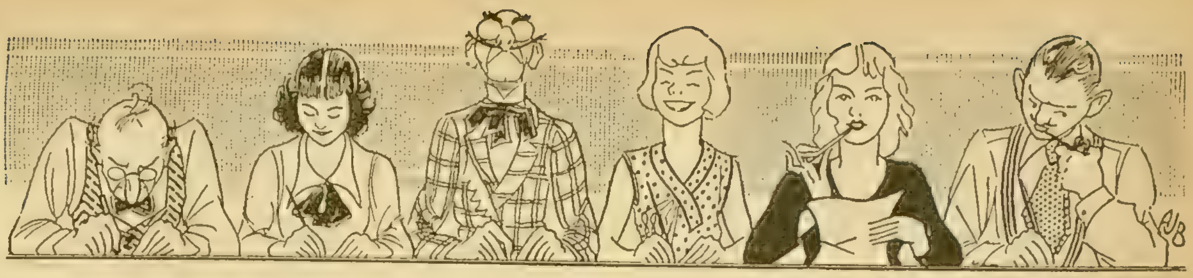
You will find your answer in the vanished civilizations of the past: Egypt, Greece, Rome. They all thought it very enlightened to run about naked and to glorify the naked human body.

Full-blooded men and women cannot associate together on bathing beaches, or anywhere else, nearly naked, and gazing upon each other, with impunity to each other's morals.



When a nation voluntarily lowers its moral standards it is the beginning of the end. America has chosen, seemingly. Watch the result.—*A Man.*

Pop



Mr. Franklin Starts a Sex War

FORT HOWARD, MD.—That article, "Can American Men Escape American Women?" written by Jay Franklin, was one of the best ever printed in your magazine.

It should be read and remembered by every American male, and would keep men from letting the women wear their pants! (which has already been done—see styles of 1931).

I believe that there is something wrong in this country when they force men to pay alimony—heart balm—for imaginary "cruelty," etc., to some women who are nothing but a modern plague.—*Henry Jacquinot.*

MISS AMERICA
1933
MODEST MAMA MODEL

BOSTON, MASS.—Mr. Jay Franklin said some most unjust things in his article about American men and American women, and I, for one, resented them.

American men are lucky that they have clear-thinking American women to guide them. If this weren't so—chaos!—*Janet.*

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—Just a word of support for Jay Franklin's article, "Can American Men Escape American Women?" I happen to be an inveterate pipe smoker. Why? Because the women, damn 'em, smoke our cigarettes.

And that's not all. They drive our cars, pilot our planes, and take our jobs away from us.

And what can we do about it? Take it on the chin and come back for more. Again I say, damn 'em—and God bless 'em!—*T. B. Elvidge.*

T. B. Elvidge

WARREN, MINN.—I've always given three big cheers for Liberty and will continue to do so if stuff like "Can American Men Escape American Women?" by Jay Franklin is thrown out.

Men used to teach school. Many do yet. But if women are better qualified, why squall about it?

Who in the world directs these goofy films that have so much sex appeal? Men!

And Mr. Franklin contradicts himself. He says: "American women are the most dangerous force in our civilization." Yet later on he admits they keep civilization up by "instinctively supporting the churches, bearing and rearing children, writing and editing literature, teaching our children, and fixing the public taste."

Oh, wouldn't I like to talk to that man?—*One of the Dangerous Force.*

YONKERS, N. Y.—Hip, hip, and two hurrahs for Jay Franklin's article on our American women!

Has the truth-telling Jay ever heard of a certain kind of spider, who spins her web, catches her fly, and then proceeds to bite him? The bite sends the fly to sleep for days or weeks till the spider wants to eat.

The fly looks, and is, quite happy until the eating begins—then he wakes up and kicks. He can't buzz, as his wings have been pulled off.

Now listen to the feminists squawk! —*Just Another Poor Male.*

One from an Egg

GLEN ELLEN, CALIF.—Want to hear the truth?

Well, here it is, like it or not: Liberty is like a ham sandwich—with the ham left out.—*S. A. Weaver.*

When Reading Time Is Waiting Time

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Your idea of putting the reading time at the top of every story is fine.

Whenever my wife says, "I'll be ready in a minute," I don't get nervous like I uster. I just pick up Liberty and find a story that says "Reading time 30 minutes 19 seconds"—and come out even every time!—*Joseph E. Deupree.*

Spread This News, Brother

ST. JOHNSVILLE, N. Y.—Here's the low-down.

Your mag. is just one big dollar's worth rolled up in a nickel.—*O. J. "Ollie" Wolcott.*

That'll Do, from You

WILMINGTON, DEL.—A word about this story, "Sheath Knife," by Captain William Outerson.

I should say that the captain, as a writer of fiction, is a good sailor.—*John Crosman.*

Mixed Like a Fruit Cake

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I usually read Liberty from cover to cover, for it is educational, amusing, sublime, naughty, good, bad, wet, and dry—all of which pretty well covers the interests of the country's normal personnel.—*F. H. Martin.*

A Pre-Mayflower American's Views on Booze

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.—We all have learned a good lesson during this depression. We know, now, the weak parts of the political machine.

The weakest spoke in the nation's wheel is prohibition. If light wines and beer would become constitutional, prosperity would reign. Jobless millions would be put to work on all lines of industry. The farmers would prosper as well as the consumer.

Henry K. Fox

The first miracle Christ ever did was to change six jars of water into wine. This was to show his glory and might. Now, at the present time, the officers are breaking these jars of wine, that they may show their glory to the earthly dignified class.

Now, dear readers, if I haven't said a mouthful I am a liar.—*Henry K. Fox, a full-blooded American Indian.*

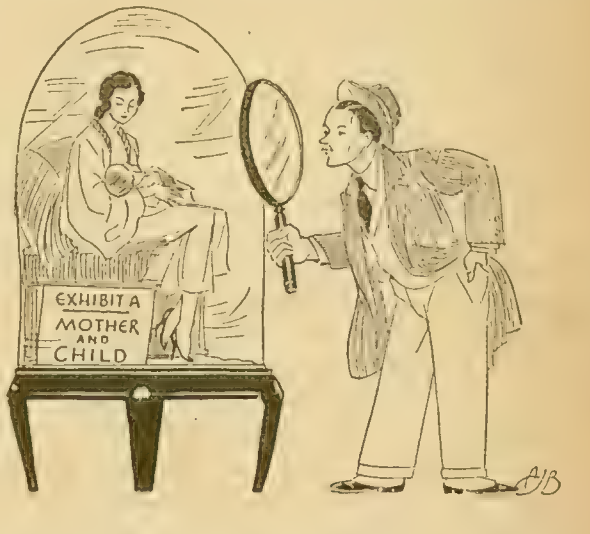
The Debatable Sandy, Lil & Co.

ELIZABETH, N. J.—Are you looking for a constructive criticism or a new idea? I think and have thought for a long time that your Sandy and Lil pictures make an otherwise fine little magazine resemble a cheap comic sheet. Considering the fine quality of your stories and articles, the covers don't seem to belong.—*A. F. Buckley.*

KINGSBURG, CALIF.—I note our friend Leslie Thrasher is continually getting thrashed in Vox Pop, more or Leslie. You tell 'em I said Leslie is all right—a humdinger, a lallapalooza, and several things like that. He gets more character and expression and human nature into the characters on his covers than can be found on any other magazine cover I know of.

I'm telling you he knows his mamas. I'll bet he's studied them, and studied kids, too, as carefully as if they were in glass cases in museums.

You pat him on the back for me.—*B. W. McKeen.*



Can the SMALL

An Analysis of Some Opinions

By MAR

(Reading time: 8 minutes 55 seconds.)

FRED MURPHY has his little pig.

I am sure the readers of Liberty will be glad to know this. Following the publication of my article, Driven Back to Paradise! in the issue of November 14, hundreds of letters have poured into the Liberty offices from every class and condition of individual and society and organization. The letter that brought Fred Murphy his pig came from S. R. Spencer of Columbia, South Carolina, who inclosed a letter from John C. Spring of Evansville, Indiana. Mr. Spring wrote:

> I have been fortunate enough to have steady employment through the recent months of depression, and just as a little evidence of my thankfulness I inclose a check to purchase a much wanted pig for Fred Murphy.

Fred is undoubtedly joyfully tending his pig and watching it grow into a hog so that the family can " have meat and lard for bread."

Like the clarion call in the Scriptures, " Come over into Macedonia, and help us," Liberty has received hundreds of frantic entreaties, " Come and help ! " from every state in the Union.

A great army of men and women want to get on farms. There are millions of acres of uncultivated lands. The American people are genuinely aroused over the idea of a practical and workable Back-to-the-Land movement.

Many of Liberty's correspondents favor legislative action. Others very strongly oppose; these claim that there is too much danger in governmental control of farms and farm produce. What all want is to find the best and most constructive mode of operation.

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, in an address before the Conference of Governors at French Lick, Indiana, June 2, 1931, strongly advocated " state planning of land use for industry and agriculture." He said:

" The State of New York has definitely undertaken this as a governmental responsibility . . . with the immediate purpose of relieving impossible and unfair economic conditions on the farms of the state, but with a broader ultimate purpose of formulating a well thought out and scientific plan for developing a permanent agriculture."

Governor Roosevelt urged state control and state aid.

" In all of this, the state requires, of course, the sympathetic coöperation of the national government as an information-gathering body. The national government can well act as a clearing house for all of us governors to work through, and I think that is the correct and most useful function of Washington."

In a message to the New York Legislature at Albany, January 26, 1931, Governor Roosevelt said:

" I have pointed out that we in this state have, in our program of remedial legislation for our farmers and rural dwellers, progressed to the point where we should formulate a definite far-reaching land policy for the state. . . . What do we mean by land policy? Fundamentally we mean that every acre of rural land in the state should be used only for that purpose for which it is best fitted and out of which the greatest economic return can be derived. New York has about thirty million acres of land, of which twenty-seven million acres are rural and nonindustrial."

New York State is evidently taking hold of her agricultural problems in a thorough and scientific way.

Certainly in this great, rich nation there should be available funds, even from private subscription, for this Back-to-the-Land movement.

The city of Detroit has set up a bureau in connection with the Welfare Department to find places on farms for some of their welfare families. One reads with quickened interest how "most of the farmers in Michigan have surplus milk, which they are now feeding to the stock, as they cannot afford to sell it on the regular market."

Milk? A surplus of milk! In Michigan.

Milk being fed to cattle!

How many of the children in New York City, for example, have all the milk they ought to have?

I find in the same letter from Detroit:

" It seems inevitable that many of our large cities have to begin a process of decentralization, and any permanent work that we can do along this line will help in that reorganization period."

There are too many people in our cities. We all know it. There should be a decentralization. But how? That is the big question. A surprisingly large proportion of the letters pertain to plans for the carrying out of the project of the Back-to-the-Land movement. Liberty gladly invites practical ideas on this subject. An analysis shows, however, that the plans coming in, so far, are largely from individuals and companies who own land.

Liberty is not prejudiced for or against any individual or state or section of the country. Liberty has no lands to sell and none to recommend. It delights in sponsoring any cause that lends itself to the betterment of our people and to the solution of their problems.

In the article in the issue of November 14 I said that much of " Florida's soil is put to its best use in the making of golf links and tennis courts." This drew down on my unwary head a veritable avalanche of protest. I've been all over Florida. To me, it is an enchanted tropical fairyland of beauty and romance, a place to rest and dream and to renew one's soul. Yet, as to its soil, the Floridians protest that they can grow almost anything and everything. Therefore I felt constrained to look into this matter. I went to Washington, D. C., to the government Bureau of Soil. There I learned that the State of Florida has almost every variety of soil there is. In one acre in Florida you may find several different kinds of soil. Some Florida soil is " spotty." Next to poor land will be very rich land. However, if even the poor soil is handled scientifically and properly, you can get results. And I was told that in parts of the Everglades of Florida the soil is so rich that they sell it by the bushel for fertilizer!

FARM PAY?

the Back-to-the-Land Movement

NOBLE

A man writes from Maine: "What we need is more farm relief. Our farmers have so far been relieved of nearly everything they own. . . . If I were asked to point a finger to the real cause of this crisis that is existent today, I should say Wall Street, prohibition, Federal Reserve banks, tariff. Correct these things. . . ."

This man gives a large order. It is true that the farmers have been the heaviest losers. And the farm relief that comes in the way of a loan with a mortgage on the land as security, usually results in a foreclosure.

I am told that the land banks in the Southern states now own millions on millions of dollars' worth of farms. Nothing can survive, not even a land bank, on frozen, unproductive assets.

Here we have the situation. From every nook and corner of our great nation we are hearing the cry: "Come and help us!"

Idle men and women who long to work, who want to get on farms, are willing to pay any price except money that they do not possess.

Equally strong is the appeal "Come and help" from a vast number of land banks and mortgage companies that are now struggling hopelessly under the burden of millions of acres of uncultivated lands.

How can these two great forces be brought together?

MANY of the letters to Liberty insist that "small farms do not pay"; that "we are living in a new agricultural era of mass production." One man writes:

"One hundred and fifty years ago ninety per cent of the people lived on the farms and raised and produced their own necessities of life. Today less than thirty per cent of the people live on farms, and they produce only raw material, and after it passes through half a dozen different hands, such as local dealers, railroads, factories, jobbers, wholesalers, and retailers, and a profit is added each time, where is the farmer? Instead of individual ownership and production, as of old, we have mass production, and we should have mass ownership."

Can this be true, I asked myself. Must we all become nothing but cogs in machinery? Is individuality to be totally submerged?

In trying to find a tangible answer, my attention was attracted by a letter from a woman in North Carolina.

"I've lived on a one-horse farm all my life," she wrote. "My father and mother came to this farm as bride and groom and built a one-room log cabin. I was born in that cabin. While we haven't much, we are plain poor people, we have managed to live . . . would be glad to see you if you ever come to this place."

I went to that place. I drove from Raleigh, North Carolina. It was in the middle of November; a warm, balmy, heavenly day. By diligent inquiry I found the Gibbs family located on an obscure dirt road about three

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROBERT A. CAMERON

LONG ISLAND MATRON LOSES 64 POUNDS OF FAT

THE SAFE WAY to REDUCE

A Kruschen figure depicting slenderness, physical attractiveness and charm.

Take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—go lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats—then watch ugly fat gradually vanish. Notice how skin clears—how eyes glow with a healthy sparkle—how new youthful activity permeates your entire body.

Bear in mind Kruschen is more than just a laxative salt—it's a superb blend of SIX separate minerals which sweep poisons and harmful acids from your system—minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly.

Mrs. Harold Price of Woodside, L. I. writes: "A year ago I weighed 190 lbs. I started taking Kruschen and now weigh 126 and never felt better in my life."

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold by leading drugstores throughout the world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

COLDS

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub *once an hour for five hours* . . . what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole to make it what doctors call a *"counter-irritant"* because it gets action and is not just a salve.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

[CAN THE SMALL FARM PAY?
Continued from page fifty-nine]

miles from the Wilmington-Asheville highway.

There was a two-story plain white clapboard house, with a porch across the entire front, set in a grove of oak trees. The yard had no sprig of grass. Its white, sandy surface was swept clean.

I knocked on the door. It was opened by a woman some fifty years old. She was of small stature, slender, and with a round, smooth face surprisingly free from wrinkles. Her hair, with scarcely a gray thread, was neatly parted in the middle. She wore a black-and-white print dress with a plain white apron. It was she who spoke first, holding the door open in welcome.

"Howdy! Will you come in?"

This was her greeting to a total stranger. I asked:

"Are you Roxana Gibbs who wrote a letter to Mary Noble of Liberty Magazine?"

Her gray eyes twinkled. She said:

"Yes, ma'am. Are you Mary Noble? How did you ever find this place?"

"Easily. Everybody seems to know the Gibbs family. You have lived here a long time?"

"All my life."

A wide hall went through the middle of the house. It was bare except for a table on which was a cedar bucket full of water with a long-handled gourd dipper in it. She led the way into a room on the left. She was saying:

"I told you we are just plain poor folks. But we're glad to see you and offer you the best we got. It ain' much."

The room had two beds with snowy-white crocheted counterpanes. It had a wide rock fireplace and hearth, with logs laid for a fire. The floor was bare, but its sand-scrubbed surface glowed.

"Rest your hat, lady," Miss Gibbs invited. "You're going to stay to dinner."

She would not take no for an answer.

"OH, yes, you are! Of course, we won't have much to eat—to what you're used to—but we're powerful honored to have you."

I took off my hat and "rested" it on the snow-white bed. This sweet-faced, hospitable woman was strangely warming all around the crusted corners of my heart. I remarked:

"You've a comfortable place here. Would you mind showing me about?"

"It ain' much," she sighed. "But it's ours, it's always been ours, and we get along."

Across the back of the house was another porch reaching the entire length, and to this open porch was attached a dining room and kitchen. I saw a well out in the yard some fifty feet or more. Beyond the well were the barns and stables and an empty garage, which was a corncrib, converted. Across the back yard stood an old log cabin. Miss Gibbs said:

"That's the house my father built himself when he brought his bride here—oh, seventy years ago, I reckon. We use it now for a smokehouse. This new house George built himself some thirty years ago. Everything in the house is homemade."

"How many acres of land have you?" I asked.

"About thirty acres cleared—maybe forty now, and about a hundred in woods."

"What do you raise?"

"WE used to raise cotton mostly. Now we have to raise a little bit of everything."

"How many in the family?"

"Just my brother George and his grown daughter Millie. They've gone to church. We take turns, Millie and me, going to church on Sabbaths. My brother's wife, Millie's mother, died two years ago. She's the one who did all the crocheting and embroidery. She loved it."

I thanked a gracious Providence that I could talk alone with this new-found friend. She said:

"We always cook Sunday dinner on Saturday. It isn't much. Let's stay out here on the back porch where it's sunny and warm."

She had thrown a light woolen shawl around her shoulders. Two homemade chairs with straight ladder backs were placed in a sunny spot and we sat down. It was not just the peace of a Sabbath day that enveloped us; it was the deep, deep quiet of God's country.

At that moment, to me, how vain and stupid and unreal seemed the vulgar ambitions of men and women who swarm in iron-and-steel-bound city hives! She was saying:

"I didn't light the fire in the parlor this morning, like I always do on Sundays, for it was so nice and warm out here. Millie always likes a big pine-log fire, though. It is comfortable when our friends drop in—to look at."

Friends? Drop in? It had seemed such an out-of-the-way place, isolated from everybody.

"This isn't a thickly settled neighborhood, even yet," she explained. "The land is poor. But we have relatives and friends all around. I couldn't live without friends."

Back of the log cabin I saw a small lean-to with a slanting glass roof.

"What is that little house?" I asked.

She laughed happily. She said:

"That's my very own greenhouse. I built it myself. I got the glass from a mail-order house. My brother George cut the logs and helped me mortar it together. Oh, I love flowers! They bloom all winter in there."

Yes, this woman would love flowers, and flowers would bloom for her.

There were so many things I wanted to know. I asked:

"You keep a cow and chickens?"

"Of course. We have two cows and about fifty chickens. That's how I get most of my money—butter and eggs. George carries them into Durham twice a week. I have my regular customers."

"Hogs too? Do you raise hogs?"

"Sure. Three or four for our own use; that's all. We raise all our own meat and lard."

"And vegetables? You have a garden?"

"How else could we live? We raise all the vegetables we can eat and can and sell. We've got a sweet-potato house full this year."

"What else do you raise?"

"Corn and wheat and cotton. We try to put in only ten acres of cotton. It's cheap, of course, but we do all our own work, my brother and niece and me, so it brings in some money. Except clothes, the only things we have to buy at the store are coffee and salt and white sugar. We make our own molasses. We buy books now and then—and magazines."

How little the world does know about how the other half lives, I thought. She went on:

"We have a nice orchard. Peaches and plums and pears and apples. We dry the fruit for winter."

After a while George and Millie returned. Millie proved to be a bright girl of twenty, gay, laughing, happy. She was a young replica of her aunt. George's Sunday clothes seemed to weigh on his spirit. I wanted to see George in overalls.

Aunt Roxy—for that was my friend's name—retired to the kitchen. Millie assumed the duties of hostess.

"You like it here?" I asked her.

SHE smiled. "Sure. I love it. I was born here."

"Where did you go to school?"—for the girl was educated.

"To the little district country school. I walked three miles twice every day—until I was ready for college."

"Oh, you went to college?"

She was aware that I was surprised.

"Yes. I graduated from Duke University two years ago. My best friend, who always lived on the farm next to us, went to New York and to Columbia for two years. My mother was ill. I couldn't leave home. I'm in training to be a nurse. There isn't but one trained nurse in this county. But—I can tell you—I'm going to be married this spring, to a doctor in the hospital."

I listened delightedly to her chatter as we walked to the house. Aunt Roxy met us at the step of the back porch and invited us into the dining room.

An oblong table was in the center. In every corner of the room stood great tubs of potted palms and rubber plants and ferns. From ceiling to floor, all around, the room was a bower of green living things. Aunt Roxy apologized: "We have to bring these plants in here in winter. They belong in the yard."

"Very lovely," I murmured. And lovely it was. A glowing fire of pine knots shed flickering lights over the creamy-white scrubbed floor, the glistening plants, and the abundantly spread dinner table. Said Aunt Roxy again:

"We don't have much—"

I had to interrupt with a laugh. There were two baked chickens on a great platter with browned corn fritters all around them. At the other end of the table was a baked country ham surrounded by sweet potatoes. In between were vegetables of six varieties, and pickles and preserves and two huge cakes; one made with layers of jelly, the other an old-fashioned poundcake. Delicious home-canned peaches and cherries. Homemade breads.

After we were seated, everybody bowed their heads and George said grace.

ALL during that meal, as I was eating more than any human organism ought to be expected to take care of, Aunt Roxy was apologizing that they hadn't known anyone was coming and hadn't "prepared" for company and "didn't have much."

By three o'clock she was entertaining two of her friends in front of the flickering dining-room fire among the palms and ferns. Millie had a room—the parlor—filled with young people. They were laughing and talking while they ate home-grown peanuts and popped corn and cracked black walnuts. George and three of his neighbors were smoking pipes filled with home-grown tobacco, sitting on homemade chairs propped against the barn door, and undoubtedly discussing affairs of mutual neighborly interest. And over it all shone the sweet warm sunshine of Southern skies.

I got into my car at four o'clock that afternoon, carrying with me a vivid picture, never to be forgotten, of a small farm in the backwoods of North Carolina.

Not a new venture. These people had lived there for three generations. But the important thing was that they are living there now and without complaint.

From almost every state in the Union we have received letters that repeat over and over again the small farm cannot pay. Here is a small farm that has paid and continues to pay in abundant food for the family, in heat and warmth for winter, in dividends of contentment and happiness, in dividends of character and education and spiritual realities.

Aunt Roxy said:

"We haven't much. But it's all ours, and we get along."

What more has life to offer?

THE END

NAME YOUR PAIN

☐ Neuritis

☐ Headache

☐ Neuralgia

Quick Relief with a Harmless Tablet!

Pain stopped "while you wait"! The most violent headache, racking neuralgia or shooting rheumatic pains, yield swiftly to Salicon. Also the pain in decayed or ulcerated teeth. Salicon gives almost instant relief and does it without the use of harmful drugs and without any bad after-effects. Does not affect the heart, upset the stomach or establish a habit. Widely prescribed by physicians and dentists. 25c, 50c and $1.25 at all drug stores.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, send attached coupon for trial package of SALICON.

Salicon

K. A. Hughes Co., Dept. 27-L-116,
22 Yeoman Street,
Boston, Mass.

FREE TRIAL

Kindly send **free trial** size of Salicon

Name..........

Address..........

City..........State..........

LEARN TO WRITE

SHORT STORIES

With our *unlimited personal criticism* and *manuscript sales service*, you, too, can learn to write the stories of your dreams and experiences. Many earn $5,000 to $10,000 yearly. One of our students, a novice at the writing game, recently sold her first story for $5,000. Over 25,000 publications buying stories today! Write for FREE BOOK, "The Art of Story Writing." Also our special course in English. No obligation.

SHORT STORY DEPT. 111, Hoosier Institute, Fort Wayne, Ind.

NO MORE DIMMING

NEW KIND OF AUTO EYES

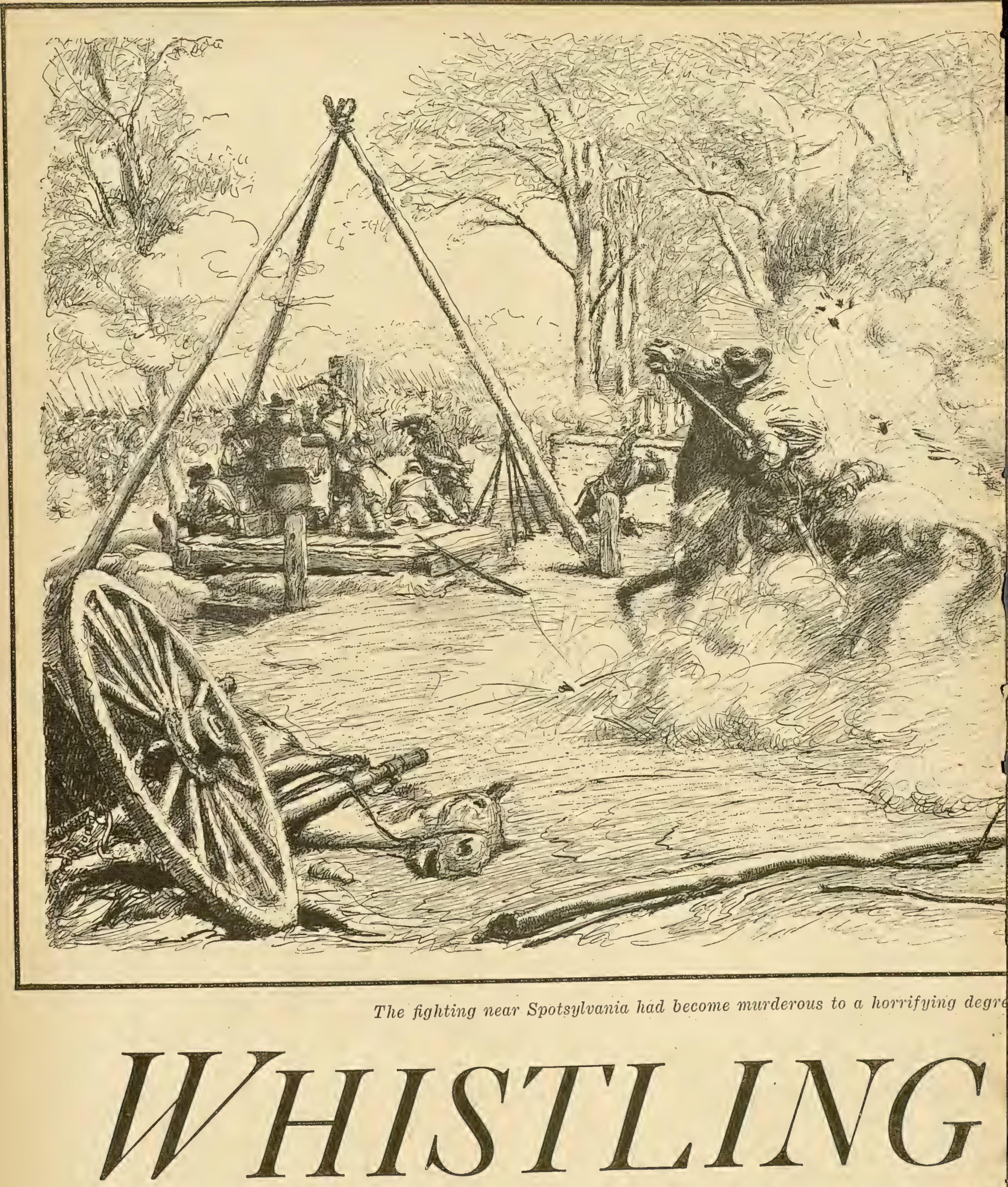
Makes Night Driving Safer Than Day!

Queer little inexpensive invention now replaces the old glass headlight bulbs in your car! Instantly doubles road light, yet absolutely ends dangerous dimming! Revolutionary new principle. Throws solid beam of double-reflected or "infused" light. Ends glare, yet cuts through any light on the road. Even pierces fog, rain and snow. Shows up ruts, detour signs, animals, etc., clearly, without usual flickering shadows. Send now for details and introductory FREE TEST OFFER.

AGENTS

Wehner, Pa., made $1,125 in 90 days. We guarantee sales. Exclusive territory. Big repeat business. Wallace & Tiernan, N. J., Post, Texas newspaper, other big companies equipping fleets. Write quick!

Hachmeister-Lind Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dept. A-930



The fighting near Spotsylvania had become murderous to a horrifying degre

WHISTLING

By ROBERT W

Pictures

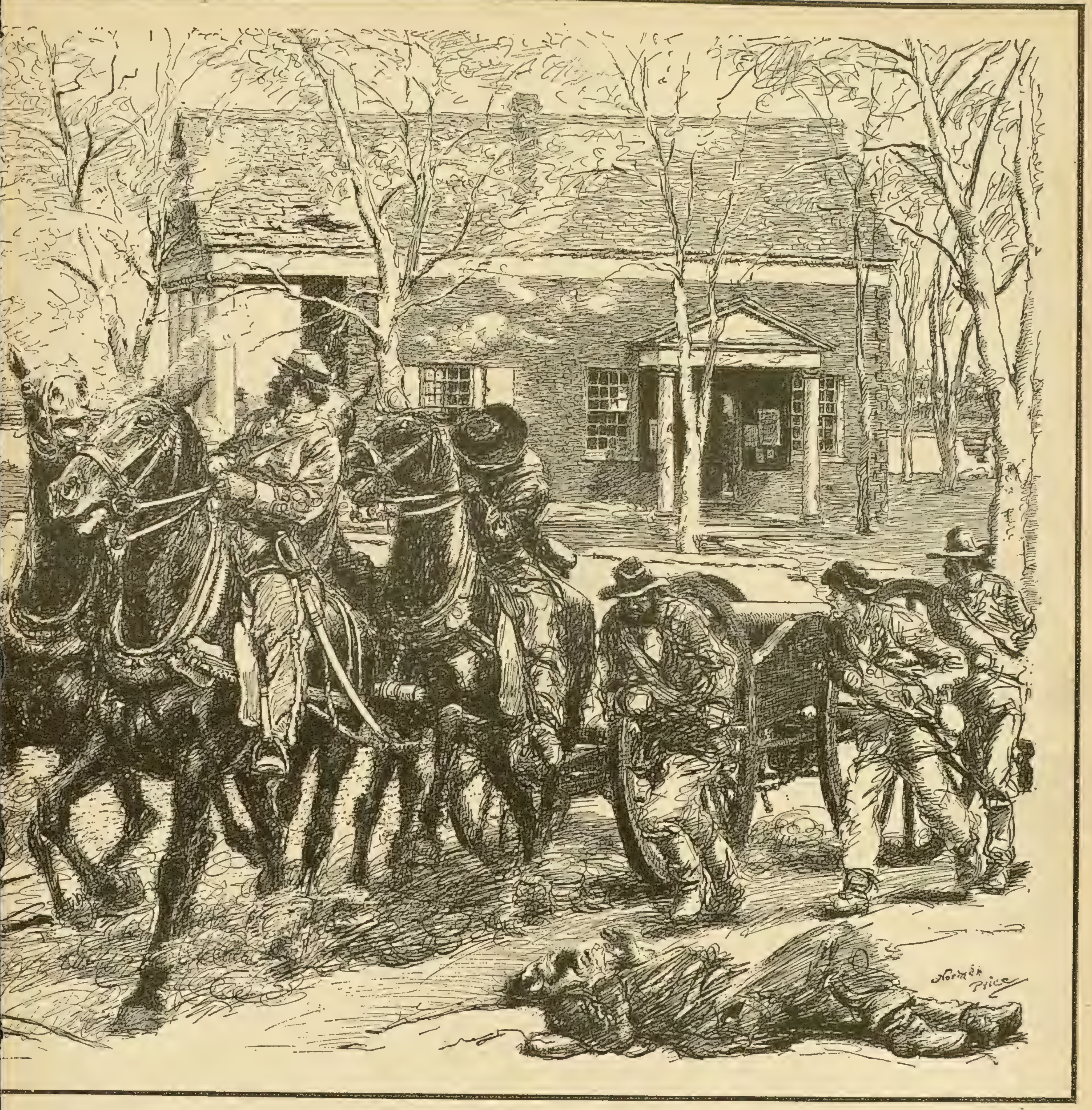
(Reading time: 34 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is a story of high hearts and perilous days during our Civil War, as told by Juan Maddox. Juan and Iris O'Brien, fellow Texans and both Federal Military Telegraph operators, fell in love with each other while braving danger. When Iris confessed to Juan that her father, a Federal captain, was really a Confederate spy, Juan promised to warn him to resign. Meanwhile there was peril ahead; for Juan, Iris, and the Federal boy spy, Gilfred Spurlock, came face to face with Gholson Ghooly and some of his murderous guerrillas.

PART TEN

WAR'S LONG GRIND

GILFRED slowly leveled his squirrel rifle; his arm no longer trembled. I saw the man he aimed at rise cautiously to look ahead of him. There was another man, too, very close to him, moving noiselessly along the marshy edge of the water; and I fired at him and hit him; stood up and fired at him again



vo armies clawing each other to the bone in savage minor engagements.

CAT

A Monster Dies—The Breaking Point—Savage Armies—Love Lives On—Grant's Gethsemane—The Thrill of Action

HAMBERS

N Price

where he was reeling and struggling to keep on his feet. He collapsed and pitched over sideways, splashing up mud and water. I had not heard the crack of the squirrel rifle; but I saw that the other man was down on his hands and knees, making convulsive efforts to get up; saw Gilfred, hunting knife in hand, bounding lightly forward with long, agile leaps; parted the bushes and hurried after him, recocking my revolver as I ran.

Bang! And my fatigue cap flew from my head, and a hot cloud of flame and smoke nearly strangled me. Through it a spectral shape was brandishing a rifle high above my head; and I fired straight into the phantom visage, and shrank aside to dodge the descending weapon as it clattered down at my feet, spattering me with mud.

A furious crashing in the tangle close beside me revealed Gilfred clinging to Gholson Ghooly, where, locked

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page sixty-three

together, they were fighting like two snarling panthers, tooth and nail. And even as I ran up to end it, the boy twisted his supple body upward and, with arched spine, drove his foot into Ghooly's belly, stamping, kicking, crushing him into agonized helplessness.

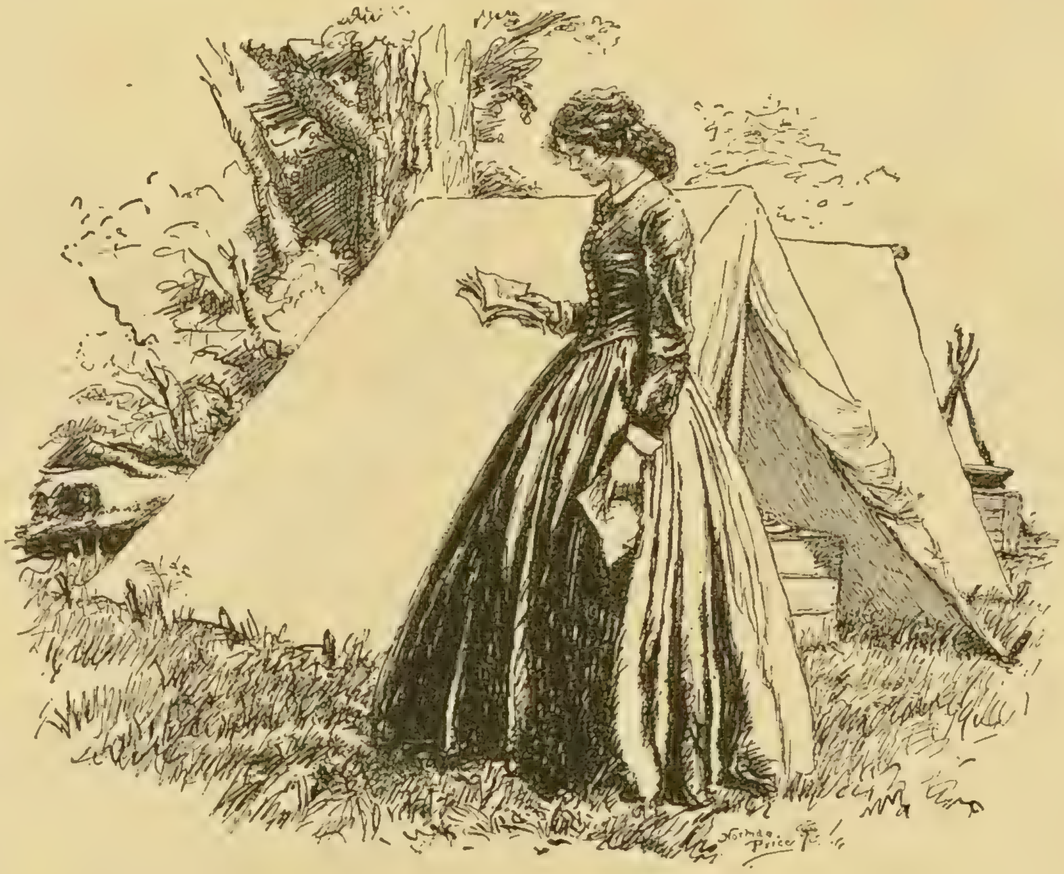
"Don't cut his throat!" I panted. "Here's a bit of wire! Here—tie him!"

We dragged him over on his battered, bloody face, pulled his arms behind his back, and tied them with the remnant of telegraph wire which I jerked out of my pocket.

"He ought to hang," I gasped—"if you think we can pull him out of here—"

The boy seized one of the bandit's legs, I the other; and we began to drag the wretch through the thicket toward the highway where, in the ditch on the woods' edge, I could see Iris holding our horses; and also a third animal—a saddled mule—standing there tied to a sapling.

At that moment we heard a distant noise of horses in the woods. There could be little doubt that some of the guerrillas had heard the shots and were riding about to discover the reason.



Iris went about her duties as though half dead; her mortal pallor scared me.

We pulled and tugged and yanked the partly insensible monster out toward the swale, dragging him behind us through brier and vine and saw-edged grass. Then Gilfred picked him up bodily and threw him, head down, across his saddle.

"Get on to your horse!" I called to Iris.

She tossed me my bridle, we mounted, and Gilfred flung himself astride his mule.

But now to the westward, all along the fringing woods, frantic horsemen burst from among the trees and stampeded both ways in torrents of dust.

The spectacle was sudden, swift, and violent. Blue cavalry, neck and neck with wildly galloping guerrillas, sabered them, shot them, clubbed them off their terrified horses.

A SCORE of them came pelting up the plank road in our direction, our troopers thundering on their heels. Gilfred tumbled his half-conscious prisoner off his saddle into the ditch, and he and I spurred straight into the galloping fugitives, but had time to fire only once as their horses hit ours and hurled them aside—mine being knocked flat on his back, kicking and scrambling in the swale grass. But I managed to roll over and over and keep clear of him, and got blindly to my legs and caught him before he could join the yelling stampede on the road.

But even as I caught my horse our cavalry stormed by us and the rout swept on beyond us.

Iris, fighting her frantic nag, wrist and heel, to hold him, was bucketing and plunging about in the tangled grass of the ditch. Gilfred, surrounded by a dozen sweating blue horsemen, was fashioning a slip noose out of a picket rope which some obliging trooper had furnished him.

He got hold of Ghooly's legs again and was trying to drag him out to the road, the squirming ruffian groaning and clutching at every bunch of swale grass to stop him.

"Wait, son," said a big freckled sergeant of cavalry, motioning his men to take hold and finish matters. "Now, all together—heave him up!"

I walked over to Iris and, taking her horse and mine by the heads with one hand, drew her away among the trees. She was shaking violently but did not utter a word. I helped her to her saddle. Then I mounted, and we turned our nags northward into the Germania road.

As I urged my mount forward I glanced back a moment. Ghooly's contorted body, squirming and writhing, was being hoisted with short jerks to a telegraph pole, and a score of our troopers were clustered around to see the ruffian die.

The woods road now was full of our cavalry, and in every direction the forest swarmed with them, afoot and ahorse, beating up the thickets for skulking or wounded guerrillas.

WHEN we arrived in sight of our tents and Harrison's wagons, Iris, riding beside me, caught my arm in a desperate grip and gave me a tragic look which I understood.

I said in a low voice: "I'll find your father and tell him to get out of the army. Ride over to the tent, get something to eat, and lie down. I have to see Harrison and also to write out my report to Caldwell. Then I'll come over to you."

"Could *I* go, Juan?"

"You mean to warn your father?"

"Yes."

"Why do you wish to go?"

"I—I am wondering whether your going to him might involve you also—"

"I hope not. I'll be as careful as I can. . . . It's got to be done before Conway discovers something to ruin him."

"Oh, Juan! It would ruin you, too! Let me go to him—"

"I'll think it over. We'll do what is safest for ourselves and for him."

"All right—darling."

She turned her horse and rode wearily toward the brook and the tents beyond; and I dismounted, called an orderly from the picket line behind the repair cart, gave him my bridle, and told him to care for both horses.

Then I walked over to the battery wagon, where I climbed wearily into the wheeled office and fell upon a chair.

"You've had a hell of a time, I hear," said Harrison, continuing to send a dispatch.

I nodded, closed my eyes, and rested my head against the canvas side of the hood.

When he had finished sending and nothing more was coming in, he turned curiously to me.

"I know part of your story. The guerrillas gobbled your men and escort, and your mule too. I've wired to Caldwell pending your report. What happened?"

I told him.

"You ran a risk, spying on them so closely," he said when I had finished.

"Well, you'd have done it."

"Perhaps—I hope so. . . . Where was Operator O'Brien?"

"Hidden in a swamp. When I saw Ghooly's gang cut the wire in two places and start to ride this way, I went back and got Miss O'Brien. We fixed the upper wire and telegraphed by contact at the lower break."

"You've got an iron nerve, Maddox."

"Not to compare with Miss O'Brien's, Dan." And I told him what she had done—how we contrived to read a response to our call for help by reading the oscillations of a human tongue between the ends of two severed wires.

He listened in amazement. Presently he said: "That's the finest bit of telegraphy I ever heard of! And that girl of yours is as clever as she is brave."

"Her conduct ought to be mentioned by the military authorities," said I.

"Yours too. But it won't be," he added bitterly. "Don't hope for it, Maddox. Men of our corps have performed many and many a gallant action—publicly under fire, privately in terrible and lonely situations. Men of our corps have died at their tables, died in ambuscades, died by bullet and shell, died of disease. It is traditional for us to hold on till the eleventh hour becomes the twelfth—or to die at our posts. Never have any of them ever been mentioned in military reports. Nobody has commended them. Why? Because we are civilians. What the hell is it to the War Department or to the army if we do things for which soldiers receive honorable mention and promotion!"

For a few moments longer he boiled and steamed and sputtered, and I, deadly tired, let it pass without comment until he had cooled.

I could scarcely force myself to write out my report to Caldwell.

I told as simply as I could about the clever resource which Iris had employed. I recommended a heavy guard for the line. And signed my name.

"I'll send it," said Harrison; "and you, of course, should mail what you've written. Here—I'll take it off your hands. . . . And, by God, I'll add a line or two. Ghooly would have gobbled this station and stampeded O'Hara's cavalry if you hadn't telegraphed by contact as you did!"

"LISTEN," said I wearily. "I want to ride to Spotsylvania tonight. Must I get permission from Caldwell or from Doren?"

"They won't give it, Juan. What's the matter, anyway?"

"It's a private matter. I've got to go to Spotsylvania. I could ride all night and be back here tomorrow night—"

"Well, that's the only way to do it," he interrupted. "Go without leave, and let Miss O'Brien and me keep the office going. If Caldwell snoops we'll stand him off."

"I hate to ask you, Dan, after all you've done for us—for me—"

"Shut up. I'm one of the two iron men of history—me and Nap! . . . But why on earth—oh, all right; if you've got to go, go!"

"I've got to. . . . Is Colonel O'Hara at his headquarters?"

"Yes. I know it, because he and Captain O'Brien and his troop rode by, coming in from Old Wilderness—"

"Is O'Brien there?"

"No; he's gone east. I know that, too, because an order came through detailing him to somebody's staff—Devin's I believe."

"He's gone, then."

Harrison yawned. "Yeah. By the Chancellor House route. . . . That cigar-chewing detective was around looking for him, too."

"When?"

"Oh, about an hour ago."

As I got up to go I said carelessly: "Did you tell Conway about Captain O'Brien's detail?"

"I don't remember. . . . No, I didn't. I never tell a detective anything."

"Well, don't, Dan. . . . I'll explain why some day."

"You don't have to explain anything," he grunted. "I always disoblige a United States detective if I can. Slinking around our offices and whining about leaks! I wonder if they think we like to know we're all suspected of being criminals? They don't get any spare change out of me. To hell with them!"

As I left the battery wagon and started toward the brook, I met Dennis face to face.

He was riding a mule. He had come over at once, it seemed, to find out what all this guerrilla trouble was about.

He listened grimly to my verbal report. He did admit, rather coldly, that Operator O'Brien and I had done our duty.

We talked for a few moments. Then he told me that he'd be in this vicinity for several days, and said that he'd have another talk with me later.

In desperation, I asked leave for thirty-six hours.

"Not now, Maddox. Later, maybe. But I want you and Harrison and O'Brien right here for the present."

He nodded a curt notice of my salute and rode on, his trousers halfway to the knees of his dangling legs.

II

THE job I had before me was to drive Captain Stephen O'Brien out of the Federal army before Peter Conway caught and hanged him.

A wretched period of apprehension and suspense. I could not go to Spotsylvania: Doren had pitched his tent near Harrison station, and he had his cold, vigilant, appraising eye on everybody every instant. That face—a human rat trap—haunted my very sleep.

Iris went about her duties as though half dead; her mortal pallor scared me.

Dennis Doren was working us like niggers, too. But he really couldn't help that, because no other expert operators were available, and the constantly increasing demand for telegraphers of any sort was vital to General Sherman's army, now deep in Georgia, headed for Atlanta, and constantly and violently involved with that clever and excellent soldier, General Joseph Johnston.

One thing alone comforted Iris: the poor, haggard child took hope that this alarming delay might not ruin her father, because the detective Conway had returned, and was usually to be found in Dennis Doren's tent, chewing an extinct cigar, or prowling about the camps and stations in the vicinity of the Rapidan fords.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FOR
HUSKY
THROATS
NBC
NYAL
HUSKEYS
MEDICATED
NYAL COMPANY

● After too much smoking, or for hoarseness, Nyal Huskeys clear the voice, soothe the throat, sweeten the breath. 25c a box.

Sold only at

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

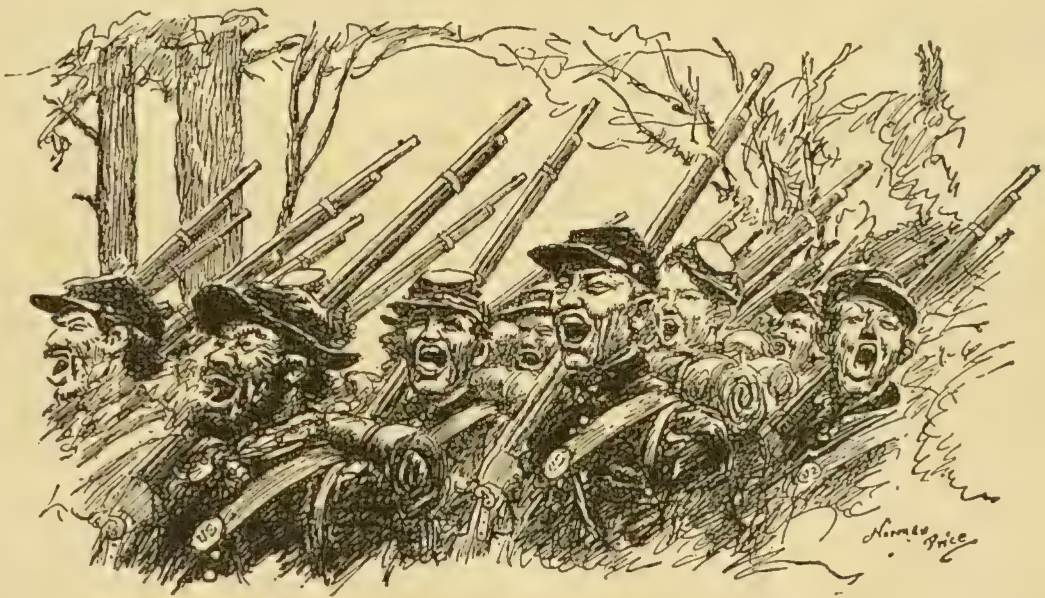
LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE
NYAL
DRUG STORE

NYAL druggists specialize in filling doctors' prescriptions accurately

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page sixty-five

I told Iris that, if his suspicions really had been aroused regarding Captain O'Brien, he would have learned where that officer had gone and would have followed.

"No," I insisted; "Conway doesn't connect him with any telegraph leakage. I think he expects that youngster Colt Racker to renew operations on some of these telegraph lines, and that's why he's hanging around this vicinity. Maybe he knows of Morgan's presence within striking distance, and hopes to locate Ellsworth too."



Every man of them was singing as cheerily as though there were no such monster as Death.

"If he arrests them he will arrest father," she said in a dull voice.

I think that the only thing that kept the tortured girl from breaking down was the continuous and instant need of things that required every atom of her attention and skill and endurance.

For the fighting near Spotsylvania had become perpetual and murderous to a horrifying degree, the two armies clawing each other to the bone day and night in savage minor engagements, the details of which we had to handle during all that hot May weather.

Violent storms swept the woods at intervals, creating havoc along telegraph communications, which kept our repair gang busy; and these often sent me into the saddle.

Heat, slime, mosquitoes, poor and scanty food, overwork wore heavily on us both, and on Dan Harrison, too. I looked like a tired man of twenty-one, and Iris, thin and sunburned, somehow seemed lovelier to me than in all the gay, impertinent health of Holston Valley days. And I loved her with all the ardor of my inconsiderable years and my briefer experience in cardiac complications of unfamiliar and tender nature.

But during those last unhappy days of May I sustained and cherished the poor child *in loco parentis* rather than as a lover; and God knows she needed somebody to hold her close until she had wept herself to sleep.

CONWAY bothered me, too. One thing, however, was perfectly evident: he trusted me entirely. He must have, or he would not have talked to me so intimately.

A matter which seemed to cause him much concern was the presence of female spies in the Confederate service in Washington. He told me all the bureaus were full of them.

I talked with Sam Beckwith about this, and he assured me that every plan of ours was known and forestalled by Lee before it was put into execution; that we never yet had deceived or surprised him; and that, in his opinion, the clever and tireless work of the Confederate Secret Service was at the bottom of our bloody deadlock.

Conway kept plying me with questions about Colt Racker. He seemed to consider George Ellsworth something of a clown, a merry-andrew, a practical joker. But the boy Colt Racker he deemed very dangerous.

"It wouldn't surprise me," he said, "if Colt Racker turned out to be a woman."

That rather startled me.

"All spies," said Conway, chewing his cold dead cigar, "ought to be hanged."

"Hanging," said I, "doesn't scare the others. Why not lock them up? This war isn't going to last forever; and if we keep them out of mischief during it, they'll become citizens again sometime."

"You talk like the President," he retorted, scowling at me. "He is always meddling with discipline and law. Every stinking picket caught asleep is pardoned if the worthless boy's mother runs to the President."

He began to chew his cigar savagely. "Abe Lincoln is too easy with public enemies. That's what worries me. He's got power. He's got more power than Julius Cæsar and Napoleon ever had. He ought to turn the Secret Service loose—like they turned the lions and tigers loose on the early Christians. Yeah. We'd clean up Washington for him. We'd do the business for the Copperheads. We'd settle this spy trouble! All we need is somebody to say, 'Sick 'em!' and we'd arrest half a million people and give Grant and the army an even chance."

Of course there was in what he said the tiny germ of a right idea, completely smothered and sterilized under the smoldering and violent resentment of a petty mind.

III

THE news from the vast battle line of General Grant's massed armies was anything but encouraging. Hood and Forrest had outwitted Sherman, and they and Morgan were now foot-free to cut his communications, harass his rear, and threaten Kentucky and Tennessee. Only old Pap Thomas was left to eye them and thwart them if he could.

As for Uncle Billy himself, he was on his noisy, garrulous way to Atlanta. He said he wanted to "make Georgia howl." I wondered whether that was a legitimate military object. But why he was going there to make Georgia discordantly vocal, and where he was going when he got there and when Georgia began howling, I knew no more than a battery mule. However, it comforted me to believe that Grant knew more about it than the loquacious Uncle Billy did.

As for Butler, he had committed one fizzle after another, and was no good to Grant, none to Sherman, and none to his weary and disgusted country.

As for Grant, it was going very hard with that silent personage, and with his mangled army plodding along up to its knees in its own blood. More than fifty thousand men already had vanished from that lacerated army, going down to destruction before Lee's legions of northern Virginia.

Scarcely any ground had been gained. Every attempt to pass Lee's right flank found Lee blocking him, facing him behind long prepared field works, checking and hurling him back. But he always resumed his dogged rout, trudging obstinately eastward in perpetual determination to pass and turn that mobile right flank and march into open ground between the rebel capital and the terrible rebel army defending it and based upon it for its vital existence.

Where Abraham Lincoln showed real greatness, I thought, was in his loyalty to Grant, who already was becoming a target for a horrified nation—a shocked world, in fact—denouncing such frightful slaughter without result as marked his errant trail, and demanding his recall and retirement for all time.

"After all," said the poor President, "Grant *fights*." And he added sorrowfully: "I think I am the only friend General Grant has left."

My belief in Grant—the belief of a poor, insignificant telegraph operator—was slowly evolved from his own telegrams which passed through our offices. Here was a man beaten and clubbed to a standstill, outguessed, outmaneuvered, checked, bedeviled, blocked. Yet I never heard from him a complaint, a reproach for others, a single word of doubt.

Failure he assumed like the cloak of Nessus; responsibility he took to his breast, letting it scarify him like the Spartan's fox. He neither excused nor admitted; but with all the simplicity in the world he volunteered a summary unflattering to himself.

I don't know how much he suffered witnessing the slaughter of his own men dying by thousands under his own orders. I received and relayed one dispatch from Mr. Dana embodying something that General Rawlins said about a night's abandonment to wild grief, face downward in his tent. But the morning sun revealed a visage as quiet and unperturbed as ever, and glinted on two undismayed and level eyes fixed coldly upon the dwindling army of Robert Lee.

Doren sent for me one late afternoon. I found him squatting in his tent, his muzzle sniffing the falling rain, his rat-trap mouth snapped shut.

He merely motioned me to enter; and for several minutes maintained an icy silence. Finally: "You'll have to go east," he said abruptly.

"Where?" I asked with a sinking heart.

"Meade."

I could scarcely believe it. My heart bounded; stood still; began to hammer under my wet shirt.

"They've got to have more experts, they say," he explained in a grudging tone. "I thought they had enough, but it seems not. . . . I need you here. I need O'Brien, too. But one of you has got to go, and go now."

"I'm ready in five minutes, sir."

He said sourly: "Grant's got Beckwith. There are half a dozen others—some of 'em cipher men—within call. But no, they need more. So I suppose I'll have to let you go to Meade. I sent a courier to Culpeper last night for Operator Camp to come on at once and double with Operator O'Brien."

I tried not to let this man see the faintest trace of joy on my quivering features. I could have praised God aloud on my two knees.

"DON'T get yourself killed," he said abruptly. "Operators can be trained; we've a number in training. But experts are born, not made. And if you try to make one you've got to begin early—like good horsemen, good skaters, good swimmers—when mind and body are lissom and pliant. Stager knows that."

I was burning to be gone; he kept me listening.

"Women make good expert cipher operators. Look at Operator O'Brien—just a schoolgirl when she learned the tricks. Look what she did when you and she were caught out on the plank road—played magnet for you with tongue armature! That interested Stager. *You* never heard of it, but he also did that very same trick on one occasion—opened his mouth, used two severed wires, and read a dispatch by the jerking of his own tongue!"

I thought to myself that somehow Iris must have heard of this.

Doren got up, bent over his papers. "You better go," he said briefly.

I stopped a moment to tell Dan Harrison and say good-by.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Sell INITIAL PLAYING CARDS

Earn money taking orders among your friends and others for the new Initial Playing Cards, and our complete line of smart Bridge and Pinochle decks. Unique, beautiful; popular low prices!

FREE Samples Send to manufacturer for free sample outfit. You can start earning money at once. Thousands doing it now. No experience required. Send name and address for full information and samples — free.

General Card Co. 1201 W. Jackson Blvd. Dept. 341 Chicago, Ill.

THE KEY TO LIFE

Rosicrucian Mysteries

FREE Introductory Book

explains the practical, useful modern teachings of the Rosicrucians. Dignified, uplifting mental and metaphysical principles easily used to overcome life's obstacles. Send for free book, "Light of Egypt."

Librarian B.Z.H., AMORC LIBRARY, San Jose, California

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Print Your Own

Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Advertising, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Junior Press, $5.90. Job press $11 up, Power $149. Easy rules sent. Write for free catalog with all details. The KELSEY Co., Y-19, Meriden, Conn.

In times like these . . .

Sell A

PRACTICAL MARKET

Eliminate dwellers in the wide open spaces, where it costs $3 to sell a $2 bill of goods.

Concentrate on families with incomes high enough to provide adequate—and immediate—purchasing power.

Then choose the medium that reaches this hand-picked market most effectively—economically—*profitably*.

Your advertising appropriation — per dollar spent—reaches more urban families with incomes of $2,000 and over in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

"Oh, Gee! Grandma's Walking Downstairs!"

USE **WELDONA** TABLETS

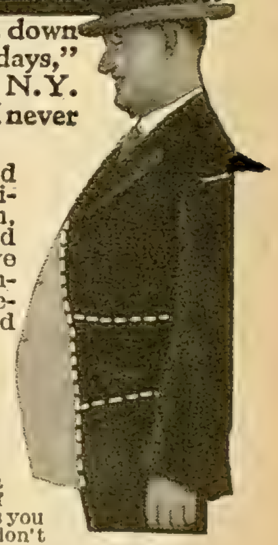
Muscular pains, aches and stiffness are nature's warning. Neglect in combating the trouble often causes intolerable suffering and serious or permanent disability. Guard against impending affliction. Read our FREE 24-page fully illustrated book, "History of Rheumatism," with chapter discussing germs of rheumatism. Write for it now. Weldona is the largest-selling tablet of its kind in the world—on sale at drug stores from coast to coast.

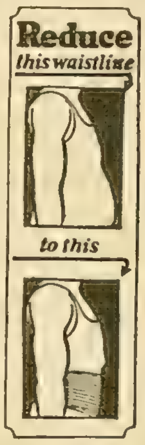
WELDONA CORPORATION
Atlantic City, N. J. DEPT. L-1 Montreal, Canada

8 Inches Off Waistline

"My waistline went from 42 down to 34 inches. It took only 35 days," says E. D. Lane, of Albany, N.Y. "Director Belt got results. I never felt better in all my life."

Director Belt gets at fat and quickly removes it by gentle vibrating action on the abdomen, causing fat to be absorbed and eliminated. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as a natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.





Sent on Trial—

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

Landon & Warner, Dept. G-18
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name____________________

Address____________________

A BIGGER JOB—*and* YOU'RE THE MAN

Are you hunting a bigger job, or does the bigger job hunt you? Why waste years learning through routine work, when you can acquire in your spare time in a comparatively few months the experience and specialized knowledge which bring promotion and salary increase? Thousands of men have increased their incomes by home-study business training under the LaSalle Problem Method. Let us show you how you can do just as well or better. The coupon will bring you complete information about our "experience training" in the business field you check, together with details of our *convenient payment plan*. Make your start toward that bigger job *today*.

Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 131-R, CHICAGO

Please tell me about your *salary-increasing* plan for my advancement in the business field checked. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

○ Business Management
○ Modern Salesmanship
○ Higher Accountancy
○ Traffic Management
○ Railway Station Management
○ Law: Degree of LL. B.
○ Commercial Law
○ Industrial Management
○ Modern Foremanship
○ Personnel Management
○ Modern Business Correspondence
○ Expert Bookkeeping
○ C. P. A. Coaching
○ Railway Accounting
○ Business English
○ Commercial Spanish
○ Effective Speaking
○ Banking and Finance
○ Telegraphy
○ Credit and Collection Correspondence

Name____________________

Street & Number__________Town__________State__________

WHISTLING CAT

Continued from page sixty-seven

When I came to our two camp tents I was almost running through the falling rain. The telegraph was silent. Iris lay on her blanket beside it, so white and thin that a pang of sheer fear pierced me through and through.

But when, on my knees beside her, I whispered the blessed news, she sat up, suddenly transfigured—changed under my very gaze in the twinkling of an eye, putting on her own immortal loveliness even as I was staring at her—that soft, full youth, that magic charm which I feared had been too deeply blemished.

We had a moment then in swift embrace, strained fiercely close, wordless, mouth melting to mouth, and the tang of tears in every kiss.

She rolled my blanket for me whilst I saddled. Papers, key, personal trumpery, rations, cartridges, all were stowed.

Then—because God never does things by half—as we left the tent together, an ambulance nearly drove over us, and halted there in the rain.

And the next moment Doggie Doggett sprang out, cavorting around us with hysterical yelps; and Connie Spurlock was in Iris' arms, and then in mine, kissing me wildly and strangling me with her plump little sun-tanned arms.

And all the while an absurd repetition was throbbing through my confused brain: "Our little daughter! Our little daughter! Our little daughter!"

Poor Mrs. Camp, oddly plump—and even rather pretty now—wept happily on Iris' breast, voicing her pleasure with gurgling but happy sobs.

So I rode away from all I loved as dearly, now, as I loved my mother. And twice, turning in my wet saddle, I had to order Doggie Doggett back, leaving him at last, drooping, wistful, uncomprehending, looking after me through the falling rain.

IV

IN the gray of morning, everywhere through the mist loomed abandoned earthworks and battery embrasures with log parapets. Everywhere lay trees with withering leaves still green, felled to permit artillery fire.

In every direction ran the trenches set with lunettes, log curtains, hay-bale bastions, and bordered by rifle pits in which water stood foul with blood. I saw an old man's severed head embedded in the mud.

And always in my ears sounded the unbroken din of guns to the southeastward, boom-booming unceasingly; and at times I detected the far, minute, crackling noise of musketry, and the faint reiterated patter of picket fire from infinite foggy forest depths.

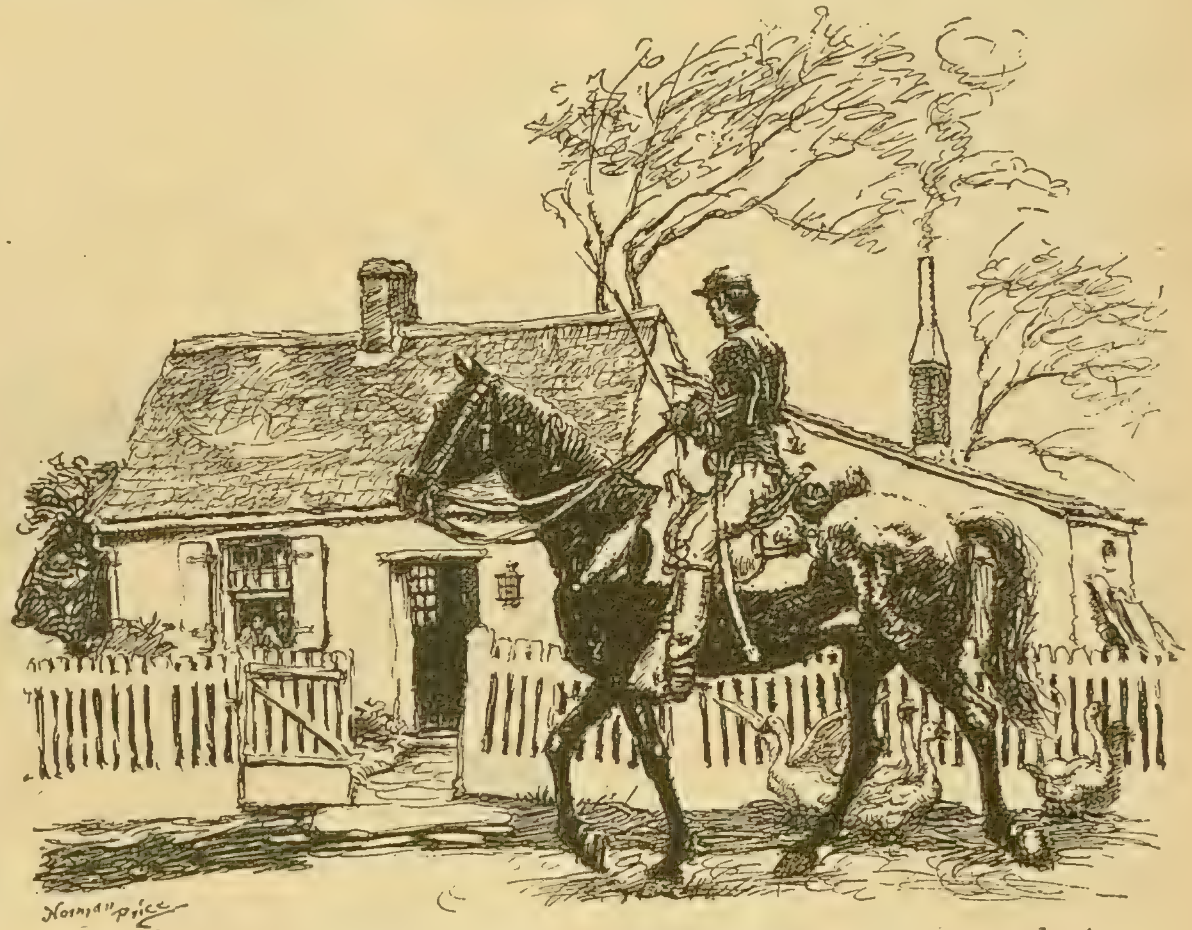
As I advanced, the steady thunder of the cannonade grew deeper, louder, beyond the North Anna.

A smart sergeant and some nimble gunners, convoying a relay of fresh artillery horses, trotted into the telegraph road just as I did; so I rode along with them, chatting with their sergeant, a fine specimen of American artilleryman named John Starkins. His was the celebrated New York 34th Battery, commanded by that resourceful and wily gunner, Captain Roemer, who, under fire of Confederate guns, with his own hands bored out his corrugated shells which were not exploding, and served them to his guns one by one.

Sergeant Starkins gave me a brief résumé of the fighting during the last ten days. He pointed out Taylor's Bridge, where the telegraph road crossed the North Anna, and told me how the 93d New York had seized it and set their colors, holding it till the main column came up and crossed it under a hell of rebel shells. I could see the wrecked railroad bridge below, and a footbridge strengthened by two pontoons.

He showed me, too, Quarles' Mill, where the beautiful little river pours over a long, low dam, and the grassy hill beyond it where Grant's headquarters had been, and where, of a sudden, he realized that Lee had led him into a trap.

For here it was that Lee had split the corps of Hancock and Wright asunder, facing Burnside, who had not yet crossed; and here more than two thousand of our men fell before Grant could tear his troops from the cruel trap and drag them, bleeding, back to safety.



I rode into the single street, where anxious women peered at us from humble windows.

The two great armies, still in murderous contact, had staggered on—Grant to hunt wearily, doggedly, for another place to cross into open country and fight Lee and his matchless legions within the military perimeter of Richmond; Lee to block him, hold him, beat him back, force him ever eastward and away from any choice of better battle ground.

That was the cause of the endless cannon thunder ahead, where the flanks of the two armies had been in flaming contact all day long.

One thing that I learned from the capable sergeant: General Sheridan, with his entire corps of cavalry, had just ridden in, and had pushed ahead to seize the four crossroads known as Cold Harbor—if possible, before the Confederate cavalry arrived to nab them first.

The sergeant said: "If we don't flank them there I don't know what is going to happen to us. They say we have lost fifty thousand men so far, and we've been fighting only three weeks."

He and his men and string of lusty horses turned off northward now, on a road which, I believe, led out of Falmouth. Anyway, we parted company. But there were troops everywhere about me now, some encamped, some plodding ahead, officers, men, horses plastered with dry mud from ankle to hair; and every man of them was singing as cheerily as though there were no such monster as Death, craftily masked, crouching in ambush a mile or two ahead.

United States dragoons of the provost guard patrolled all the paths and roads. From them I learned the situation of telegraph headquarters, and set out in that direction over a cow path running across hilly meadows deep with flowers.

A couple of cavalry sentries held me until I caught sight of Mr. Caldwell, who, recognizing me, beckoned me over to the veranda of the farmhouse.

He was quite pleasant; shook hands; mentioned what Iris and I had done on the plank road, and expressed satisfaction at the death of Ghooly.

He called an orderly to care for my poor, hungry horse; sent a Negro for some hot coffee, fried pork, and hard bread; sat with me while I ate on the veranda steps.

"The shortage in expert operators—I mean cipher men—is disgusting," he said. "With any decent recognition and encouragement from government, there would be enough. But good men won't stand the hardships, poor pay, callous indifference, and half-contemptuous patronage of the military. We ought to have an equal military status with Major Myers' signal corps and with the U. S. engineers. One would think the President would do something—give us a military rating and a chance to better our rank.

"I don't expect it of that nasty, vindictive Stanton, nor of old foozle Halleck. But one might think that Mr. Lincoln would see justice done us. One would think so.

"Colonel Stager, Major Eckert, and the Assistant Secretary of War called on Mr. Stanton and asked that the M. T. C. be organized like the engineers and admitted to the military establishment. And the old swine refused. . . . To hell with him, anyway! . . . Well, Maddox, you'd better go inside and take a nap on the sofa now."

V

I HAD been asleep for more than an hour when the roar of battle awoke me. A terrific explosion from somewhere behind the house brought me to my feet.

Caldwell came in to say that a Whitworth gun had opened on a cavalry camp to the north of us, and if they kept it up we'd have to leave.

He wanted me to go back to sleep, but I told him I'd had enough, and asked him what station had been assigned to me.

"I'm not quite sure," he replied. "We have run a line forward to the rear of the works along Cold Harbor crossroads, and in touch with every corps H. Q., as well as with several cavalry divisions. Devin wants an operator, but you're too good to waste. Burnside has his own operators, Jacques and Johns; I'm chief at Meade's H. Q., and I have Emerick; Grant has Beckwith, of course; Murray is with Kilpatrick; Warren's operators are Edwards, Henderson, and Hall; Hancock's, Rose and Shreffler; Bickford is at Belle Plaine; Clinton Barrett is at W. H. Station; Rand across from Maryland Point. . . . I mean to keep every division of this army in communication with G. H. Q. while marching and fighting, and I'm going to do it, with the help of God, Colonel Stager, and Dennis Doren!"

"I left Mr. Doren last night near Germania road," said I.

"He's here."

"What?" I asked incredulously.

"Certainly. Just arrived in a battery wagon and six horses."

That worried me a little.

"Well, if you're rested," he went on, "you had better go forward to Meade's headquarters and report there. You are to take Sergeant Corrigan of the signal corps and an escort. I've held him at Cold Harbor for you. And—don't get mussed up by a shell, Maddox."

Very soon, following the lances which supported seven small soft-iron wires coated with rubber, I came into the zone of active operations, and by accident, in a drifting fog of sulphurous vapors, I nearly rode over an escort and a party of officers, of whom, to my horror, General Grant was one.

He was sitting his saddle apart from the others when the troopers stopped me rather roughly; and now he turned his head and gave me an odd, wistful look which softened his masklike features very attractively.

He remembered me, it seemed; he said, "How are you, Maddox? Come over here." His escort parted right and left; the staff officers turned to look at me curiously. I drew bridle and saluted the lieutenant general of all the armies of the United States.

Shabby, tarnished, stained with rain and mud from spur to brow, round-shouldered on his saddle, utterly undistinguished save for the calm, chilly, level eyes, he sat with loose bridle falling from his left hand and a stump of a cigar in his right.

He said: "You and Operator O'Brien trapped that fellow Ghooly. . . . I wish I could do something for you. I can't. . . . Have you seen Beckwith?"

"No, general."

"He's over there—in that second tent."

That was all. I saluted again and backed off.

I saw Sam Beckwith standing under a tree. He seemed haggard and thin. We clasped hands in silence, and stood for a while wordless.

FINALLY: "We lost ten thousand men in the first twenty minutes this morning," he said. "If we—" His voice broke.

It is strange that the shocking news seemed to have no effect on me—like a superfluous blow on a battered body already beaten insensible to further pain.

"Doren was here," he said. "The Johnnies nearly got him this morning; horses ran away and wrecked the battery wagon, and he and Caldwell and Emerick had to ride for it."

"Caldwell didn't mention it."

"He never mentions anything like that. . . . You are to go on down to the river and take over the office at the canvas bridge. Meade wants you to keep him in touch with the cavalry."

"All right; I'll go at once. . . . Is Devin's command down that way?"

"Yes; Devin holds that crossing. But you're not working for him alone, you understand. You're liaison operator for the entire cavalry corps. That's Meade's order through Doren."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Go after that COLD!
QUICK and HARD!
30¢ IN TUBE OR JAR
MENTHOLATUM
MENTHOLATUM
MENTHOLATUM
for chapping too

Don't sit around and suffer. Quick relief is waiting—at the nearest drug store. Go right down and ask for Mentholatum. Use it immediately! Put just a bit in each nostril to clear your head in a hurry. Rub it into your throat and chest to prevent or break up congestion. Buy Mentholatum now!

LUCKY TIGER
For Hair and Scalp!
A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.
GUARANTEED

★ WANT A STEADY JOB? ★
$105 to $250 month. Men, women, 18 to 50. Government positions. Short hours. Common education usually sufficient. Write immediately for list of positions.
Franklin Institute, Dept. M223, Rochester, N.Y.

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page sixty-nine

"All right. I'll be riding. Good luck, old fellow."

"Good luck, Maddox."

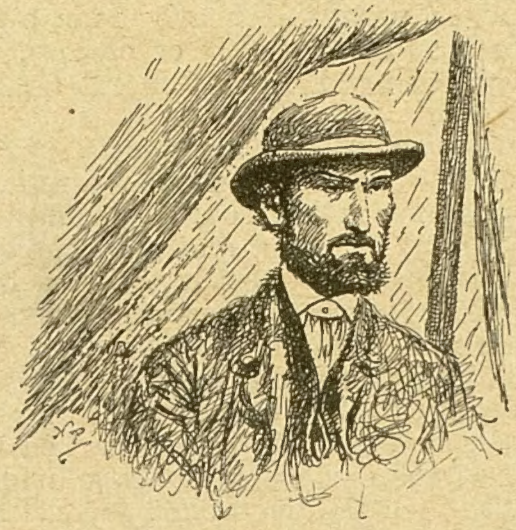
When I reached the river, I met a staff officer from General Meade, who told me that I was to go on across the pontoons to a little hamlet on the rising ground above—I forget what it was called—it was scarcely a village of a single street, but was supposed to lie safely in the rear of General Sheridan's cavalry corps.

So I rode on over and into the single street, where anxious women peered at us from humble windows, and where I saw a cavalryman on guard before a sad little empty house in a garden full of trodden flowers.

Here was my office. I dismounted. An orderly took my poor old horse, and I went into that desolate place and sat down wearily before the table where wires connected with three instruments, and pencils and paper lay ready on the battered pine table.

Very soon my new assistant appeared—a quiet, melancholy man of early middle age, named Allen, who looked, in his corps uniform, like a disillusioned contract doctor of volunteers.

He had a quart of milk and some ash cake; and we ate together whilst I was adjusting my instruments and testing things in general.



His rat-trap mouth snapped shut. Finally: "You'll have to go east," he said.

"You better get some sleep," he suggested. "I'll take the key tonight, and wake you if there is anything to set up."

"Very well," said I; "but I have business at General Devin's headquarters first. Do you know where he is to be found?"

"Over there near that cleared hill where the woods come close to the barns." He pointed through the open window. I could even see the trenches beyond, and embrasures being erected for a field battery.

"DO you know Devin's staff?" I asked.

"Yes; all of them have been over here."

"Do you know a captain of cavalry named O'Brien?"

"Stephen O'Brien? Oh, yes; he comes over for the general's important telegrams. If you care to take a nap, he'll be sure to come here before evening—"

"No," said I; "I'll ride over and find him—"

At that moment I saw Conway peeping through the window.

What was Conway doing here? Had he followed me? Had his tireless suspicions finally turned toward Stephen O'Brien? God and that human bloodhound knew!

I said to Allen: "Do you know that man?"

"No," replied Allen, "I don't."

"He's a Federal detective named Conway. But your sentry has no business to permit him to approach within hearing distance of your instrument."

"I hadn't noticed him," said Allen; "I'll go out—"

"No; on second thoughts, I'll go out and talk to him. . . . And, Allen, if you'll keep the key until I return, I'll be grateful."

"Certainly. You need a night's rest."

So I went to the back door, and there borrowed a horse of an orderly, because my nag needed repose. Then I mounted and rode around the house, and presently saw Conway talking to a wagonmaster.

"Hello," I said. "What brings you here?"

"Oh, I thought I'd come over," he said, squinting hard at me.

"Is all well at Germania?"

"Yes."

AS he spoke I saw a young woman riding a nice-looking horse coming slowly along the road. She was rather pretty, slight yet rounded of figure, which her short riding habit fitted to perfection. When she saw Conway she saluted him with lifted whip.

"Who is that?" I asked bluntly.

"Mrs. Edmonds."

"And who is she?"

"The first two years of the war she was a field nurse. She's a spy now."

"A spy?"

"Yes. She spends half her time in the rebel lines."

"In disguise?"

"Of course. Her best part is a young Negress. She's a good one. . . . I understand she has some information regarding Colt Racker," he added.

My heart sank.

"He isn't here, is he?"

"Excuse me," he interrupted, and walked over to where the young lady—for she looked like a lady—sat her gray horse.

Well, I had no business with this pair. Indeed, it behooved me to find Stephen O'Brien before they did, and give him his chance to live.

I trotted forward; heard Conway yell at me, "Just a minute, Maddox!"—but kept on, spurring to a gallop.

"Go to hell!" I muttered, launching my horse into a dead run.

But I dared not look behind me.

In next week's crucial installment of the story you'll learn whether or not Juan is able to save Iris' father from a shameful death by hanging.

Solution of Last Week's Yardleygram

"I FIND it difficult to recognize words when the letters are jammed together," Russell confessed several hours later. "I can solve only the first few words."

"What are they?" asked the patient Crossle.

"I decipher them, 'Dearest Hotel Oban Saturday.' Then the line in which this occurs becomes gibberish."

"Let me see what you have done?" Crossle asked. He then drew a line under the entire message and returned the work sheet. "As I warned you, sometimes in this system parts of the message occur in different lines," he explained. "You will recognize words more quickly after a little practice."

CDZQDRSGNSDKNAZMRZSTQCZXGLJGDCGLBCYRFYJUYWQRFGLCMUL
d e a r e s t h o t e l o b a n s a t u r d a y hmkh e dhmc d z s g z k v z x r s g h m d n vm
i n l i f e i n d e a t h a l w a y s t h i n e o w n

"A rendezvous with her lover?" Russell asked.

"And German spy," Crossle added. "Saturday afternoon a black-haired handsome fellow approached the register at the Oban Hotel, found the name, and went to her suite.

"Our agents occupied rooms across the hall. When he entered, she uttered a cry of fright. Then all was quiet—nothing but faint whispers. He remained there until Sunday."

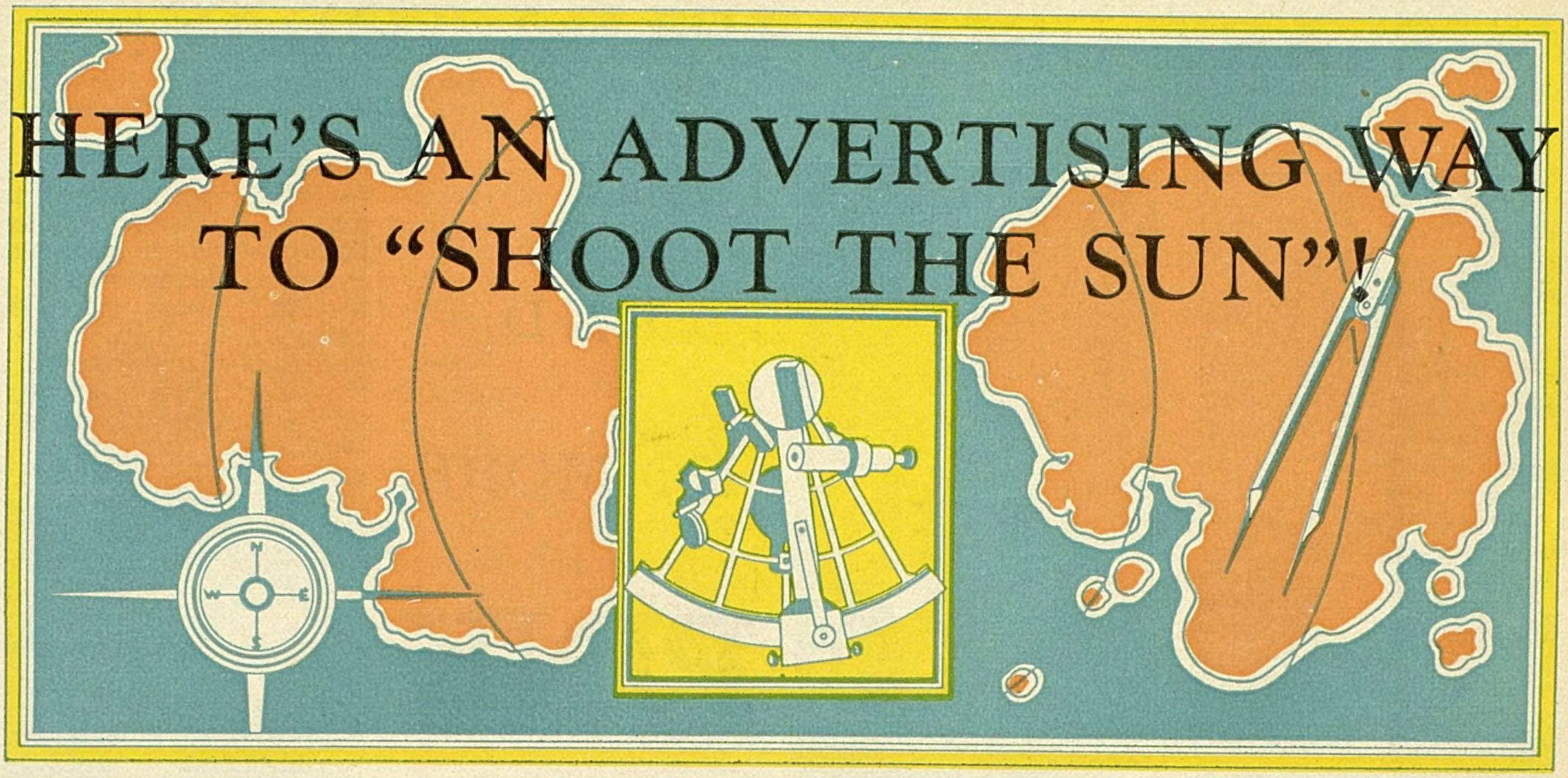
"Who was he?" asked the inquisitive Russell.

"No other than Major Riddle, U. S. A., the devoted confidential secretary to the President."

ANOTHER YARDLEYGRAM WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

No more "dead reckoning" for magazine values

HERE'S AN ADVERTISING WAY TO "SHOOT THE SUN"!



DEAD reckoning. So many knots for so many hours. Plus force of current. Minus error for setting off course. Allowance for compass deviation. Maybe we know where we are...and maybe we don't!

That's the way navigators determined position before sextants came along.

And that same method of approximations has long been used by advertisers to determine magazine values.

Circulation. How much? Where? Among whom? *Editorial policy.* For whom edited? How? What type of make-up? *Advertising acceptance.* Which advertisers use it? To what extent? In what way? *Circulation methods.* Single copy sale? Subscriptions bought . . . or sold? Premiums? Forcing? Clubbing? Waste?

Good approximations, surely. The best there are. But still . . . approximations.

Dead reckoning. Maybe we know where we are . . . and maybe we don't.

Now comes a new way to plot magazine values. Not, perhaps, an *absolute* determination of sales producing power (the only conclusive proof of value) but the nearest and best "sun shooting" method ever determined. The Gallup-type investigation of exactly what has been seen and what has been read by those possessing a copy of the magazine.

Trained investigators make calls at random at homes in upper, middle, and lower class districts, in several cities in different sections of the country. "Have you a copy of this issue of this magazine?" If not, that's that. If so . . . "Have you opened your copy?" Again, if not, the interview is concluded.

Those who have opened their copies are asked to go through page by page, telling the investigator what has been seen, what read in full, what read in part. Each advertisement, article, story, editorial feature is marked accordingly by the investigator, and a new copy of the magazine used for each interview.

Only that which has actually been read or seen and definitely remembered is marked.

Seen . . . read . . . remembered.

What more exacting test has any advertisement heretofore put to any magazine?

The reliability of this method had been fully established with daily and weekly newspapers before Dr. Gallup, its developer, was asked to use it in determining what is seen and read in America's four great weeklies.

The results of that survey, from the standpoint of copy appeals as well as magazine values, have been a revelation to advertising men everywhere.

Analytical-minded executives, unwilling in the past to concern themselves with advertising details because of their dislike of inexact approximations, are turning to the Gallup tests in ever-increasing numbers. Orders, as well as inquiries, attest to their approval of this new, factual method.

If you are an executive of a national advertiser or advertising agency, you should see the Gallup Survey of Reader Interest in the four great weeklies before spending another cent in magazine space!

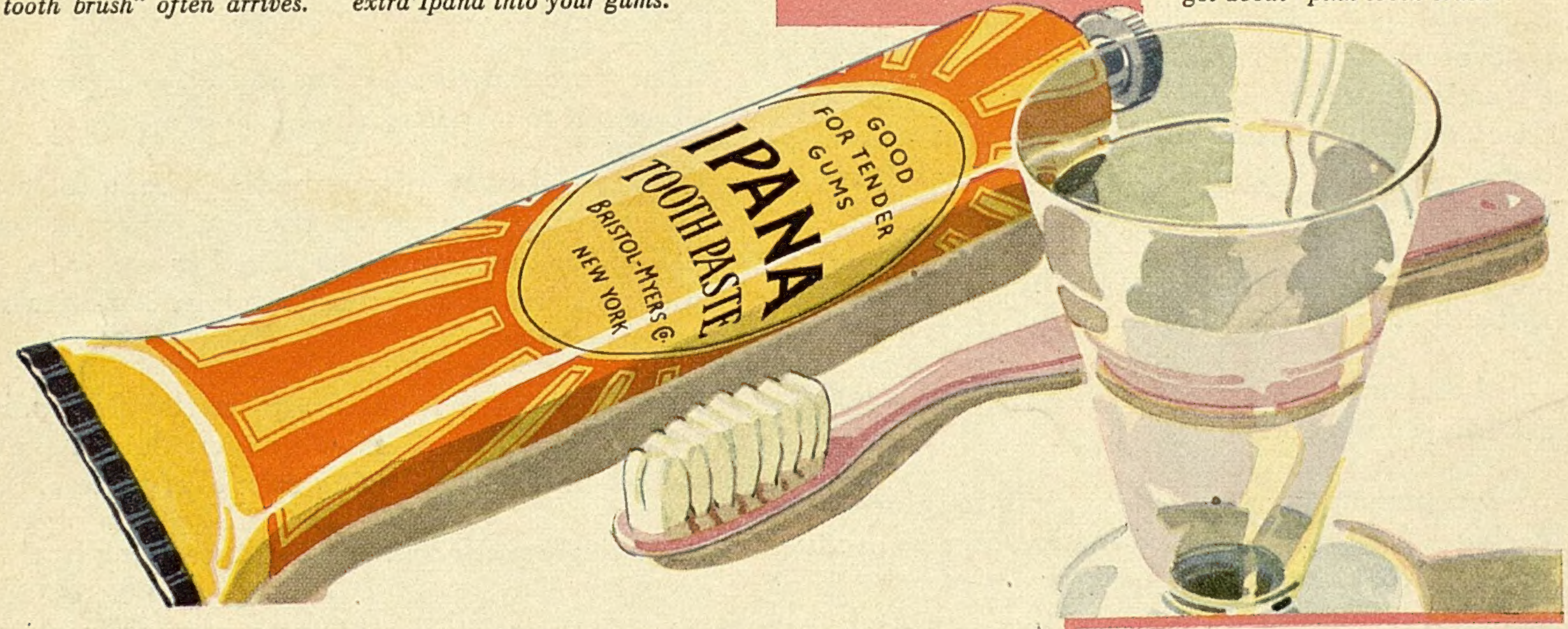
START USING IPANA TODAY!

"Let's see. I'll have consomme—chicken under glass—a tomato salad"... From soup to dainty dessert, there's scarcely a food on civilization's menu that gives your gums any stimulation! That's why gums become tender. That's why "pink tooth brush" often arrives.

Because "pink tooth brush" is all too often the forerunner of serious gum troubles—because it may even spell danger to sound teeth—you had better get it stopped—now. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and every time rub some extra Ipana into your gums.

AND NO MORE PINK TOOTH BRUSH

Before you have finished a month of Ipana and massage, your gums will be on the road to healthy firmness. Your teeth will have the sparkling whiteness that gives brilliancy to your smile. And with Ipana and massage, you can forget about "pink tooth brush"!



Your *dentist* will tell you why your gums are soft and tender—why you have "pink tooth brush." "Gums," he'll say, "need exercise, stimulation. The foods of today are too soft to give it to them. Hence: weak-walled gums that have a tendency to bleed."

He'll tell you, too, that "pink tooth brush" often leads to gingivitis and Vincent's disease.—even the less frequent but more dreaded pyorrhea.

He'll probably suggest that you get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. He knows that your gums will soon get back their former healthy firmness, if you'll massage a little Ipana into them every time you clean your teeth.

So today—start giving your teeth and gums the benefits of Ipana and massage, and you won't have to be afraid of what "pink tooth brush" will do to that attractive smile of yours!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-121
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..............................

Street..............................

City.................... *State*..........

© 1932 B.-M. Co.